

METHODIST REVIEW

(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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METHODIST REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1905

ART. I.—THE NEW METHODIST HYMNAL—THE HYMNS

THE publication of a new Hymnal for use by the two Methodist Episcopal Churches of America is, for various reasons, an event of deep interest. Perhaps hardly anything could tend more powerfully to draw these two great bodies into closer sympathy and hasten the time of that reunion which, to some Methodists at all events, seems a consummation devoutly to be wished. Nor is it merely because of this ecclesiastical influence that such a book is of importance. The contents of a Hymnal prepared as this one, by a large and representative Commission drawn from the two churches, afford no very inaccurate index of both the intellectual and the spiritual condition of Methodism in America. And its influence upon the religious life of the churches can hardly be measured. A Hymnal like this is not merely an interesting anthology, appealing to the lover of sacred verse or to the student of poetic development; it is the collection of poetry which must, in great measure, serve at once to stimulate and to direct the devotional feeling of millions of Christian men and women for the next generation. It is in song that all phases of the religious life find their most adequate utterance. Our joys and our sorrows, our hopes and our fears, our penitence and our faith, our trials and our resolves—nowhere else, save in the Scriptures only, do all these find such satisfying voice as in the Hymnal which becomes the familiar companion of our devotion. Surely no Commission could accept the duty and privilege of preparing such a book without feeling deeply—as we know this Commission have felt—the solemn responsibility imposed upon them.

But a collection of some seven hundred of the choicest specimens from the whole range of English hymnody ought to have distinctively literary interest in a high degree. It may be admitted that poetic quality does not always seem to be requisite to carry a hymn into popular favor. Many a hymn widely sung for a time hardly does more than give articulate expression to the vague sentiment or emotion of which music is the proper utterance, and if it were read aloud, without thought of the air to which it is fitted, would be seen at once to be vapid or almost meaningless. No such hymn should have place in a standard Hymnal. We believe that few, if any, hymns of this description have been admitted to the present collection; certainly none should have been. For, as the religious emotions which it is the office of hymns to express are allied with our most august intellectual conceptions, it is obvious that hymns ought to have high value as poetry, and many certainly have. Very little poetry has been written in the last two centuries more noble than Watts's version of the ninetieth psalm, the most august of all English hymns,

"O God, our help in ages past,"

and there is no English lyric more moving than Newman's

"Lead, kindly Light."

It may, at least, be laid down as a rule that no hymn is deserving of admission to a church Hymnal unless it can stand on its own merits as poetry and bear the test of reading aloud without music. It is only such a hymn that we can be said to "sing with the understanding."

And just here we may criticise the habit of announcing hymns from the pulpit without reading them. It is true that many ministers read so badly as to make their silence a blessing; but no man ought to be admitted to holy orders unless he can read properly the songs as well as the Scriptures of the church. Two minutes' attention to the thought of the hymn, under the leading of the minister's impressive reading, would greatly increase the devout intelligence with which the congregation then proceed to sing it. And those two minutes could be spared, if need be, from the sermon—at least from most sermons. This habit would infallibly

exclude from use any unworthy hymns that might find their way into a Hymnal; for nothing so surely detects limp, inane, or sentimental verse as to read it carefully aloud.

But, while we must insist that a hymn should have poetical quality, it may at once be admitted that the range of literary excellence possible to hymnody is comparatively narrow. This for various reasons. First, and most obviously, because a hymn is to be sung. A good hymn, though it ought to read well, *must* sing well; that is its first condition of existence. And this requirement imposes at once some limitations upon its literary quality. The thought of any poetry that is to be sung must be either already familiar or so simple as to be immediately apprehended. It may be sublime; it cannot be abstruse or involved. Poetry *not* intended to be sung, if it be of a meditative or introspective sort, may draw out a train of thought at length, or dwell and brood upon intimate phases of personal experience. Religious verse often does that with very great beauty, as, for example, in some seventeenth century poetry. Nothing could be more tender or more devout than some of pious George Herbert's quaint and subtle communings with his own gentle spirit:

"How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! e'en as the flowers in spring,
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

"And now in age I bud again;
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my only Light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell at night.

"These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide;
Which when we once can find and prove
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride."

To remember such verses in the sessions of silent thought makes a Sabbath in the heart; but you cannot sing them. So all the most profound questions, the most anxious longings that stirred the heart of the thoughtful Christian of the mid-nineteenth century, Tennyson put into the exquisite lyrics of the "In Memoriam," but they will not consent to any other music than their own. The emotional surrender that song demands is incompatible with any discursive, subtle, or unfamiliar intellectual processes. A song may, as the proverb has it, turn out a sermon; but a sermon, though never so short, cannot turn out a song.

This requirement of simplicity and familiarity of thought rests not merely upon hymns, but upon all poetry that is to be sung, whether sacred or secular. Lyrical verse, if only it be not meant for actual singing, may be elaborate in form, luxuriant in imagery, filled with all the nicest felicities of the poet's art. The poetry of Tennyson, again, would furnish us with abundant illustration. But even his songs, like those in "The Princess," are not strictly songs for singing. Their subtle harmonies of sound and sense, their wind-like pulsings of rhythm, their delicate graces of alliteration and assonance, all combine to make their reading music; but sung, all these beauties go for nothing. A sympathetic composer may, indeed, set such a song to music—as Barnby has set the "Crossing the Bar"; but, even so, the music must be continuous throughout the poem and may best be sung by a single voice. This lyric is included in the new Hymnal; but it is very doubtful whether it has any right there. The songs that are sung by generation after generation through the centuries are of quite a different sort. What is the most permanently popular song in the English language? Nobody, I suppose, can say; but certainly we should not be far wrong in guessing "Auld Lang Syne." And it is as simple as the primer. You think you could write as good a song yourself—till you try.

There are, however, reasons why this requirement of simplicity, binding upon all song, is especially necessary in the case of the hymn. A hymn, at all events if it is to find a place in a standard church Hymnal, should not be too individual, too specialized in feeling. It is not to be read in the study or

closet; it is the utterance of united devotion, and must, therefore, have a certain large plainness of manner that fits it to be sung by the great congregation. But the most imperative reason for simplicity both of thought and form is found in the fact that a hymn is the expression of man's relation, not to his fellow man, but to his Maker. Four fifths of all good hymns are directly addressed to the Deity, in adoration or supplication, and when not of this form they are always felt to be sung with a special consciousness of his presence; they are the voice of worship. The very first requisite of a hymn, therefore, is that absolute and reverent sincerity which forbids all embellishment, all studied ordering of phrase. In the secular lyric the poet is uttering his passion, his love, or joy, or grief, *to us*. He may very properly, therefore, dwell upon his emotion, set it in all alluring or inspiring charms of phrase; he may summon before our imagination those objects and scenes that have a subtle kinship with our emotions, till his very imagery seems to melt into feeling. But to the writer of hymns all this is forbidden. He is not striving to arouse emotion, but to express it. He is not speaking to men, but to God; which makes all the choicest beauties of speech wherewith an earthly passion may clothe itself seem irrelevant and impertinent. The imagery of a hymn, therefore, while it may be sublime, must be simple, drawn from those familiar, if august, conceptions into which we spontaneously fashion our thought of the highest things. A figure, if it seem to be the plainest expression of the sheer sublimity of a thought, may often be very impressive in a hymn, as when Watts—the loftiest thoughted of hymnists—says:

"The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises,"

lines which naturally suggest the last stanza of Wordsworth's great Ode to Duty. On the other hand, the very worst possible fault in a hymn is a strained or rhapsodical manner. Here, for example, are two stanzas from a hymn in our former Hymnal that have been very highly praised. I suppose they are addressed to the angels:

"Bright heralds of the eternal Will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfill;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.

"Loud is the song, the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star."

The first two stanzas of this hymn purport to sing the joy of pardoned sin; but the flamboyant rhetoric of the lines quoted gives an air of affectation and insincerity to the whole. The revisers have wisely omitted it. Almost as bad is any imagery that is trivial, careless, or grotesque; and yet a great deal of such imagery may get into popular hymns. Thousands of devout people have sung and still will sing this quatrain; but can they have interpreted in imagination its grotesque conception?

"This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"

To repeat such lines as these surely is not to sing with the understanding. It is to be regretted that the revisers have not dropped this stanza.

It goes without saying that the metrical form of most hymns must be simple. If the hymn be written in some very peculiar form of stanza then it must have its tune written specially for it. This, it is true, may bring the hymn at once into popular and lasting favor, if the tune be a good one, like either of the two—by Dykes and Sullivan—for Newman's "Lead, kindly Light;" but, on the other hand, the failure to find a fit tune may condemn a very good hymn to undeserved obscurity.

When we consider how narrow is the range of literary effects possible to a hymn, and how exacting are the conditions imposed upon both its thought and its form, it is not surprising that the number of hymns having high literary value is comparatively small. To write a really good hymn, that shall be chaste yet not prosaic, dignified yet not bald, sublime or pathetic and yet spontaneous and inevitable in phrase—this is one of the most difficult things in the world. Or say, rather, it is one of the rarest. For a good hymn cannot be made to order simply by taking pains enough. No other form of composition so imperatively demands the inspiration of special emotional impulse. Yet, in the long run, it is only some distinc-

tively literary quality that can insure to any hymn permanent life and usefulness. No soundness of doctrine, no sincerity of purpose will suffice without that fusion of feeling and phrase, that indefinable power of appeal which lifts the verse into poetry.

It is the lack of this genuinely poetic quality that explains and justifies the omission from this new Hymnal of considerably more than half the hymns contained in the old ones on which it is based. Of the 1,127 hymns in the former Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church only 463 are retained; 53 more are taken from the Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; making in all only 516 out of the whole number—about 1,350—contained in the two former collections. But the most of the large number omitted were made up of pious pedestrian verse that had never made any strong appeal to the church or become endeared by frequent usage. We believe that few if any of them will be generally missed. The exclusion of many of Charles Wesley's hymns may be justified for such reasons. For, while Wesley wrote some of the very best hymns in the language, he certainly also wrote a good many very poor ones. Producing, it is said, over 6,500 hymns, or on an average about three a week for over forty years, it was inevitable that the most of them should be worthless as literature. He never penned doggerel, or fustian, or nonsense; but he did write a vast deal of good, honest, practical religious prose, with capital letters and rhyming syllables properly interspersed. As the bishops say in their Preface, the hymns of the Wesleys still have the prominent place in this Hymnal, as they certainly should in any Methodist collection; yet the number of Charles Wesley's hymns has been reduced from 308 in the former book to 110 in this one. It is probable that a selection based strictly upon merit, and not influenced by denominational preference, would further reduce this number to about 75. Even this is a large body of permanently valuable hymns to be written by one man; the work of Watts will furnish hardly so many that can be said to be sure of survival. But in a standard Hymnal a little of the best is better than a great deal of the mediocre; and we think the Commission have acted wisely in excluding everything which did not seem to have some claim to lasting literary merit. Doubtless, individuals will regret the

absence of old favorites endeared by some special personal association; doubtless, also, by the two-thirds vote of the Commission, some new ones were admitted that will not prove worthy, after the test of usage, of the place accorded them. It is true, too, that, in response to what was thought to be the demand of the prayer and social meeting, a few—a very few—hymns have been included that are commended rather by their temporary familiarity than by any content of abiding thought or inspiration. Yet, on the whole, it is believed that the candid critic will, in most instances, approve the judgment of the Commission, both for what they have abandoned and for what they have kept.

But, while lack of literary quality is the most frequent cause of exclusion, it occasionally happens that a hymn otherwise excellent, and perhaps long familiar, is unfit for general use because it is the expression of some doubtful phase of religious experience; it may be of a temporary morbid mood or of some depressed and mournful view of life. When the affections good Dr. Watts tendered to Miss Elizabeth Singer were declined by that lady, the doctor went home and wrote the thoroughly morbid stanzas beginning,

"How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare,"

and ending,

"My Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good."

We may suppose the doctor's prayer was answered; for he remained a bachelor all his days. But surely it would be both ludicrous and a little wicked for a full-voiced, healthy congregation to stand up and sing these lines. The closing injunction of the second stanza is distinctly unchristian:

"We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight."

So, I think, pious John Newton's hymn,

"Let worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free,"

teaches a false and narrow conception of religious experience. It sanctions that unwholesome ascetic temper which, by confusing two entirely different meanings of the phrase "the world," condemns half the innocent and rational joys of life. We need rather to remember that all things are ours if we be Christ's. A few hymns, like these two, have been dropped principally on account of something false or unwholesome in their teaching; but only a few. For praise is catholic. It is in their songs that all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity are most truly at one. The best hymns are of no narrow creed or sect. When, some thirty years ago, the Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church was revised, the editors inserted many hymns new to Methodist usage. It is significant that of these new hymns then adopted the two that have proved most popular—at least within the observation of the present writer—were written, the one by a devout Roman Catholic, Father Faber's

"Faith of our fathers, living still,"

and the other by a devout Quaker, the stanzas from Whittier's "Our Master," beginning,

"We may not climb the heavenly steeps."

The most rigid orthodoxy is not likely to be disturbed by remembering that

"Nearer, my God, to thee,"

and

"In the cross of Christ I glory,"

were both written by Unitarians. With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and the songs of the heart are often truer than the creed of the head.

The selection of new hymns was made after a careful examination not only of the stores of hymnody, ancient and modern, but of a large body of other lyric poetry. The greater number of these new hymns are already more or less familiar from their use in other collections and have proved their value. Of those less familiar it is impossible to tell before trial how many will commend themselves to general acceptance in the church; but it may be said with confidence that nothing merely commonplace or trivial has been admitted; nothing, it is believed, unworthy the usage of

an evangelical church. It might, perhaps, have been desired that the Commission had drawn a little more largely upon the hymnody of the last half century. No hymns, it is true, will ever embody the central truths of our Christianity more effectively than many of the old familiar ones have done; but it is characteristic of the best modern sacred lyrics that they often seem to represent more faithfully than the older ones the spiritual conditions and ideals of our life to-day. For though the essential motives and experiences of the Christian life remain unchanged through the centuries, its particular duties and trials vary with the age; the emphasis of its belief and feeling alters. The modern hymns, if less theological in content and less scriptural in phrase, are more human, warm with a personal love for the Master, filled with an eager desire to do his work in all the common ways of life. Ignoring the factitious distinction between sacred and secular things, they realize more fully the comprehensiveness of the true Christian life, and so touch a wider range of feelings and inspire a more varied activity. Hymns like those of Whittier, Gill, Stanley, Ellerton, Monsell, Hosmer, Miss Waring—to mention names almost at random—while not too individual for congregational use, strike an intimate personal note and come close to our daily work and need. In particular they often give moving utterance to the conception of Christian duty in its larger human relations; the desire, not so much to gain, or even to be, as to serve, and help, and love. Such a hymn, for example as No. 411, Washington Gladden's

"O Master, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care,"

is really expressive of a different type of religious character and experience from that most frequently embodied in eighteenth century hymns. A number of most excellent hymns of this type, new to Methodist Hymnals, may be found in the sections entitled "Activity and Zeal" and "Trust and Confidence."

The field of sacred verse has been gleaned so closely of late that it is extremely difficult to find any lyrics suitable for use in worship that have not already been included in some recent collec-

tion. The Commission have, however, ventured to introduce a few not, so far as we know, hitherto used in the song of the church. Of these some of the most noteworthy are four stanzas from Tennyson's Prologue to the "In Memoriam," forming No. 139,

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,"

Mrs. Browning's beautiful lines, No. 504,

"Since without Thee we do no good,"

J. G. Holland's Christmas song, No. 112,

"There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!"

No. 407, Maltbie D. Babcock's

"Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,"

No. 451, Dean Alford's

"My bark is wafted to the strand,"

and No. 745, Sidney Lanier's

"Into the woods my Master went."

Most of these new hymns have been fitted with new music by the musical editors of the Hymnal. A few hymns also have been written expressly for the book, one of the best of these being No. 14, Richard Watson Gilder's

"To thee, Eternal Soul, be praise!"

Probably the verdict of the impartial critic will be that, both in what they have excluded and in what they have admitted, the Commission have been over cautious rather than over radical. Such a large body, drawn from all sections of the country and representing various forms of religious work and experience, was sure to be conservative. The individual editor is always in danger of taking his own appreciation, perhaps his own prejudice, as a measure of general value. Probably not a single member of the Commission is entirely content with the finished book. Every man misses things he earnestly wished to see included, and regrets the presence of some hymns he deems undesirable or unfit. Yet no one man could have made a collection so likely to satisfy the varied wishes and needs of the Methodist millions who are to use it as the volume now before us.

The selection of hymns is only the first step, though doubtless the most important one, in the preparation of a Hymnal. Questions as to text next arise, and they are often very puzzling. For no kind of poetry has been altered, mended, tinkered, so much as hymns have. Yet in many cases it would be unwise and pedantic to attempt to restore the original text. When an amended version has received the approval of long usage it is commonly an improvement. Some surprisingly unwise attempts at restoration may be found in recent Hymnals. For example, in the new edition of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," issued a few months ago, the first lines of Charles Wesley's hymn,

"Hark, the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the newborn King,'"

are printed

"Hark, how all the welkin rings
Glory to the King of kings."

This, to be sure, is what Charles Wesley originally wrote; but the lines were changed to their present familiar form by Martin Madan, one of Wesley's most musical preachers, during the lifetime of Charles Wesley himself, and probably with his approval, being printed in their improved form in Wesley's later editions. At any rate, to change them now, after a century and a half of use, is worse than folly. We acquire a certain right in any form sung for generations, and no editor should attempt to dispossess us. The simple rule adopted by the Commission is the only safe one to follow in revising a Hymnal. They have taken the text of the former Hymnals of the two churches as a *textus receptus*, to be changed only where there is some unquestionable necessity. When, however, changes from an author's reading have been made too recently to have established themselves, when they are purely arbitrary, or capricious, or manifestly accidental, the proper version should, of course, be restored. And the number of such instances in any collection is likely to be considerable. For some of them the copyist and the proof reader are responsible. For example, in the former edition of our Hymnal—which was, in general, very carefully edited—a line in the hymn No. 197, from Whittier's "Our Master," was printed

“And faith has yet its Olivet,”

making a jingling interior rhyme which Whittier would not have allowed. He wrote

“And faith has still its Olivet.”

It is possible that the editors of thirty years ago thought by their change to correct the unpleasant sibilant “has still”; but, if so, they exchanged one fault for another and a worse one. One may wish that Whittier had written “hath still”; but surely no editor should presume to impose that reading upon him. Occasionally such editorial changes seem entirely capricious. Thus in Pierpont's hymn, No. 36 of the old collection, a line in the last stanza,

“The lyre of prophet bards was strung,”

was changed, for no discoverable reason, to

“The holy prophet's harp was strung.”

Sometimes a variation at first apparently accidental is generally followed, but has no claim for retention. Thus in nearly all the Hymnals the third line of one stanza in Addison's noble hymn,

“When all thy mercies, O my God,”

begins with the conjunction “But”:

“Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.”

Addison, however, wrote “For”:

“For O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.”

The slight change in meaning produced by the substitution of “But” is a change for the worse; yet it has generally been followed. A much more serious change from Addison's text is found in a previous stanza as it is given in most Hymnals. Addison wrote:

“Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.”

But the adjective "glorious" has very generally been changed to "pleasing":

"And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew;"

which is certainly flat enough—reminding one of five o'clock tea. All errors of this sort that the careful scrutiny of the editors could detect have, of course, been corrected. It may be noticed in passing, for the satisfaction of all lovers of Addison, that one stanza of his hymn, omitted in most collections, is here restored to its proper place—a stanza full of Christian gratitude and admirably characteristic of the temper of Addison:

"Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy."

It is quite possible that here again the Commission may have been over cautious in correcting changes due to caprice or misjudgment when those changes have been sanctioned by the usage of a generation. Thus that noble hymn of Henry Kirke White's, No. 151 of the former Hymnal, suffered greatly from the finical timidity of the editors of the 1849 Hymn Book. The strong and simple phrase of its opening line,

"The Lord our God is full of might,"

was changed, for no good reason, to

"The Lord our God is clothed with might."

A following stanza ran, in White's original,

"Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without His high behest
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest."

But that initial verb "Howl" seemed too noisy to the quiet-minded editors, and the line was softened and weakened into

"Ye winds of night, your force combine,"

thus letting most of the vigor out of the stanza. Yet the present editors decided to retain both these readings, while correcting some less arbitrary variations in the last stanza. So, too, the

triumphant note that opens Charles Wesley's glorious funeral hymn,

"Rejoice for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain,"

fifty years ago was flattened into mere condolence by changing it to

"Weep not for a brother deceased,"

and the present editors did not dare to restore it. The recent Hymnal of our British Wesleyan brethren prints the line as it should be. As for making new variations from an author's text, it is only in a very few instances that the Commission have ventured to take that doubtful risk; and then only when some decided advantage could be secured by a very slight change. For example, one line in the last stanza of John Wesley's translation from Gerhardt,

"Jesus, thy boundless love to me,"

was ruined by a single prosaic and commercial word:

"And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that *important* hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died."

The editors change the line to

"O Jesus, in that solemn hour,"

and thus preserve the tone of the stanza.

The editors of a Hymnal are sure to be confronted by the practical question, Shall a good hymn be so abridged as to reduce it to four or five stanzas? It is urged that congregations do not usually wish to sing more than that; while, if the selection of stanzas from a long hymn be left to the careless or hasty or ill-judged decision of the minister, the hymn is likely to suffer far worse than it would if printed in a form shortened by judicious and well-considered omissions. Of course there can be no definite rule in the matter; but lovers of hymnody will agree that the Commission have gone quite far enough in their endeavors to reduce all hymns to a moderate length. One is inclined to protest against the ruthless chopping down of hymns to suit the laziness of choir, congregation, or minister. If the hymn be a good one it will do the congregation no harm to sing, on occasion, six or even eight stanzas.

It takes about thirty-five seconds to sing a long meter stanza in ordinary time; the preacher ought not to begrudge us that. In general a larger place should certainly be given to the hymns and other distinctively worshipful parts of the Sabbath service than they now receive in the nonritualistic churches. The average New England child, if asked why he goes to church on Sunday, would probably answer, not, "To worship God," but, "To hear the minister"—which is quite another thing.

The success and usefulness of the Hymnal will probably depend quite as much upon its music as upon its verse. How well the important and delicate task of marrying every hymn to its fitting tune has been performed we leave for a more competent critic to decide; but we predict with some confidence that the poetry of these hymns will be pronounced of high average excellence. If the selection is smaller than that of previous Hymnals it is more choice. Let the reader test the book for himself. Opening its pages at random, the lines his eye first falls upon will almost certainly be either some hymn consecrated by long usage and endeared by old association, or, if less familiar, some genuinely poetic utterance of the reverence, aspiration, or desire of a thoughtful Christian experience. Turning the pages, he will find nothing mean, vapid, or merely pretty; but a body of religious verse fitted to live in the memory and to comfort the hours of quiet devotion as well as to inspire the ardor of united worship.

C. J. Winchester.

ART. II.—THE NEW METHODIST HYMNAL—THE MUSIC

It is a significant fact that the chief editions of the new Hymnal are those with tunes. When, nearly a generation ago, the last previous revision of the Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church was undertaken, not a stroke of work on the edition with music was done until the word edition was completed. Then, handicapped by a numbered arrangement that prevented the best musical results in many cases, an edition with tunes was prepared for those that wanted such a book. We may note it as a distinct advance in the esteem in which congregational singing is held that this method would be considered preposterous in the year of grace 1905. In all Protestant churches in America to-day certainly the Hymnals are primarily books for the people to sing out of. Whatever grounds for pessimism may be discovered in the present status of church music, here at least is a definite cause for thanksgiving.

It is not necessary at this time to analyze the reasons that have produced this gratifying result. Better and more universal music teaching in the public schools; a general advance in musical culture and taste throughout the country; the example and influence of certain churches in which music plays an especially important part in the service; the habit of having a book in hand, which was so greatly fostered by the evangelistic movements under Moody and Sankey and their successors—these may be mentioned as some of the contributing causes. Recognizing the fact, it was, therefore, with one consent that the Hymnal Commission labored from the start to prepare a book the practical use of which in singing should be the first, the controlling idea throughout the entire progress of the work. There are, of course, to be had of the publishing agents various styles or editions with words only, for the benefit of those who can't sing, or won't sing, or prefer a smaller handful to hold, or who enjoy the devotional exercise of reading hymns, a laudable habit which it may be feared is to-day rather more honored in the breach than in the observance. But the book is in purpose, and it is earnestly hoped it will prove in result, a book from which to sing. Yet the preparation of a singing book is not

without its peculiar difficulties. In music, preëminently, individual taste is extremely capricious; and matters of taste are proverbially beyond argument. Therefore the editors have felt that they must retain not only many old and familiar tunes that are good, but also some that are not so good, especially when long use with certain hymns has led to a sentiment akin to the solemn warning in the marriage ceremony that what God hath joined together no man shall put asunder. Martyn, though monotonous, and inclined to drag heavily, must still stand above "Jesus, Lover of my soul"; Cleansing Fountain, tedious as are its high-pitched repetitions, must be set to "There is a fountain filled with blood"; and Lucas must still do for "Come, let us anew our journey pursue." There is also a large body of noble tunes, relatively new, at any rate, but scantily represented in our standard Methodist Hymnals of the past generation, which must find due recognition, having indeed already come to the knowledge of our churches through many comparatively recent books, through the Sunday school, the union service, and in various other ways; tunes which the church at large has learned and which we too, therefore, must sing. Familiar examples are Canonbury, Crusader's Hymn, Doane, Evening Prayer, Flemming, Hesperus, Holy Trinity, Lancashire, Saint Edmund, We March to Victory, and a host of others as well known as these. Again, the different branches of Methodism frequently have different favorite tunes for the same hymn, both of which must be used if everybody is to be content. For example, Avon and Communion are equally necessary to the hymn "Forever here my rest shall be."

Nor have the musical editors escaped the special difficulties due to conceit, prejudice, or misunderstanding which ever assail an editorial sanctum. Ancient and modern tunes, original or threadbare, have been offered and suggested by parties who apparently misjudged their merits. Opposition to the revision based on a misapprehension of its character has been spread here and there. Anxiety for fear the book would be too large with the arrangement of tunes which had been adopted arose in certain quarters. How little basis there was for this may easily be seen from a few representative comparisons. The new Hymnal is designed to meet the wants of the largest existing Protestant constituency.

It has, counting all the Chants and Occasional Pieces at the end, 748 numbers, making 532 pages. The new Presbyterian Hymnal has 632 pages; *Sursum Corda*, 654; *In Excelsis*, 741; the Church Hymnal, 852; and the new English Wesleyan Hymnal, 933. The treatment of the matter of the so-called "spiritual songs," known in common parlance as "pennyroyals," has kept up its share of excitement. At first it was decided to place them all in a supplement, to be omitted from some editions, so that those wishing to take their regular Hymnal straight could have their preference gratified. The proposed supplement, however, would infallibly have contained some matter which would not only have added scant credit to the book, but also would have been of little practical satisfaction to the champions of such songs. For it was never proposed to include any new material to speak of; and that sort of song fades early in life, losing, as a rule, its peculiar vitality. Those wishing to use these melodies want them fresh and vigorous, ever new; and in the nature of the case a Hymnal that is expected to be a standard book for the next generation cannot have a new batch every fall for the opening of the season. But after the typographers had begun their work it was finally agreed to annihilate the supplement as such, pick out the best of the "spiritual songs," and insert them here and there in the body of the book. Under these conditions we are therefore to have some twenty-five or thirty of them, a few of which, though they have perhaps served useful purposes in their day, may in some quarters be challenged as to their right to occupy a permanent position in this dignified company. With such problems the Commission and the editors have wrestled bravely, having evolved certain principles and followed them as consistently as possible, with the results to be stated:

1. Every hymn should have a separate tune printed with it, adapted to it as well as possible. No pages made up of several hymns, all set to a single tune at the top, or even on the opposite page (as occurs in our old book), will be found. Under the former arrangement it was likely that some of the hymns would be poorly suited to the tune. Furthermore, the present plan gives opportunity not only for more tunes, but also for more repetitions of

good tunes, thus adding to their chances of being sung, through increased familiarity. The best tunes, like all good friends, improve on acquaintance.

2. In many cases two or more tunes should be set to one hymn, a verse of the hymn being printed between the musical staves of every such alternate tune. This idea of offering a choice of tunes is extensively used in several of the best and most recent Hymnals, and the practice is advisable for several reasons. Sometimes different sections of the church are especially fond of different settings. Sometimes particularly fine settings of certain hymns have been made by master composers, which ought to be open to the choice of the individual congregation or of those who direct their preferences in tunes. So, for example, two of the greatest and most popular composers of suitable tunes for church worship, Joseph Barnby and John Bacchus Dykes, both tried their skill on the beautiful hymn "Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling"; and both products should be available. Again, some hymns and some classes of hymns are much sung at certain times in the Christian year by large congregations which, in many instances, are composed mostly of children. The annual recurrence of the Christmas and Easter festivals has come to mean a special search for beauty and variety, and even novelty, for the more public and elaborate services of the time; and weeks or months of drill are given to learning new music. By having several tunes for some of the hymns most apt to be used on these occasions the freshness and attractiveness of the book are much enhanced and its acceptability to the younger portion of the church increased, a most important matter if we are to train up our younger generation to love good hymns and tunes rather than religious and musical balderdash. An example of the setting of a Christmas hymn to three new tunes especially prepared for it may be seen in J. G. Holland's well-known "There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky!" Still more frequent is the case where a good hymn has long been sung to a certain intrinsically rather inferior tune, of which many churches, and a still larger number of individuals, have begun to weary, but which it would not do to eliminate, because of its precious associations in the thoughts of vast numbers of Christians. It will be many years

before anybody asked in a prayer meeting to start "Nearer, my God, to thee" will fail to think first of old Bethany; and, indeed, this will be sung by the majority of people to that hymn for a long time to come. But Bethany is not the only good tune for it; and it will be a relief to many to have the opportunity to use some other setting on occasion. A parallel case is the association of "Jesus, Lover of my soul" with Martyn. But many a singer's throat has ached over Martyn, and wished its monotonous and repetitious cadences might be displaced by something really beautiful and worthy of being wedded to the matchless hymn. There is nothing divinely inspired about Martyn, and those who were brought up to sing these words to Hollingside feel the same devotion to that. For their benefit this tune is also inserted; and for those who are willing to use the best means at their command there has been added the beautiful and touching tune made for it by Barnby, one of the musical gems of the entire collection. "In Excelsis" has four tunes for this hymn. In cases of this kind a gradual familiarity with the better tunes may in time lead the masses to love them to the exclusion of the worse, a most desirable consummation.

3. No tune in either of the present Hymnals which would be greatly missed should be omitted unless it is radically bad, and even then a concession should usually be made to the general desire. As a result of this principle, about 250 of the tunes in the new book are old tunes which have been used for a generation or more by the two churches. This fact ought at once to drive dull care from any heart that has cherished sadness for fear its old favorites would be missing. They are all there, practically: some 45 old long meter tunes, 58 common meters, 21 short meters, and so on down the list. Of course some have been adjudged wanting which somebody may like; but the proportion of tunes retained is far greater than that of the hymns. Our old book had about 420 tunes for 1,100 hymns. Only about one third of the old hymns remain; but much more than half of the tunes are still with us. Some of these old stand-bys are not any longer universal favorites, for example, Cleansing Fountain, Lovingkindness, Sessions, Emmons, Ortonville, Nashville, Fillmore, Lischer, Harwell, Amsterdam, and

the like. But to many hearts they are very dear; and they will long be called for occasionally, in some cases constantly. Many of these older tunes are repeated over and over again in the book, such as Azmon, Arlington, Uxbridge, Dennis, Greenwood, Manoa, Mornington, Naomi, Simpson, and others. There will be no lack of familiar music from the start.

4. The best of the tunes that have come into vogue in other churches, as well as our own, during the last quarter of a century, and are now found in all the leading standard Hymnals, should be incorporated. To secure these tunes many excellent books have been much handled by the Commission and the editors, including the Presbyterian Hymnal, the Church Hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church, *In Excelsis*, the *Sursum Corda* of the Baptist Church, the new *Laudes Domini*, the Church Hymnary, the Evangelical Hymnal, Plymouth Hymnal, the collections of Barnby and Stainer, *Calvary Hymnal*, the new Wesleyan Methodist Hymnal, and numerous others, with the result that about two hundred tunes have been culled from this vast amount of excellent material, representing, it is believed, the very best that the modern church has in its possession. Prominent among these valuable accessions must naturally be the product of that remarkable school of English tune writers, the last of whom has but recently passed away, best represented by Barnby, Dykes, Stainer, Sullivan, Smart, Wesley, Monk, and Hopkins. A few of their best tunes had already crept into the book we have been so long using; but a much larger bulk of them was either unborn or at least little known when that book was made. Barnby's sweet and sympathetic harmonies have been more liberally chosen than any other man's. Dykes's even more virile and undying compositions have been largely used. Now and then a gem of that noble musician, John Stainer, has been picked from his often grave and sometimes more difficult settings. Sullivan has furnished several of the most effective specimens of his irresistible rhythm. The other composers are all duly represented. Of course there is a host of the more recent names among English and American composers whose work has been employed in greater or less degree, while arrangements from some of the great masters occasionally appear.

A catalogue of names of some of the best of these new tunes could easily be made; but it would be hard to know when to stop. Abends, Ancient of Days, Angel Voices, Beatitudo, Beloit, Crucifer, Cutler, Dunstan, Green Hill, Keble, Laudes Domini, Nativity, Saint Bees, Saint Chrysostom, Saint Kevin, Saint Theodulph, Sawley, Soho, Westcott, and many others, are sure to become very popular, so popular that if rightly used they can easily crowd out the inferior ditties with which our people, young and old, have been so insidiously attacked. It is interesting, in passing, to note a novel feature in the more modern tunes. After the day of the old-fashioned fugues and rather unmelodious minors of our fathers, such as are nowadays sometimes heard in old folks' concerts, there came a period of reaction under which we have been for at least fifty years, when we have lived on a more simple, not to say thin, musical pabulum, dominated quite largely by the major third among the masses of the people, and almost never indulging in a minor tune of any kind, or even a minor phrase. Two or three minors, to be sure, still stood on the pages of our Hymnal, but their use was scanty. Shawmut has been steadily kept in commission by some ministers; and Ewing (set to "Jerusalem the Golden"), with its rapid alterations between the major and the minor mode, has been in places very familiar and popular. But about here the story ends. The new school of tune writers, however, is less shy of a minor chord or progression; sometimes a hymn lends itself most naturally by its tone and sentiment to this style. We have a few noteworthy examples of the minor tune in the new book, such as the plaintive Aber and the beautiful Saint Cross. Indeed, a study of the evolution of the form, and the prevailing style of harmony, of the modern hymn tune would be interesting on occasion.

5. A certain number of original tunes, either composed especially for this book or never regularly hitherto published, should appear in a new standard Hymnal, thus increasing the general store of music available for the church universal as our contribution to the rest of the world, which has freely given us of its musical riches. The task of obtaining and sifting such new material is far less simple than might be imagined. It is true that a con-

siderable mass of tunes was voluntarily submitted, only a very small proportion of which proved available, for a variety of reasons. A more promising source was found in the practical musicians of some of our churches, whose long choir experience had taught them what a hymn tune must be to satisfy the demands of the choir, the people, and the critic. A few of these experienced leaders, with other persons known to the editors or other members of the Commission, furnished a small number of tunes. Then recourse was had to a financial inducement, a printed list of some twenty hymns being sent out requesting settings to be submitted and offering a fair price for those accepted. But the response was surprisingly meager. Most musicians seem to feel that it is a good deal easier to know a good and singable tune than to make it. Some valuable material, indeed, was received in response to this request, from such well-known composers as Henry M. Dunham, John Spencer Camp, and Alfred Wathall (a former pupil, by the way, of Dean Lutkin), the latter of whom furnished several excellent settings in which the true temper of the hymns concerned has been well caught. There were also other successful tunes submitted by several individuals, but, as is so apt to be the case, there remained a number of hymns for which tunes must be supplied by the musical editors, and the musical editors have done their best to supply such lack, with what success the church and the rest of the world must decide. Altogether, there will be some threescore original tunes in the book, a very creditable proportion in view of the scarcity of material of real value from which to choose.

6. Worthy tunes, either favorites or those that ought to become favorites, should be repeated as often as possible without crowding out more valuable material. In some cases tunes have been used three or four times. The total number of tunes repeated once or more is about one hundred and forty, or about twice the number so repeated in our old book.

7. As already indicated, the attitude to take toward the sort of tune (frequently wedded to words of doubtful eligibility to the society of really good hymns) variously denominated, "gospel song," "spiritual song," "pennyroyal," has cost the Commission a good deal of vexation of spirit; and the compromise already

described, whereby some thirty of these have been scattered through the book, is liable not entirely to suit anybody. To those that want freshness and novelty the old "stagers" that have been used will not appeal. To those who think their place is somewhere else than in the standard church Hymnal their presence there may prove a thorn in the flesh for many years. Some of them, to be sure, have rather won their recognition as permanent additions to our material for church worship, and will provoke no adverse comment by being inserted. Such, for example, are "He Leadeth Me" and "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." Others have apparently achieved lasting popularity, like Vail's "Close to Thee," Stebbins's "True-hearted, Whole-hearted," and Doane's "Every Day and Hour." But there are still a few which some will look upon as a blemish to the book. A taking melody will sometimes "cover a multitude of sins," and lead the thoughtless to sing lustily that which has perhaps little theology and little sense. A refrain may lift a vast congregation to vaguely ecstatic heights by virtue of its mere swing, and let them drop to correspondingly low depths when it is all over and they come to inquire why they were there, and where they really were. Methodists, all of us, believe in enthusiasm. We believe religion is a great and good thing, which we may know we possess, and praise God for, with rejoicing. But Methodists should never, we shall all agree, encourage any poor sinner or feeble saint to base enthusiasm on a bubble, a rattle, or a jingle. Sound sense and true religion go hand in hand. We can afford to leave meaningless externals to Rome, and meaningless words to "Christian Science"—"falsely so called." There is doubtless a pious thought behind every one of the lighter ditties that have had such a vogue. But in cases where that thought is so imperfectly stated, or so covered up by a mere succession of absorbing and repetitious rhythms that the sound obscures or does not carry the sense, we run past a danger signal when we rush madly into a lusty refrain that may land us we know not where!

One or two matters with reference to form and arrangement should be clearly understood and deservedly appreciated. The church is to be most heartily congratulated on the fact that instead

of a small words and music edition, calculated to ruin the eye and the disposition, a fifty-cent edition of standard size, printed from the same plates as the dollar edition, is to be furnished from the start to those churches and individuals that feel the need of economy. Surely there can now be no excuse for a country church to pay thirty or thirty-five cents for a cheap collection of the latest made-to-order tinsel novelties, when for fifty cents can be obtained the regular Hymnal of the church, containing the choicest hymns in the language wedded to the noblest music of those that have been for a generation the leaders in church music.

The uniform practice is followed of having the first verse of the hymn set between the musical staves. In no case is this verse repeated below; thus the annoying confusion arising from lack of regularity in this respect will be avoided. The wish of some to have all the verses printed in the music was given careful consideration; but the practical objections are numerous, and the advantages mostly imaginary. Only one book of standard size and character has tried the experiment, and it does not seem to have proved a conspicuous success. It necessitates bad crowding of the words, and frequent confusion between verses in passing from line to line. It would often restrict the number of verses so as to spoil a fine hymn. It would render the hymn less available for reading, and would militate toward the elimination of hymn-reading in the service. Choirs do not need more than one verse so placed; and the mass of the people do not need it or care for it; as they soon learn the tunes by ear, and pay comparatively little attention to the notes. The paging figures have been made as small as possible to discourage the pernicious habit of announcing both page and hymn number, which results in needless confusion.

It remains to inquire what principles should govern the reception of the book by the church. The answer is: First, catholicity of spirit. In such a book there must be some things for every man (editors included) to dislike, since it is supposed to suit, at least in part, all localities and all tastes. A Hymnal calculated to serve not less than twenty millions of people, from Eastport to Los Angeles, from Blaine to Key West, and over nobody knows what remote islands of the vast deep, is not the easiest thing to prepare,

but the labors of the Commission will surely be accepted with a generous and broad-minded willingness to magnify the progress thus achieved toward the unification of Methodism, and to minify the faults due to sectional, educational, or other divergence of tastes. Secondly, pastor and people should resolve to use the book as it stands, thoroughly and well, for a time long enough to permit an intimate acquaintance with it, before any final judgment is made upon its merits and demerits. How long a time that may be will depend upon many circumstances, of course; in general, I should say few churches could hope to have any real familiarity with the new material in less than a couple of years. After a quarter of a century, and over, of our recent standard Hymnal, there are many tunes, some of them among the choicest and grandest in the book, still totally unfamiliar to hundreds of our congregations because opportunity to know them has never been afforded the people. In some cases they were set to hymns rarely called for. In others timidity on the part of the pastor, or inertia or incapacity in pulpit or choir gallery, buried these talents in a napkin. Let us vow that this history shall not be repeated with the new book, and let us hope for a faithful, enthusiastic trial of all the tunes as fast as opportunity permits. There is a great variety of musical riches here, the grave and the gay, the hard and the easy, the strong and the gentle, the festival and the funeral types. With only fifty-two Sundays in the year, the pastor must be up and doing to avail himself of this variety within a reasonable time. Neither can one usually tell by merely looking at the page how the tune will go when sung, any more than he can tell by the looks of a new dish how it will taste. Of course some of the musically educated can read the music intelligently without hearing it; but even they can tell better what is to be the success of a tune when it is tested. Again, the tunes should be used as set to the hymns. Probably the pernicious habit of turning over to some other part of the book for a tune preferred for a given hymn has largely disappeared from our churches. But wherever and whenever the temptation to do this is met it should be steadfastly resisted. The setting of these hymns to certain tunes has been made a matter of much study and careful discrimination; and the earnest effort that

has been put forth to fit words to music should be given a respectful consideration. On this principle an unbiased trial should be given to the more unfamiliar tunes set to hymns hitherto commonly sung to other music, or to hymns where more familiar tunes are still retained as alternates. The best is none too good for us, and we must ever look for the chance to secure this, unblinded by mere prejudice. Of course a rational conservatism is always worthy of respect; but we should beware of that sort of conservatism exemplified in the tale of a man asked whether he was in favor of a proposed bill abolishing capital punishment. "No!" he replied emphatically; "hanging was good enough for my ancestors, and it is good enough for me!"

It is a common experience to see a pastor so fond of a certain few familiar tunes that he deals them out in turn, round and round again, to his people, without inquiring whether their taste is as limited as his own. He is like a father of a family who should be so fond of bread and butter himself that, without consulting the tastes of the other members of the family, calling respectively for beefsteak, lobster salad, doughnuts, or pie, he autoeratically orders, three times a day, a meal of bread and butter only for the whole family. And if the pastor does this, what can his great family do? The wise pastor will try to please his choir and all the different classes of his people, as well as himself, and to lead all these different elements to work together to enjoy using all that is good, each at its proper time. For it is the most ruinous musical heterodoxy to imagine that the masses of the people cannot or will not learn good music, music of character, music even not always the simplest. Experience, where the trial has been faithfully made, has abundantly proved the contrary. Of course the very simplest melodies are most quickly caught up and remembered. So is milk most easily digested by babes. But babes are encouraged after a time of milk diet to try something of a little more solid nature, and by degrees they come to prefer in the main the heartier food. Now, there are milk, meat, and confectionery in the new Hymnal. The people can and will enjoy all these varieties of musical food if they are properly encouraged to try them. They will never obtain much nourishment by keeping their mouths shut and watching others.

It will take a little longer to become thoroughly at home on the stronger diet; but a gentle yet firm and patient persistence will convince any company of singers that they can enjoy singing the best music in the new book. The greatest care must be taken not to debauch the taste by too much confectionery. It grieves one to see any child growing up to care only for novel reading. It is equally disheartening to see anybody, or any church, grow up into the notion that nothing is palatable but sugar-coated musical pills. To the pastor is committed in this realm the welfare of many souls—no trifling responsibility. Let him not suppose that he can know a tune by not singing it. Let him not be discouraged when he tries it the first time and no such volume of sound rolls up as when he gives out *Boylston*, *Dennis*, or *Coronation*. But let him try it many times, and familiarity will suddenly be achieved—the kind of familiarity that does not breed contempt. If a minister insists on picking out old favorites all the time, just because he thinks they will “go,” without exerting himself to think carefully what is the most exactly appropriate at each service, he is indulging laziness and timidity, and shirking a great responsibility. And if he decides offhand that this or that tune will never be generally sung he is displaying the arrogance of ignorance. Let him study the Hymnal, test it in actual use, and repeated use, and prove all things that are good. It is a bad practice for a minister to turn the selection of hymns entirely over to the chorister, as if they were not an essential part of the service and any hymn would fit in well with any discourse. He should insist on giving abundant opportunity to choir and congregation to try all tunes repeatedly, on variety, and on intelligent experience to educate personal taste.

And it is the personal enthusiasm—if he has it, the personal magnetism—of the minister that, if brought into play, will make carelessness on the part of the people become interest, and interest ripen into enthusiasm—an enthusiasm that will carry a whole congregation on the crest of a mighty wave of sacred song. In the largest colored Methodist church in the city of Washington I heard a minister give out an unfamiliar hymn before a large audience. After he had acted himself as precentor for the first verse and the tune lagged, and few sang, did he give it up, and suggest another number? Not

a bit of it! With a cheerful and encouraging word of exhortation, he began the same verse over again; and he kept at it till the congregation was heartily singing. If you can't do that yourself, somebody can do it for you. Don't be afraid of a little repetition of that sort; perseverance is what makes things go. Various methods for teaching new tunes may be employed, if a little thought is devoted to it. A few selected tunes may be repeated for a number of Sundays till well known, nothing else being used meanwhile. Sometimes the choir could take up a tune at some point in the service, and by singing it through as an anthem a few times help get it into the heads of the people. If the organist is of the right kind he could use its melody as a theme for varied improvised repetitions to the same end. And there are occasions where the old-fashioned method of lining out a hymn and tune might be most effective. With a willing leader and a willing congregation, any tune in the book may be learned and sung mightily in a few minutes.

Finally, the completion of this Hymnal ought to prove the incentive to inaugurate at once a new general movement for better congregational singing in American Methodism. To listen while others make music is often helpful, and has its place in worship, if, as Professor Gow has so well said, "under its exhilaration joy becomes more transcendent, grief and penitence more poignant, consolation more compelling, and awe more impressive." But nothing in the services of the sanctuary so uplifts, inspires, and thrills with holy enthusiasm as the united volume of song when all the people join in pouring forth harmonious praises before the Lord. Grateful for what Methodists have hitherto achieved in this line, shall we not resolve to use still more intelligently and effectively the mighty power thus at our command, even when sometimes dormant, and to keep our people ever in active training for that great day when we hope all to join the enraptured choir of a hundred forty and four thousand singing the praises of Moses and of the Lamb?

Karl P. Harrington.

ART. III.—SOME DISPUTED POINTS IN ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY

AMERICAN scholarship in general and the Methodist Episcopal Church in particular may well feel a just pride in the recently completed *History of the Christian Church*, by the eminent bishop and historian John F. Hurst. No work of such magnitude has been contributed to the science of historical theology since the appearance of Schaff's comprehensive volumes.

Goethe looked upon church history as a mass of confusion, and, contemplating for the first time the vast sweep of the ages in which darkness and light, weakness and strength, victory and defeat, pagan philosophy and divine revelation, human passions and heavenly virtues, crowns, miters, pulpits, thrones, holy martyrdoms, and dreadful apostasies from the faith are all seemingly mixed in inextricable and ever deepening confusion, many a student comes to the same conclusion and loses all hope of being able in this short life to intelligently distinguish the incessantly warring elements, or to note amid the coming and going of the centuries the gradual emergence, the development, progress, and expansion of the kingdom of God. To him church history is Milton's chaos:

"A dark
Illimitable ocean without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
And time and place are lost; where Eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy amid the noise
Of endless wars, and by Confusion stand."

But Vergil led Dante through the Stygian marsh to the bright light of the stars and the shimmer of the sea, and these volumes will give similar aid to the hesitating and bewildered student; for what M. Taine said of M. Thiers, "If he would write a course of political economy for street porters, I am sure he would be understood," was particularly true of Bishop Hurst. But while thus expressing our admiration for this work as a whole, we cannot give equal approval to its every part. Evidently more than one writer was engaged in its composition. And this leads us to inquire, What is

history? Sometimes we are inclined to think that what it is depends upon who writes it. Macaulay once declared that history was a compound of poetry and philosophy. Shakespeare makes clocks strike in Rome a thousand years before they were invented; he locates Bohemia on the seashore; puts a billiard table in Cleopatra's palace; makes King John and his mailed barons familiar with cannon; kills Desdemona with a pillow and then raises her from the dead for a parting word. Some historians of a poetic quality have a like faculty for making possible the impossible. Certainly they may not surpass nor equal the great poet in this respect, nor novelists like Emile Zola, who in his *Lourdes* affirms that the deaf and dumb recovered their sight and hearing, or Wilkie Collins, who makes the moon rise in the west, or Rider Haggard, who contrives an eclipse of a new moon. Nevertheless they sometimes show such utter disregard for facts that one is tempted to believe that Macaulay was right when he said that facts are the dross of history. And yet we cannot but admire the genius and the industry of the great historians. The world would be wretchedly poor without them, and our admiration and gratitude evidence the debt that is due those teachers and civilizers of humanity who make the future possible by keeping present a voiceful past even though we cannot commit ourselves in full confidence to their every statement. We may appreciate, for instance, the truly original work of Burnett on the Reformation, notwithstanding Pocock has pointed out its many and glaring errors. We may still praise Macaulay, though he blundered on William Penn and was unjust in fixing the blame for the Massacre of Glencoe. We may indeed admire, as we must, Froude's *History of England* as a work of literary art, though we know Freeman said Froude was incapable of writing history; also Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, although Carlyle lacked the critical faculty for weighing evidence; and we still regard Tyerman's *Wesley* as the standard biography, if there is any, of the great Churchman, notwithstanding the American publishers had to insert a lengthy note to offset Tyerman's misleading statement concerning Methodist Episcopacy. Therefore with some similar reservation we may appreciate this superb account of the Christian church without accepting all

its statements as history, or all its inferences as invulnerable logic.

The chapter on the Elizabethan Settlement of the Church of England, for example, or, more specifically, that portion of it on pages 435-437 inclusive, cannot be accepted as reliable history by those who know the facts. It may be poetry; it may be, like Miss Muhlenberg's *Frederick*, or a recent volume of flattery, *Imperator et Rex*, historical romance, or it may be personal opinion, the outcome of too confident reliance upon Anglican authorities, but it is not history; it is not such history as can be sustained by the original records. Nor can we say that the writer of this chapter, who is not Bishop Hurst, nor the writer, as his style shows, of other parts of this history, has thrown any light on this subject; that he has in any degree succeeded better than his predecessors in clearing away the doubts concerning Parker's Register and the alleged consecration of Bishop Barlow. In a special treatment of such a subject one would expect to be made acquainted at least with the elements of the controversy, and that the questions at issue would be fully and impartially stated. But from a reading of these pages no one would imagine that there was ever any very serious question, vital to the church, the crown, and the nation, at stake. He would never even suspect the tremendous agitation attending the founding of the English—the Anglican—hierarchy. He would know nothing of the dilemma of the court; nothing of the flutter among the ministry of all schools; nothing of Parker's letter to Secretary of State Cecil—which we have carefully examined, and noted Cecil's reply on the margin; nothing of the necessity of an Act of Parliament only seven years after the great event of Parker's consecration declaring the legality of certain ordinations; nothing of the continuous efforts of eminent writers to dissipate the doubts attached to every shred of documentary evidence adduced to prove the genuineness of the Lambeth Register which contains the account of Parker's consecration. There is absolutely nothing here of all this. The fiery volcano has become a grassy knoll in a gentleman's park, and there never was, from the appearance of things, an earthquake shock at all. The whole question seems to be ruled out of court, or smothered

up under smooth phrase. The judge has become the pleading attorney, and instead of weighing evidence he quotes arguments from interested Anglican writers and substitutes such pleadings for a critical examination of the facts. Our purpose therefore is, in the interest of truth, to examine these arguments.

I. Our author says: "The fact of the consecration in Lambeth Chapel has been denied by some on the ground of alleged irregularities in the Lambeth Episcopal Register." This is as if one guilty of murder should be mildly accused of deficiency in self-control. The charge against the Register is not that it is "irregular," but that it is not a genuine, original document at all; that is, that it is not an authentic contemporaneous document written at the time the events it records transpired. The "irregularities" on the face of it, and the historical fact that it was never produced, though written evidences of consecration were called for, till fifty years after the events it records, notwithstanding the fact that Mason and Bramhall and Burnett and others had access to every library and archive in the kingdom, are some of the proofs, to say nothing of the changes of time in the document itself, which sustain the charge. The Register bears evidence within itself that it is of a much later date than the fact it records, and it is, therefore, not a contemporaneous, original, and genuine record of the event in behalf of which it is made to testify.

II. Again our author writes: "— says that there were those at the time who denied the existence of the register, but the only one he quotes is Harding, . . . but we find that Harding does not refer to the register at all." Such a statement cannot be sustained without resorting to technicalities. Every writer on the subject knows that it is too sweeping. If Harding is not adopting the mode of argument employed by the early Church Father against the spurious orders of the schismatics of his day—calling for the order, the list, of their bishops by which it will be seen that they are spurious—then there is nothing clear in the English language or in human reasoning. The whole body of English ecclesiastics know that Harding was pressing Jewell to show him the order of the new consecrations, which he could not do without taking them from the Register. Jewell is not able to do this—and his

replies to his opponent are of an evasive character. And if our author had only looked at the top of page 321, vol. iii of Jewell's *Apologia* he would have there seen convincing proof that Harding does call for the register of consecrations, as everybody knows, for by that register he will disprove genuine episcopal succession in the newly established English hierarchy. Further, it could easily have been known that others in addition to Harding could be cited. Next to Archdeacon Haddan, the Church of England never produced a stronger defender of Anglican Orders than F. G. Lee, D.D., Vicar of All Saints, Lambeth. But this is what he concedes in his notable book, *The Church under Queen Elizabeth*, p. 52:

The Lambeth Register was not publicly produced—in fact, no reference of any sort or kind, either in attack or defense, was made to it—until 1613, fifty-three years after this date of Parker's Consecration; though the new bishops had been constantly pressed to show some written proofs of their Consecration by Nicholas Sanders, William Allen, Stapleton, Bristow, Reynolds, and especially by Harding in his *Confutation of Jewell's Apologia*, first published only six years after Parker's Consecration, that is, 1565. Why it was not produced is, to say the least, singular if not mysterious.

Could not all these names have been cited?

III. Again, we learn from this chapter in this History of the Christian Church that the consecration of Archbishop Parker is amply attested by contemporaneous evidence and that few events in history are more certainly attested. We may admit the fact, but had our author examined all the documents in the case bearing directly on the subject he would not have been so generous with his confidence. Here, for instance, is a transcript of the Lambeth Register among the state papers (*Domestic, Eliz.*, vol. iii, Dec., 1559) on the back of which, *and written in the same hand*, is this: "The Manner of Installment of the Archbishop of Canterbury." That same word "installment," or inauguration, occurs in one of the Latin letters sent to Zurich at the time the elevation of Parker occurred, though the English translator is very careful to render the word by "consecration." But what proof does our author furnish? None whatever. He simply quotes a formidable paragraph from Perry's *History of the English Church*. Perry says:

Of this consecration there remains a long and minute detailed account in the Register of Lambeth, and a contemporaneous transcript of the consecra-

tion part of it in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. There are notices of it also in a great number of diocesan registers; in the registers of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury; in thirty or forty documents in the Rolls; in a large mass of contemporary letters and documents preserved in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; in papers preserved in Zurich, and not known in England until 1685; in Parker's own book, *De Antiquitate Britanniae Ecclesiae*, printed in 1572; and in many other places.

Upon all this our author implicitly relies. Now, what evidence is there that Canon Perry knew anything at first hand about these matters more than anyone else? The simple truth in the case is that Perry appears to have copied the above paragraph almost word for word from Archdeacon Haddan's Preface to the third volume of Archbishop Bramhall's works; and we may not rely absolutely upon his statement as the evidence of one who had personally verified the statements which he so accurately copies. To one who has never given much thought to the subject the above itemized list of alleged proofs, and the cumulative effect of the whole, must indeed appear convincing, which no doubt is the intention of the thing. But, like ghosts, the closer one gets to them the thinner they become. There is scarcely one of these alleged proofs that is not more dangerous at the breach than at the muzzle. We deny that the whole of the document referred to, in Corpus Christi College, is a *transcript* of the Lambeth Register. It is a perversion, or rather a benevolent accommodation, of language to so describe it, for no one who carefully compares the two can fail to note the radical discrepancies which no copyist could possibly have made with the original before him. We do not refer to mere slips of the pen, such as may be in this critique. But if one document has a consecration form in English, and another document has that same form in Latin, can one document be said to be a *transcript* of the other? If one reads, "*Cicestren. Electus populu ad orationem hortatus,*" and the other reads, "*Cicestrensis electus quaedam praejatus, atque populum ad orationem hortatus,*" can one be said to be a transcript of the other? If the draft of this same record of Parker's consecration in the state papers of Queen Elizabeth (Domestic, vol. iii, Oct.-Dec., 1559) is compared with the Lambeth and the Corpus Christi College Records it will be found that it agrees with the Corpus Christi College Record and that both

of these differ from the Lambeth Record. Which, then, is the original? And which is the transcript?

Take another so-called proof: "Parker's own book, *De Antiquitate*," etc. What are the facts concerning this book, which are carefully kept in the background while the "book" is made to do service? Well, this book was published in London by John Day in 1572, three years before Parker's death. Only a few copies were printed, and Dibdin (*Typographical Antiquities*, vol. iv, p. 126) says, "There are very few copies of this rare work that are alike." It contains the biographies of seventy Archbishops of Canterbury, including Parker. But the *Life of Parker* is not in all the copies. By some the "Life" is declared to be an imposture, as not having been written until long after Parker's death. The proof of this is found in a Puritan work, a "*Historiala*" of the Masters of Corpus Christi College. This *Historiala* was printed in 1574, *two years* after the date of Parker's "own book." It makes a sharp attack on this "Parker's own book, *Antiquitate Britannæ Ecclesiæ*," and says the seventieth life (Parker's) is yet to be written! The life of Parker, then, was not in the copies of that book in 1572. An edition was published in the little German town of Hanau in 1605. Parker's life is not in that edition either. Why were not the Germans made acquainted with the truly episcopal character of the seventieth Archbishop of Canterbury as well as with all the other prelates in that book? How shall we reconcile the statements in the *Historiala* with the copies of the book that do contain this *Life of Parker*? Here is the mystery. Was it annexed at a later date? So much for the testimony of Parker's "own book" in favor of the Lambeth Register. It is badly in need of testimony for itself.

IV. Leaving other matters, for lack of space, let us come direct to the statements in this history concerning the alleged consecration of Bishop Barlow, who consecrated Parker, the fountain head of the Anglican Episcopacy. Our author says:

It has been said that the consecration is invalid because Barlow, the chief consecrator, was himself not consecrated. Even if this were true of Barlow, the conclusion would not follow, if the other consecrators were ordained. But there is not the slightest evidence for it, except the loss of the certificate of Barlow's

consecration, which is no evidence that the consecration did not take place, because the registers of men concerning whose ordination as bishops there has never been a dispute, like Gardiner of Winchester, are irrevocably lost.

Now, this, to say the least, is extraordinary logic. The very thing that is denied is quietly assumed. The loss of a thousand certificates by other people is certainly no evidence that Barlow ever had one. One must have a thing before he can lose it. What evidence is there that Barlow ever had a certificate of consecration to the episcopacy? Would the reader of this history ever imagine that skilled paleographers, erudite scholars, historians, and interested ecclesiastics have searched every nook and corner in cathedral, university, state, and private library of renown in the kingdom, looking for evidence of Barlow's consecration in every state paper, diocesan register, and parliamentary roll, and that not one scrap of paper has yet been found? If Barlow was ever consecrated, who consecrated him? When? Give year, day, month, place. Show the record! Mason tried it and failed. Bramhall, Burnett, and Wharton tried it and failed. Godwin, Richardson, Percival, Stubbs, and Haddan tried it and they all failed. What new evidence does our author produce? Haddan, the greatest authority on the subject the Church of England ever had, and whose skill, learning, and industry, as evidenced by his annotations to Bramhall's works, are simply amazing, rejected all the findings of his predecessors as impossible or improbable. He himself, after numerous conjectures, settles down at last—in his *Apostolical Succession in the Church of England*, p. 217—on June 11th as the probable date. If this date fails then it is not in the wit of man to furnish another, notwithstanding the assertions of Mr. Evans of Baltimore, who failed to convince the expert explorer of archives, Archdeacon Haddan. But we do know now that this date, June 11th, is no better than any other date. Since Haddan wrote documents have come to light which utterly destroy the possibility of Barlow's consecration on that day. Barlow, it will be remembered, went with Lord Howard on an embassy to Scotland. On or before May 23d Lord Howard left Edinburg for England. Barlow wrote Cromwell that same day that he had protracted his "tarryaunce somewhat after my lord's departure . . . for a day or twayne." When,

then, did Barlow reach England? Haddan replies, Before the 11th of June. But Haddan is mistaken. The document discovered in the Ashmolean, Oxford, since Haddan wrote, makes this date an impossible date. The proof may be summarized thus: A certain Thomas Hawley went with Barlow and Lord Howard on the embassy to Scotland and did not return till June 12th, on which day he received from Cromwell, the Vicar-General of the church, a warrant for his expenses. A copy of this warrant is before me. Haddan had no knowledge of its existence. Now, then, Hawley and Howard left Scotland May 23d. Barlow left two days later, on the 25th. Hawley arrived in England June 12th. When, then, did Barlow arrive? He left Scotland two days after Lord Howard and Hawley, and if they did not reach England till June 12th how could Barlow have arrived in England before they did and have made all preparation and been actually consecrated bishop on the 11th of June—when, according to his own letter, he did not leave Scotland till two days after Lord Howard and Esquire Hawley had begun their journey? June 11th, then, is an impossible date. But according to the highest authority this is the only date worth considering. This is not all. The warrant above mentioned styles Barlow "The Bishoppe then Elect of St. Asaph, now Elect of St. Dayves." (David's). How could Cromwell, the king's Vicar-General of the Church of England, have styled Barlow simply "Elect" if he had known, or if it were a fact, that Barlow had been consecrated full bishop the day before? The facts show that Barlow never was a consecrated bishop.

V. Lack of space compels passing over some other queer history in this remarkable chapter, but one or two statements cannot be so easily passed over. For instance, our author has this: "— says also that the Edwardine Ordinal recognizes no distinction in order between a bishop and a presbyter." This is correct, meaning of course divine order, and we have furnished the proof elsewhere (see my *Historic Episcopate*) from the Ordinal itself. The only evidence produced by our historian to the contrary is the harmless statement that "there is a separate service for the consecration of a bishop which makes it in effect a third order." This very important information has been known to us for many years, but it never

occurred to us, nor to any one else that we ever heard of, that it was freighted with such tremendous significance. What a pity eminent writers in the Church of England who knew the mind of the authors of the Ordinal never saw such meaning in that separate service! Seriously, What has "in effect" to do with the *reality* of the thing? An order which is an order only "in effect" is certainly a very ineffectual channel for the transmission of Apostolic Succession. There is "a separate service for the consecration of a bishop" in the Methodist Episcopal Ritual; is our episcopacy therefore a third order in the Anglican sense? Finally—for we have no desire to continue longer—our author says: "It is true that the Ordinal (not of 1549 . . . when no Ordinal existed, but the Ordinal of 1550)." Our learned author relied evidently upon Clay and Cardwell and fell into the same blunder they did. Clay relied upon Cardwell, and Cardwell upon Douce, and Douce, it is now known, was mistaken. The original blunder arose from a confusion of the civil and the ecclesiastical years. There is, however, much margin here for difference of views. However, the facts are as follows: The church year began March 25; the civil year, January 1. Hence, says Lathbury, "arose the mistake about the first edition of the Prayer Book. It was imagined that the books with the date of March, 1549, were really published in 1550, nearly a year after the supposed first edition. No one had collected the evidence on the subject, and few were prepared to controvert Douce's assertion." The Prayer Book appeared the seventh of March, 1549. We know it was used in the London churches on Easter, which fell that year on the twenty-first of April. But when did the Ordinal appear? Lathbury says: "During the same year the Ordinal was published in separate form. It is a small volume in 4to and contains a few things which were afterward omitted when the form was revised and appended to the second Prayer Book in 1552." But this is not all. In the British Museum is a copy of this Ordinal. What is the date? 1549. In Rymer's *Foedera*, Tome Six, page 198, is a Commission inquiring into the disuse or contempt of *Librum nostrum vulgo appellatum*, "The Book of the Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments and Other Rites and Ceremonies," etc. What is the date? 1551. It must have been in use,

therefore, for some time. Further, in one of the cases of manuscripts there is a letter signed "Edward" at the top. It is a letter from the king, Edward VI, and the council concerning the Prayer Book and Ordinal. Date? Westminster, December 25, 1549. Then there are the Liturgies of Edward VI published by the Parker Society. The volume contains the Ordinal. What is the date? 1549. And at the end, *Mense Martii*, 1549. Finally testimony from the Minutes of Privy Council Respecting the Book of Making of Bishops and Priests:

At Westminster, Sunday the 2d of February, 1549. The bishops and learned men whose names be underwritten, appointed by the Lords to devise orders for the creation of bishops and priests.

Saturday the 8th of Feb. Bishop of Worcester convented before the Lords for that he would not assent to the book made by the rest of the bishops and of the clergy appointed to devise a form for the creation of bishops and priests.

Friday 28th Feb. It is thought convenient by the Lords, that seeing the rest appointed to devise the form for consecrating of priests have agreed upon the book, and set their hands to the same, that the bishop of Worcester shall also do the like, specially for that he cannot deny but all that is contained in the book is good and godly.

At Westminster, Tuesday the 4th of March, 1549, Bishop of Worcester committed to the Fleet, for that obstinately he denied to subscribe to the book devised for the consecration and making of bishops and priests.—*Pocock's Burnet*, vol. iii.

That the Ordinal, therefore, existed in 1549 as we have stated must be accepted as a fact.

We have now gone briefly through two pages of this truly valuable work, in which issue has been taken with certain statements in our work on *The Historic Episcopate*, and we have shown clearly, we think, that what we wrote was history and not fiction. Our task has not been an agreeable one, though it was a duty we owed to historic truth, and we, therefore, bring this critique to an abrupt close with the deserved tribute that, notwithstanding the blemishes we have pointed out, and which are, after all, but as a few unchiseled stones in the walls of a grand cathedral, this notable history of the church will remain an enduring monument to the genius and industry of its learned author.

R. J. Cooke.

ART. IV.—THE METHOD OF SAINT PAUL IN THE BOOK OF ROMANS

CHRISTIAN literature is fortunate in its possession of a series of letters, four of them of unquestioned authenticity, and most of them not seriously questioned, written by the ablest of the early apostles to the churches which he had established. Three of the entirely unquestioned letters are written to churches in Europe, and one of them—the longest, strongest, noblest of them all—to the church at Rome. Let us forget for the moment that this writing appears in the canonical Scriptures. Let us approach it simply as students of style, and inquire what was the method of a great writer in his masterpiece. How did the loftiest intellect of primitive Christianity state the case of the new religion, when he himself is at his best, making the most notable literary effort of his life, and hurling his supreme shot at the metropolis of the world? Such a study of the style and method of the book of Romans will give us a freshened sense of the human reality of the New Testament writing, as well as a freshened sense of what the gospel, taken at first hand, meant to Paul.

At the outset, just one word as to the judgment of critical experts upon the style of Saint Paul. The late Dean Farrar, of Canterbury, sometime Canon of Westminster, in his *Life of Saint Paul*, prints a collection of eighteen testimonials from famous critics concerning Saint Paul as a writer. These opinions range from Longinus, Dante, and Erasmus to James Martineau, Professor Jowett, of Balliol, and Renan. The substance of all these literary judgments is that, while Paul's style is not a polished or finished style, it is, nevertheless, possessed of amazing virility and force. He had, as Dean Farrar himself aptly says, "The style of genius, if he had not the genius of style." Martineau's comment is striking: "What can be more free and buoyant than his writings—brilliant, broken, impetuous as a mountain torrent freshly filled, never smooth but on the eve of some fresh leap." But the style was the man. Paul's nature was all alive with a quality for which we shall find no better name, perhaps, than passion—intellectual

passion, Christianized passion certainly, but still passion. He is not a poet, though he has been called a poet. He is not a mystic, though he has been called a mystic. No mystic's sword ever flashed like Paul's. He is not even a theologian in the technical sense, as a scientific system-builder, like Athanasius or Anselm or Calvin. He is a reformer, a prophet, a great orator, a leader and master of men, in the best sense a propagandist. Such a man will write rapidly, and, in a sense, carelessly, however long the previous preparation may have been. This letter to the Romans seems to have been written at railroad speed, so far as mere composition goes. Each phrase, white-hot, flashes into another phrase, often containing a different idea, and that into still another, so that the paragraph ends as far away from where it started as the final crash of the lighted shell is far from the cannon's throat.

Now, what called out this characteristic and supreme effort of Paul's genius? Evidently the thought of Rome itself, the great vortex into the midst of which the missile was to be hurled. Great men feel the fascination of great capitals. Even the saints are not all hermits, but have loved what Milton called the "towering cities." It is true, John Wesley turned his back on London; Martin Luther clung to the little town of Wittenberg; Bernard preferred to wield the power behind the throne from his sequestered Abbey of Clairvaux; Augustine remained long at Hippo, just outside of Carthage. But, on the other hand, Geneva seemed necessary to John Calvin, Constantinople to John Chrysostom, and Athens and Rome to Paul. Indeed, once at Ephesus, it will be remembered, Paul is reported to have exclaimed, as the wave of this metropolitan ambition struck him, "I must also see Rome," which he did a few years later, but as prisoner and martyr. And what was Rome? Rome was more than the capital; she was the capital of the capitals of the world. Rome was the metropolis of men's minds. No modern city, not Paris, not London, approximates the relative ascendancy enjoyed by imperial Rome in the days of the early Cæsars. The Roman population of that epoch was a conglomerate of all nations, the nucleus being, of course, the ancient republican and Roman stock disciplined by seven hundred years of self-government, the toughest human fiber known to

antiquity. But to this had been added a barbaric and fiery admixture of every race over which the Roman rule extended, so that no language can portray vividly enough the various and mighty life which at that period poured along the streets of Rome, crowding not only the theaters and the marts, but the schools, the courts, and the temples of that colossal city. All this had, beyond question, stirred and fascinated the large and daring mind of the apostle to the ultimate degree. To preach Jesus Christ at Rome was to give him name and fame upon the most conspicuous and splendid arena of the world. To establish a church at Rome was to plant the cross in the very stronghold of the enemy. So Paul cries aloud, with something of the athlete's ardor; to realize which we must get back of our tame, faded, conventional ideas about biblical writing, into a more living sense of things. "I will put forth my full strength. 'As much as in me is I will preach the gospel' to you strong Romans. I will fling fear away. You shall 'have it in the neck,' straight!" Saint Paul himself, let us remember, in a famous passage, adopts a pugilistic metaphor for his own. So Luther felt when he was summoned to Leipsic. They told the intrepid monk that if he went to Leipsic Duke George would kill him. "Duke George!" thundered the brawny theologian; "I would go to Leipsic if it rained Duke Georges for nine days."

Now, what sort of letter will such a man write to such a town as Rome, in that year, about 58 A. D., Paul being himself about fifty-five years of age—at the meridian of his power? What way of presenting Christ and Christianity will such a man, at the zenith of his effective energy, kindled to the utmost and launching his supreme attack upon the Roman capital, choose? Let us realize the situation. Saul—Paul—with the initial soldier whistle of that Hebrew "S" never quite lost in the Christian "P," not less a saint because his nature knew the awful joy of battle, intellectual, yet impetuous, utterly fearless, with the powerful ethical passion of his Jewish blood seething in his veins, now converted to Christ by a dazzling, overwhelming experience, and the whole force of his spirit rushing like a stream of lava in his loyalty to his new Master, and determined to state the case of that Master with all his might at Rome—how will he do it? What will he say and how will he say

it? These are the two questions. We can answer them best, perhaps, by a comparison of his method with the earlier and almost equally famous effort of the same man at Athens, six years before. There, with all the quick adaptation of his courteous and disciplined Christian art, he had approached those slim and subtle Greeks on precisely their favorite artistic and speculative side, by his allusion to their city, their literature, their many altars, their "unknown" God. But here, with an equal art of adaptation, but with a far more formidable power, he approaches the more burly and practical Roman mind from a different side altogether, namely, from the ethical side. His very first stroke in the first chapter of Romans is a tremendous and terrific indictment of the morals of the then Roman world. He hurries to a clinch right at the heart of the moral consciousness. The opening chapters of the book of Romans are like the first movement of a great oratorical wrestler. They suggest the orations of Demosthenes in the method of presenting first a solid array of facts, patent and menacing, and then surprising you by a rush of reasoning from these facts, an intellectual movement as swift and trenchant as chain lightning. Paul cites facts all but nameless to our modern ears (the first chapter of Romans cannot be read in public to-day)—facts which could not be disputed and which scorched like flame. He tells men that they are bad—bad beyond all expression of an intolerable infamy; that this badness is straight against an eternal moral law written on men's souls. He goes on to describe, in the seventh chapter, the fearful fight between that law in the soul and these wild impulses to evil—an amazing description of moral battle. I know but one match for it—Plato's famous illustration of the same thing in the *Phædrus*, under the analogy of the two horses, one black and raging, the other white and noble, harnessed together to the same chariot, while the man sits in the chariot to drive. But Plato's description, while not more vivid, is far less profoundly spiritual than the seventh chapter of Romans. And Paul tells how this fight ends—in defeat, utter defeat, in a kind of fierce spasm of self-despair. He says it is like dragging along a dead body. "O wretched man that I am!" cries the wonderful writer, at this climax of his letter, "who shall deliver me out of the body of this

death?" Who shall unchain me from this chained corpse by my side? This is the way Paul begins to state the case of Christ at Rome. Well, it is a tremendously athletic way in which to begin. "It comes home," as Francis Bacon said, "to men's business and bosoms." Then Paul changes the key. He asserts that there is no escape from this moral fight and from defeat in it, *save one*—save by the coming in of a *new* force. And here he opens the new bank of keys in the organ. He calls this new force a personal enthusiasm, the "love of God in Christ Jesus." He declares that a certain new personal enthusiasm, which he calls faith in the love of Christ, can unrivet these ghastly chains. He is evidently speaking from a personal experience. The language quivers and flames. This man has seen, has felt what he is describing. We begin to catch an idea of the method of this style of writing. It is essentially ethical, but it is ethical in the light of *experience*, the moral experience of the man who is speaking, adapting its form of expression to the moral experience of the man spoken to.

Let me, in closing, illustrate the astonishing effectiveness of this method by a single instance, one of the most marked instances in which Saint Paul employs it in the letter. After stating his ethical indictment in all its vivid and frightful horror, after stating the fact of his own experience, that deliverance comes only through a new force altogether, a new enthusiasm of love, the love of Christ, the practical question still arises, How shall Paul give the sense of this force of love to the Roman mind? There is something indescribably touching in the way in which this stern man, at the summit of this stern soldier letter, tells what he means by this new force, the love of God incarnate in the Crucified. This man, drilled in the schools, firm as a bayonet, his face roughened by a hundred storms, without a home, without wife or child, perhaps in his rigid austerity undervaluing the tender love of woman, nevertheless rises to a lover's warmth of eulogy as he speaks of the gentle, pitying love of God in Christ. But that means nothing at Rome. The idea of the power of love to save was an idea as unfamiliar at Rome as Watts's hymns among Cossack horsemen. What Rome understood was *battle*. Power to them was a force in fight. How give to such men the new notion of the power of love? Here, I

must think, is one of the supreme strokes of genius inspired of God in all the letter. How should we put the idea of the love of God to a rude mind? Well, we should probably undertake to use superlatives, to pile up adjectives to describe that love, and tell how grand it is, how beautiful, how holy, and how pure. Yes, and our fine description would be as weak as water addressed to such a coarse and brutal mind as the Roman was at that epoch. One might as well pelt their brazen shields with lilies. Paul put the thing by an entirely different method—one precisely adapted to make an impression on the warlike Roman sensibility. He describes the power of God's love by telling *what it can conquer*. He pitches (there is no other word for it) into a swift, tremendous recital of the *antagonisms* which this love can overcome. It is an amazing stroke. Suppose we wished to give an impression of a shepherd's fidelity to his flock. How should we do it? Well, we would first describe the flock—how helpless! then describe the shepherd—how picturesque! then outline the pasture—how—well, how open to the sky, so to speak! then we might dwell on the dog that helps the shepherd to watch the sheep; how—canine! The whole thing so pretty—and so puerile! But suppose a man rushes in from the moors, exclaiming, "Not the wolf that howls in the night, not the thunder of raging storm, not the serpent that slides through the thick grass, not the miasma of the marshes, not hunger or cold or the robber's knife, can *separate* the shepherd from the flock he loves!" We feel in a moment how that way of putting the case would grip the Roman mind—a mind accustomed to battle. And this is the method of this master writer at this summit of his epistle. "Who shall *separate* us from the love of Christ?" and then the language comes straight and dense like cannon shot—"Not trouble, not distress, not persecution, not famine, not nakedness, not peril, not sword." These were the names of everyday experiences to that hunted and valiant man, and they meant something at Rome. But the love of Christ could conquer them all. And so the writer reaches one of the grandest passages in biblical literature, the superb finale of the argument. "Why!" he concludes, "this love is so great that it *dares death itself*." "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a very good man

some would even dare to die." (*Dare to die!* You observe the nervous leap of the language!) "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." There you have it, as though you dived for a drowning man beneath the ice, when you knew that man was your enemy, not your friend, but who would be your friend if he knew you saved him. That is what Christianity meant to Paul when he took it at first hand.

"'Tis only heaven that is *given* away,
'Tis only God may be had for the *asking*."

After this great peal in the eighth chapter, the style of the following chapters changes. Pascal says, "Continued eloquence wearies." We might say, Such eloquence as this, to be continued, is impossible. Both nature and art demand some letting down. So the style changes. It is like the rattle of musketry after the thunder of cannon. Digressions are made, practical precepts follow, and the whole marvelous and mighty letter closes with a certain artistic and courteous calmness of personal and friendly salutations. The last chapters of the book of Romans, *coming after the earlier chapters*, are of the essence of immortal literature, with its proportion, its perspective, its self-restraint, the finished charm of mental balance, and glad, almost gay, benignities after the ethical stringency and spiritual exaltation that has found utterance before. I do not, of course, mean to affirm that in the book of Romans the ideas which I have indicated follow each other in exact conventional sequence, after the manner of a college prize essay. You will discover abrupt turns into Jewish dialectics, involved sentences, certain formalisms clinging to Paul as the result of his rabbinic training; but the main method of the letter and the writer seems to be of some such sort as has been described. It is the heart of a live man's own experience, stating its message in the terms of the hearer's experience. It is *adaptation* at its very summit and pinnacle. It is a man flinging himself into the consciousness of the other man, but without loss of his own force.

Albert J. Lyman

ART. V.—BEN-HUR AND ITS AUTHOR

LIKE Michael Angelo, General Wallace achieved distinction in three separate fields. The Florentine was illustrious as a painter, a sculptor, and an architect, while General Wallace was diplomat, soldier, and author. His reserve, dignity of bearing, and native tactfulness won the favor of the Sultan, who offered to make him his own ambassador to either London or Paris. The Sultan is easily superior in diplomatic talent to any foreign minister in Europe. Long experience in the intricate affairs of his own state has qualified him to name the masters of diplomacy, and this proffer gives General Wallace a true preëminence. In any event, the importance of the post of minister to Turkey was heightened by his nomination and incumbency, and the position and importance of our country were thus insured in the whole Mohammedan world. The future is sure to accord General Wallace a place well up among the great soldiers of the war generation. Had he taken the river road from Crumps Landing to Shiloh on that April Sunday when General Grant was all but beaten, or had he gone in on Johnston's unprotected flank—contrary to the West Point tactics that reënforcements could approach only from the rear—as he wished to do, who knows but he would have become the great military figure of the war and the center piece in that last act, when the curtain was rung down, at Appomattox and its famous apple tree? He certainly ranks with Miles and Logan as one of the three conspicuous volunteer generals of the civil war. But, comparing him to Cervantes, "he was in the flesh a soldier, in spirit a writer." Perhaps, after all, destiny did not mistake her way at Shiloh. The chances are infinitesimal that, had he attained the political headship which the nation bestowed on General Grant, Ben-Hur would never have been written. The Old Commander did not add to his enduring fame in the Presidency. There are those who still believe that some civilian with his wits sharpened in the school of practical politics, skilled in the routine of congressional business, would have made a better President than Grant in those years, reeking with corruption, following the war

between the states. Bismarck said that a great war leaves a nation an army of maimed, an army of beggars, and an army of thieves. The latter stole the country poor in Grant's administration, and by it he suffered in reputation. General Sherman wisely put the presidency aside, left mere politics to the politicians, and thereby escaped the mistakes and misunderstandings that embittered Grant's last years. From General Grant's political failure, and from the military routine in which General Sherman almost became obscured, General Wallace was preserved. His lance seeming to fail, he took the pen. Disappointed of the highest military promotion, the bread question pressing, caring only for real success, he followed his gleam and obeyed a new occasion. Those who love Christ, the true spiritual progress of the church, and the reaffirmation of the eternal verities will ever rejoice that he did.

He was the son of David Wallace, an aristocratic and imperious gentleman of the old school, one time governor of Indiana. His mother was a devoted Christian woman who attended to the training of the children; making the Disciplinary regulation as to the catechetical instruction of the children, now put upon the pastor, wholly unnecessary. He was baptized in infancy, joined the church in childhood, and before his mother died (in his twelfth year) went several times with her to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. His stepmother was an adherent of another communion. In those times and in that section discussion ran high between Campbellite and Methodist over baptism, the validity and authority of the Old Testament, and, as among the Corinthians, on "whether there be any Holy Ghost." On the personality and work of the Holy Spirit and on the importance of doctrine as a monitor to daily life General Wallace was misled. On these points it took him long years to recover. The angry discussions led him at first to turn away altogether from religious subjects, and they remained in abeyance. When he was startled and shocked by Ingersoll, on his way to Morton's funeral, into a study of supernatural fundamentals the harangues he had heard against creeds and the Holy Spirit were first recalled, and for years were influential. Later he resumed the old and precious teaching of his boyhood years. We

will not burden the REVIEW to repeat the oft used expressions of his faith in the goodness of God, in the deity of Christ, in the providence manifest in human affairs, and in the divine guidance promised to men. They are definite, oral, written, and unchallenged. He probably never thought of becoming a preacher, but a preacher he was and a prophet; a forthteller of truth though without the sanctions of ordination and oftentimes in spite of the rubrics. We hear much about "Schools of the Prophets"—from which no prophets ever come—and pass unnoticed the benches below all ecclesiastical and social circles from which there stand up the men whose message has all the force of preaching, who renew the freshness of the gospel story, vitalize truths long held as inert opinions, mobilize the purposes, and summon men from the mazes of theology and the inadequacy of creeds to clasp, love-stricken, the cross of Calvary. As he did not know he was a preacher his congregation did not know he was preaching to them. He was from the wars, and had shoulder straps. "Great is vermilion splashed with gold." He was governor of New Mexico, and soon after Ben-Hur appeared President Garfield appointed him minister to Turkey. That helped to give him an open-minded audience. He did not have a "holy tone" and was utterly free from the trammels and conventions with which ecclesiasticisms hedge in a preacher. There was no smell of professionalism on his garments; he was known as a man of culture, and had appeared at political meetings with Ingersoll. These things gave him a hearing at the very first, and the message by its own weight quickly gathered thousands of readers. The book Ben-Hur is now exceeded in circulation by only the Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress, and Robinson Crusoe. The fact of its spiritual power goes unchallenged. One of my university classmates was converted by reading it, and the testimony of hundreds might be secured to its arresting and awakening power. It is dominated by the spiritual. One catches in it a sight of the invisible. There is a book named *The Call of the Wild*; Ben-Hur is the call of the Eternal. As you read you have a feeling of environing mystery; what we call reality becomes unsubstantial, and only an imperishable soul and an illimitable future rises above the paint and pasteboard of shifting time. It arouses the spirit to revolt at low aims, at materialism,

at sensualities. Its thoughts not only illuminate the questions of the soul, they have a self-revealing quality which begets a yearning for holiness and a zest for nobler living. The works of some preachers—Augustine, for example—have a tendency to push God farther and farther away from men; to fasten upon hearers and readers that God is a Governor to be feared and appeased. But others give the sense of communion with him, stimulate the feeling that he is a Father to be loved and a Friend to those in trouble. This filial feeling is preëminent in Ben-Hur. There sounds in it an undertone of forgiveness, compassion, tenderness, and nearness which breaks through indifference and doubt and helps to make personal salvation real. It is a celestial summons to follow the Man of Galilee. It is significant, too, that many beyond the reach of an ordinary ministry have been won to the Christian life by Ben-Hur. The book initiated in the generation a sudden stir of interest and hope. Beecher had disappointed the times, and some were fearful of Ingersoll. This new voice sounded in the colleges and drawing-rooms, and man and maid turned from the vanities and flummeries. Captains of industry read it, asked whether it was worth while to labor and find no rest, and fared forth on a quest for things that do not perish with the using. By the very form in which it is cast it penetrates into the homes of the luxurious, the formal, and the self-satisfied men following the paths of pleasure to their hurt; women wearied with social successes, some of which were at the expense of their higher natures, read it, wept over it, and as insensibly but as certainly as its author yielded to its story of the Christ. The only avenue to some hearts is a book, a funeral, or a child. To some, children have been denied, or, if given, are grown beyond the age when they excite solicitude and sympathy. The only sermons others hear are funeral discourses, which are apt to become formalities to the pastor and functions to the community. But the book has access to homes and hearts and commands attention in the quiet of private meditation and in the hours of decision. The echo in the mountain glen will repeat the word of the shepherd or traveler a hundred times before it becomes inaudible; the voice of a street preacher will make a score of men pause for a moment; but here is a call to millions, and these not the

simple-hearted in the mountains, nor the crowd in the street, but kings, courtiers, and presidents—the wise, the rich, and the mighty.

The book, then, is a sermon. None of us has preached one like it; yet a sermon it is. Like every great sermon, it has two intellectual qualities: lucidity, which much so-called preaching lacks, and dramatic cast. It adds the moral qualities of honesty, sympathy, and elevated subject and sentiment. The gauge of a sermon is oftentimes in its theme. You can take for your text "His mother made him a little coat every year" and gauge yourself as well as your sermon by so doing. Or you can preach as did General Wallace on "What think ye of Christ?" Bishop Merrill has said, hundreds of times, "Preach on great subjects." This our preacher did. He saw clearly that our generation was about to make a great return to Christ, selected that as his one great theme, and upon its lucid setting forth spent patient years. There were by-paths, variations, and embellishments in the discourse, but never for a page does he lose sight of the Saviour of men. The book is a noble example of a man of artistic temperament setting himself to exalt Christ and persistently determined to see no man save Jesus only. It would be almost impossible that such a setting forth of Christ and his work should not carry with it a collateral discussion of all of the great religious subjects. One by one, naturally and in turn, such questions as the leadership of the divine Spirit, the Messianic hope, the portents of the Advent, the influence and blessedness of prayer, the supernatural element in Christ's ministry, the doctrine of the soul and the corollary of its immortality are debated by a master of dialectic, and with just enough dogmatism to become authoritative to all but argumentative readers. Like the Book of Proverbs, it is a book for young people. Its hero is accosted by both pleasure and honor, and, like every noble youth, tosses the apple to moral beauty. Though offered the poppy, with its lethean sleep of mind and soul, he took the rose, "with its perfume straight from the gardens of angels." And mighty through it all is the sense of God and his guidance. You sympathize at every turn with the philosophy of life adopted by the Psalmist, who declared that the fear of Jehovah was the prin-

cial element of wisdom. You realize that the incidents of its narrative, as well as those of our daily life, do not happen by chance; that men and events are not tumbled blindly by chance on the chessboard of life, but that we and the incidents of our moral development are placed on particular squares by the guiding authority of an unseen Hand.

There is no such thing as immortality on the earth. The rising tide of oblivion washes out all names upon the sands of life; only one in a million lives beyond a century. General Wallace's is one of these. Five hundred years from now the men of many countries will make pilgrimage to the home of the author of *Ben-Hur* and say, "Here he lived and loved and labored; from here he passed into the heavens, and over yonder in the cemetery his ashes rest." The surest pledge of remembrance, except a great deed, is a golden book. Such a book is *Ben-Hur*.

Edwin A. Schell

ART. VI.—THE RELATION OF READING TO CHRISTIAN CHARACTER

THE question of reading in its relation to character is perhaps the most important in the whole field of practical religion; yet it is, I think, without doubt, the most neglected. I have not heard a sermon preached upon it for twenty years, nor have I, in that time, noticed the subject among the published announcements of pulpit themes.

It will, I think, be generally conceded that character is a direct result of one's thinking. Anything, then, which poisons or purifies the springs of thought must be of paramount concern. Some may urge that the nature of our thinking is caused by observation, travel, business experience, and conversation with others. That these are prominent sources of thought supply is true, but in this age of compulsory school education, free public libraries, and the newspaper, I think it is hardly open to dispute that the main source of our thinking is found in books and periodicals. To look for strong character in a man whose reading is haphazard, frivolous, or unwholesome is like expecting a strong physique in a man who eats everything a capricious or unnatural appetite suggests. What sort of body should we look for in the case of a person who abjures meat and vegetables and feeds only on olives, ice cream, and chocolate candy? And yet the law of cause and effect works quite as inexorably in respect to mental nutrition. Not a few persons connected with our churches read several popular novels in a week the year round (inquire at any large circulating library if this is an exaggeration), and yet expect some sort of simultaneous growth in their souls. By listening to a minister for half an hour every Sunday morning, and sitting through one or two other church services each week, such folk frequently believe that they have effectively cultivated their spiritual natures and have attended every "means of grace." The leading means of grace, next to prayer, is religious reading. Is it not time that this truth should be emphasized? If a man should honestly tell me what he habitually thought about, by preference, when alone, I could

feel very well convinced whether or not he were leading the life of Christ. If one's mind is saturated with the atmosphere of criminal accounts in the daily press, or of sentimental, unhealthy romances, or even of stock accounts and methods of private gain, how is it possible to follow, at the same time, Paul's injunction to Timothy (Revised version): "Remember Jesus Christ, of the seed of David, raised from the dead, according to my gospel"? How much remembering of Christ is compatible with constant brooding over thoughts of self-interest or self-indulgence? The most obvious line of defense followed by those who would object to my position, or would incline to resent it, is the familiar argument that to a liberal mind there is no distinction between sacred and secular, that all subjects of thought, if properly regarded, are holy—there is nothing "common or unclean." Now, I "agree with my adversary quickly" in this position. I only ask whether some things, harmless in themselves, may not prove deleterious if partaken of to excess. Olives, ice cream, and chocolate candy are good things eaten sparingly, but become bad things when made the staple of diet. Novels and newspapers are good things, but when converted into one's principal mental pabulum they assuredly become dangerous, if not disastrous. The comparative decay of the Bible-reading habit is an unfortunate sign of these times. It is very doubtful whether Christian character of much strength can be formed and maintained unless the great text-book of our religion is assiduously read. It is unnecessary to prove my contention that the present-day ignorance of the Bible is amazing throughout all classes. The fact is almost self-evident. Read from in the most perfunctory way in the public schools, when it is not banished altogether, scoffed at openly by its enemies and too often made a fetich of rather than intelligently studied by its friends, the Bible was never so discredited as to-day. Many will regard this statement as pessimistic, and will point to Bible courses in Young Men's Christian Associations, colleges, and young people's societies, as well as to the vast sale of the volume, in refutation. But one has only to look about a little to observe how superficial is the knowledge of the Bible. It has been my observation that ministers seldom quote much Scripture from

memory, whereas I can recall in my childhood that many of the clergy, now dead or very aged, seemed to me then perfect encyclopedias of fluent and accurate quotation, and my impression is confirmed by those of my friends who were older than I. As for the laity, especially the younger generation, I fear that they are, as a rule, cheerfully ignorant of both Testaments. When teaching in a denominational preparatory school in 1898, I gave an examination on the Bible, in which I asked questions as elementary as "What prophet was fed by ravens?" "Who was the oldest man?" and the like. The answers would have been ludicrous if they had not been so pitiable. Some of the pupils in the class were nearly prepared to enter college, and if their ignorance of Shakespeare or Cicero had proved equally dense, their mortification would have been boundless. Of the Bible, however, they seemed to assume, with entire complacency, that one was not expected to have exact knowledge.

Causes of this state of affairs are not hard to find. The root trouble is the lack of home training. Parents leave the problem of educating their children to the always secularized public school and the usually superficial Sunday school. The absence of quiet, contemplative life in modern America, together with the general relaxing of the public conscience, may be also cited. But there is another cause to which I must give more detailed attention. The current and unavoidable discussions regarding Higher Criticism will doubtless work out admirable results in the end, but for the present they have as many bad effects as good. It is to be deplored that hundreds of thousands of honest people labor under the impression that the Bible has somehow been discredited by the scholars. Accustomed to regard the Scriptures as either verbally inspired or else all but worthless and unable to discriminate between inspiration and infallibility, they have come to feel that unless the book is authoritative in the most literal detail it is no longer incumbent upon them to study or revere it. Few have gone so far as deliberately to state this alternative even to themselves, but an undefined sentiment of restlessness and insecurity is in the air, and nearly everyone is affected by it unconsciously. Clergymen of the younger generation are somewhat to blame for

this condition of things. They have come more or less to readjust their theories of inspiration in theological schools, and have too often mistaken this purely academic shifting of view for the gospel itself. Hence they have gone forth to their first parishes believing that it is their privilege to instruct the people in what is irrelevant and, unless tactfully handled, extremely dangerous and misleading theologic dogma, whereas their real business, of course, is to "preach Christ and him crucified." As the sad result of this misplaced emphasis, "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed." Worse than this, unable to make the saving distinctions which, to the mind of their minister, may present the Bible in a nobler and more helpful light than before, they leap beyond his well-meant logic, and lose faith in the Scriptures utterly. Every fledgling minister should be faithfully warned by his theological godfathers that it is his first business to touch people's lives vitally, to give them practical help in their very practical problems, rather than to set their intellectual theories right. What matter is it whether their view of inspiration be correct if they are not inspired themselves? And how shall they become inspired if they do not feed their minds upon the text-book of their faith, which is, whether or not infallible upon nonessential matters, the one "power of God unto salvation"? There is much talk about the "new revival." It is declared that this will be in the nature of an ethical revival rather than the emotional revival of the past. I wish I could believe that it might be a revival of thoughtful reading. If a pastor could secure from his congregation a pledge to devote fifteen minutes every day to a course of reading mapped out by him, he would, in all probability, see a revival alike emotional, ethical, intellectual, and spiritual within a year. This, of course, is presupposing him to be a man of both sense and piety. Otherwise, the books he selects might do more injury than good.

Of the books in this reading list the Bible should always take first place. Beyond the Christian Scriptures I should not be at all dogmatic. Personally I should like to see à Kempis, Pilgrim's Progress, Fénelon, Taylor's Holy Living, and Faber's Hymns in the list, and also Drummond's Addresses. Selections from the sermons of Robertson, Channing, and Brooks belong in any series

of religious classics, and all Methodists should own a biography of Wesley, together with a volume of extracts from his sermons and Journal. Beyond the Bible, however, no book should be urged upon a man temperamentally unfitted to enjoy and profit by it. One person might be helped, for instance, by Hughes's *The Manliness of Christ* to whom the delicate religious emotion of Saint Francis de Sales would seem almost effeminate.

Some may even object that they get more spiritual stimulus from Ruskin, Carlyle, Emerson, or Browning than from strictly devotional writers. Let me say in reply that few can obtain greater incentive to the best living from these writers and other literary masters than I do. But I question whether there is not a need in almost everybody's spiritual nature which can be met only by sharing the meditations of those holy men whose lives were "lost in wonder, love, and praise"—the saints and men of worship, as distinguished from the noble prophets of faith and conduct whose work, in a broad sense, is equally religious. Let the writings of both classes of men be studied. For the "quiet hour," however, the most nutritious food is that which is directly related to the higher life, "hid with Christ in God."

The individual church could well afford to purchase a loan library for the benefit of such parishioners as are not able to buy books for themselves. Many religious classics, however, can be purchased in good popular editions for very reasonable prices. I believe that a colportage association, with headquarters in Chicago, publishes thousands of volumes of this character in paper bindings at the uniform price of fifteen cents a copy. If a preacher should buy these little volumes in quantities and sell them at cost to his parishioners, then organize a guild for daily private reading and weekly public conference, it is my opinion that he would very soon have no further reason for complaint on the ground of empty pews and deserted prayer meetings. The early Methodist itinerants, from Wesley down to frontier circuit riders, did just this. Every preacher was an agent for the Book Concern, and not only emphasized the necessity for religious reading with persistent vehemence, but supplied the need he helped to create. Unfortunately this condition of things has long since passed away.

The Book Concern plays all but a losing game in trying to compete on their own ground with wealthy secular publishers, missing, I fear, the great opportunity of supplying the millions of lay Methodists with cheap editions of Wesley and other classic religious writers. The denominational weeklies are largely repositories of the news of the world or of ecclesiastical gossip. The Sunday school libraries are too often filled with inane stories or biographies of obscure missionaries and supernaturally solemn children. The clergy seldom preach strong expository discourses, but, in lieu of Bible exegesis, for which their qualifications are frequently inadequate, give, if they are sentimentalists (a common type), allegorical sermons on "The Pleasant Valleys of Peace," or "By the Water Brook in the Wilderness," or, if given to the cant of orthodoxy, a scolding sermon to the publicans on "The Eternal Doom of the Unbeliever," or, if given to the cant of liberalism (which is quite as likely), an equally scolding sermon to the Pharisees on "The Need of a Larger View of Truth in Modern Thought." The laity, who have come to church in the hope of gaining not "views" of any sort, but help and inspiration for practical problems of experience, leave the edifice bored, unfed, and the easy prey of solicitations to a Sunday afternoon of idleness and self-indulgence.

There is one religious organization to-day from which an excellent lesson can be drawn in the line of our discussion. Instead of fiercely denouncing the Christian Scientists because they may be guilty of some faults and vagaries, it would be wiser to inquire why a body of people, during a decade in which the membership of the Methodist and Congregationalist Churches increased less than twenty-five per cent each, grew several hundred per cent. Of course, the most obvious explanation lies in the claim of this new denomination, largely substantiated by facts (whatever the explanation of the facts), to heal the sick. But another element in their growth must not be overlooked. Mrs. Eddy, whether she writes good English or not, is a great practical psychologist. In her insistence upon the constant daily reading of the Bible and her own writings, she has given to her disciples a means of spiritual development which may not lead them into all truth, but will certainly build such truth as they do gain into the marrow of their

characters. The scorn of the gross and sensual and the subordination of merely material to spiritual values, together with the discouragement of care and worry, are all forces that make for righteousness. And they are burned indelibly upon the mind of the neophyte every day through his reading. The intellects of these people are not drugged by scandal, drowned in frivolity, or paralyzed by sentimental fiction. That some of their philosophy may be erroneous is likely enough, but they feed the higher nature through the mind, and I am bound as an observer of them to say in all fairness that the result is already manifest in their faces, their conversation, and their bearing, both in public and private. What wonder that when these smiling people say, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good," the hitherto half-persuaded one is wholly drawn over, as by an irresistible attraction!

If the great church founded by John Wesley is to hold the eminent and useful place it has occupied in the past, it must not neglect the lesson taught by this younger sect, whose spectacular growth is much like its own in the early days. The religious body which can direct and control in no arbitrary sense, but through sane counsel, the reading of its membership, stands a great chance of sweeping the world within a generation. On the other hand, a religious body that neglects to give instruction on the necessity of systematic religious reading, especially the reading of Scripture, is doomed, unless it look promptly to its ways, to certain disintegration and death.

Frederic L. Knowles

ART. VII.—THE HEBREW HYPERBOLE

THE Bible is human as well as divine. In all God's works for saving and perfecting the human race he takes man into a sacred partnership with himself. It is safe to say that we shall never fully understand the divine truths which the Bible contains until we properly understand the human elements which are combined with them. The more essential teachings of the Bible are so simply presented, so frequently reiterated, and in so many ways illustrated, that we can find life and spiritual health in it without profound scholarship in language or in textual criticism. Still there is great gain in knowing all we can of the men who wrote it, the times in which it was written, the limitations of their knowledge, and the peculiarities of the languages they employed. This last is of the greatest importance of all. For want of such knowledge serious errors have often vexed the church in the past and are still vexing it to a greater or less degree. Languages are human devices for conveying ideas from one person's mind to that of another. Characteristics of people must always be more or less indicated in their forms of speech. Hence the difficulty of conveying the exact thought from one language to another by means of translation. The last appeal for Bible truth must ever be made to the peculiarities of the languages employed in writing it. It is not the intention of this paper to dwell at length upon the peculiarities of the Hebrew language, the language in which nearly all the Old Testament is written, but merely to consider one element of it which has not been treated as carefully by expositors generally as its importance demands. The great extent to which the hyperbole, as a figure of rhetoric, is employed in the Hebrew Scriptures, together with the errors which have been induced by a neglect of such study, has led to the effort here made to call attention to the subject.

Extravagant language is common to Oriental people. Missionaries find that they have to lose much valuable time in exchanging eulogies with the men they want to reach or prejudice their cause in the estimation of their hearers by a lack of courtesy.

It would seriously interfere with their peace of mind did they not know that on both sides it was well understood to be only a meaningless form of politeness. It is said that no one of any other nationality can curse like an Arab. One will think him insane with rage when only slightly displeased. It is impossible but that such practices should influence the forms of speech of any people so characterized. May we not find here a solution of the difficulty so many see in the imprecatory Psalms? We must not forget that Arabic and Hebrew are kindred languages. And here we may note also that the Hebrew language is ever of the most emotional character. The depths of all emotions which religion can produce or love and hate inspire are much more forcibly expressed in Hebrew than in Greek, howbeit for accuracy of wording and phrasing the Greek is incomparably superior. While we may well be glad that the doctrines of Christianity were given to us in the Greek language, we may be glad also that, when proper allowance is made for its extravagant figures, the emotions of a true religious life were given to us in Hebrew. Hyperbole in rhetoric is "an obvious exaggeration; an extravagant statement or assertion not to be understood literally." Its use comes in properly when the mind is so intensely affected by the importance of the subject under consideration that, used in its literal sense, no language can do justice to the subject. The richer any language may be in explicative terms, and the more self-contained the people using it, the less likelihood of the hyperbole playing a great part in the speech or writings produced. On the contrary, a meager vocabulary in use by a very excitable people will certainly provoke the most extensive use of this rhetorical figure. The Israelite and his vernacular met these last conditions thoroughly, and the literature left by him has exemplified the rule in a most remarkable degree. Illustrations of the use of the hyperbole in the Bible are too numerous to escape the attention of the careful Bible reader. The poetical parts of the Bible abound in them. The danger of being misled by them is sufficiently removed when we get such an idea of the genius of the language as will prevent our trying to put a specific meaning to words which only express the intense emotion of the writer. Instances of the transformation of character through

the operation of God's grace are found in several places in the Old Testament. They are generally coupled with highly figurative language, even the metaphors used assuming the characteristics of the hyperbole. The following examples are given because of the important nature of the teachings involved: In the fortieth psalm the extravagant language in connection with the final victory: "I waited patiently [literally, in waiting I waited] for the Lord; and he inclined unto me and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit [literally, a pit of noise] out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." But in the thirty-second psalm the extravagant language is used to describe that which preceded deliverance. The bitterness of repentance is set forth in the following manifest hyperbole: "When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long. For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer." An interesting example of this rhetoric is found in the second chapter of Joel: "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit. And I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke. The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and terrible day of Jehovah come. And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of Jehovah shall be delivered: for in mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance, as Jehovah hath said, and in the remnant whom Jehovah shall call." On the day of Pentecost, Peter, referring to the phenomena produced by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the disciples, and through them upon the multitudes assembled on that occasion, said, "This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel," and proceeds, with some verbal alterations, to repeat this whole passage in their ears. The writer once heard an educated and devoted minister, a product of one of the best theological schools of our country, make substantially the following remark: "Of course we must all understand that

these words were only partly fulfilled on the day of Pentecost; their ultimate fulfillment is at the end of the world." Whom shall we believe; the inspired apostle who said, "This is that," or the preacher who says, "This is partly that"? The event merited the strongest figure language could employ, for not until that day was the kingdom of God fully established in the earth. Who could adequately describe the important event more appropriately than in the use of the Hebrew hyperbole?

But this figure of speech is not confined wholly to the Old Testament. It is true that the New Testament was written in Greek, but in such a kind of Greek as clearly to show that they were Jews who wrote it. Though Luke was a possible exception, yet the style of Luke's writing indicates more or less of a Semitic influence. Though the Hebrew language had ceased to be the vernacular of the Jews for many generations before the birth of Christ, the dialect of Palestine was a kindred one to that of the Old Testament, and characterized by many of the same modes of expression. This Aramaic tongue was that which Jesus spoke from his youth. His addresses were given in the same language, and the hyperbole is clearly seen in some of the forms they assume. Can we not see the extravagance of this Hebrew figure in these words, "I am that bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die. I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." And when they murmured, knowing the vast importance of his sacrificial death, he made his language stronger, saying, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." That these words were never meant to be taken literally, or even in an ordinarily figurative form, is rendered certain by his subsequent explanation of them: "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." A yet more remarkable use of the Hebrew hyperbole, or, as we have seen, the Aramaic, which amounts to the same thing, is seen in the prophecies of the

destruction of Jerusalem as found in all the synoptical gospels, though given in greater length by Matthew than by either of the others. That these words could cover no more than the events immediately connected with the destruction of Jerusalem is manifest in the fact that all the evangelists who record them are specific in stating that some then living would be witnesses of their fulfillment; that they only involved events which should be witnessed by that generation. It is certain that no one would ever have applied the words to any other event but for the amazing statements contained in the following words, "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken: and then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven: and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. And he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other." On this we notice: 1. The term "immediately after" scarcely comports with the idea that these things were not to take place until nearly two thousand years after, at the very least. 2. He expressly tells them that they were to see all these things, and that "this generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled." 3. Leaving out the references to the celestial phenomena involved in the figure, the whole discourse contains a historical fact than which we can scarcely produce a more important one in the annals of the human race. Until the destruction of Jerusalem the Jewish people and the Jewish religion were an insurmountable barrier to the progress of the gospel. Hardly did any of the apostles except Paul rise above this depressing influence, and we know well how seriously was Judaism in his way. From the day of the downfall of the Jewish hierarchy the "angels"—messengers, rather preachers and evangelists, began to "gather his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other."

If any still stagger at the wonderful figure our Saviour used to give force to the importance of the event he was describing,

let him read the words of Isaiah, found in the thirteenth chapter of his prophecies and in the ninth to the thirteenth verses, inclusive. The words have always been applied to the destruction of Babylon by the Medes, an event of vastly less importance than the final destruction of Jerusalem: "Behold, the day of Jehovah cometh, cruel both with wrath and fierce anger, to lay the land desolate: and he shall destroy the sinners thereof out of it. For the stars of heaven and the constellations thereof shall not give their light: the sun shall be darkened in his going forth, and the moon shall not cause her light to shine. And I will punish the world for their evil, and the wicked for their iniquity; and I will cause the arrogancy of the proud to cease, and will lay low the haughtiness of the terrible. I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir. Therefore will I shake the heavens, and the earth shall remove out of her place, in the wrath of Jehovah of hosts, and in the day of his fierce anger." In the words cited above, in connection with the awful overthrow of the temple and the final scattering of the Jewish people, how apparent is the human nature, yea, the Jewish human nature of the Son of God manifest!

The Apocalypse is full of this hyperbole and should be studied with constant reference to that fact. Paul was cautioning the Corinthians in regard to this subject when he said, "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves . . . but our sufficiency is of God; who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

C. V. Anthony

ART. VIII.—THE INTER-CHURCH CONFERENCE ON FEDERATION

THE Inter-Church Conference on Federation will assemble on November 15, 1905, at Carnegie Hall, New York city, and will continue in session for one week. It will be a delegated body, constituted of members appointed by the action of the highest legislative or advisory authorities of the several denominations, upon a basis which should bring together five hundred principal and as many alternate delegates. Twenty-six different communions in the United States are formally committed to this great gathering. They represent a membership of more than seventeen millions. The names of those chosen for this service are a guarantee that in this Conference men will meet who in their respective denominations are leaders in thought and action. Personal acceptances, in many instances in enthusiastic terms, have been received from an exceptionally large majority. The programme includes the names of none who do not bear important relations to their own communions, and of few who are not honored for distinguished service in church and nation. The addresses and discussions, most comprehensive in their scope, will converge upon and radiate from a great central theme—the plea which faith and service make in this day and in this land for a united church, a church one in spirit and adjusted in its several branches for federation in organization and coöperation in action.

In this era of great religious assemblies, it is not strange that the meaning of some should escape us. They may be local, provincial, denominational. The Inter-Church Conference on Federation has its place among those which rise to a universal significance. When the impulses which have been moving, it may be for years or for centuries, within the mobile, restless mass of the church come to some moment of crystallization, even Christian stolidity—and how much more Christian faith—becomes alert, and, as it watches thought concreting itself in expression and perceives a great event assuming definite outline, takes courage in the new realization of an ideal, in a new formation which at once

records and predicts the progress of the kingdom. Such realization, record, prediction, are being discerned in the essential principle of this Conference. The profound interest indicated in the official and private correspondence is proof of a response to some of the deepest yearnings of Christian hearts in all the denominations of America.

The Conference has been planned and promoted by the National Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations, which, through its committees, is acting as the agent of the several denominations at their request in organizing the Conference. This National Federation, a voluntary organization, itself is the sign of a great movement. It was the outcome of a conference held in New York in the winter of 1900. Back of it was a joint committee representing the Institutional and Open Church League and the New York Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations. The former for six years had been strengthening the bond between certain progressive churches and had created an interdenominational fellowship upon the basis of service which by quiet but positive influences had made most definitely for coöperation as an essential of church conduct. The latter, founded in 1895, had already become a potent factor in the religious life of the metropolis, and by the breadth of its scope and the uniqueness of its methods was offering a most convincing example of the practical value of the federative idea. The development of the National Federation from these two roots, first as a committee and later as an organization, was a natural extension of the movement. Its aim, "to secure coöperation among churches and Christian workers throughout the United States for the more effective promotion of the interests of the kingdom of God," involved the application of federative methods to states, cities, and districts, and its efforts have resulted in the founding of many actual organizations, and in giving the idea of federation its larger place in Christian thought.

At its annual meeting in Washington, February 2, 1902, in response to an overture from the National Council of the Congregational Churches, the National Federation appointed by resolution a Committee of Correspondence "to act in behalf of the Federation in requesting the highest ecclesiastical or advisory boards of the evangelical denominations in our country to appoint representa-

tive delegates to a Conference to be held in the autumn of 1905." Since the letter sent out in pursuance of these instructions states in substance the basis upon which the favorable action of the several denominations has been taken, its terms are most important. After stating the practical results of federative effort, it proceeds:

We believe that the growing interest in federation and the widespread conviction of the great possibilities contained in federative movements indicate that the time is opportune for the extension and strengthening of the principles of federation. A national society like ours, however, cannot undertake the immense task of organizing coöperative work in the thousands of cities and tens of thousands of towns in our country. It has neither authority nor desire to intervene in the great questions which vitally concern the various denominations as denominations. We believe that the great Christian bodies in our country should stand together and lead in the discussion of, and give an impulse to, all great movements that "make for righteousness." We believe that questions like that of the saloon, marriage and divorce, Sabbath desecration, the social evil, child labor, the relation of labor to capital, the bettering of the conditions of the laboring classes, the moral and religious training of the young, the problem created by foreign immigration, and international arbitration—indeed, all great questions in which the voice of the churches should be heard—concern Christians of every name, and demand their united and concerted action if the church is to lead effectively in the conquest of the world for Christ. It is our conviction that there should be a closer union of the forces and a most effective use of the resources of the Christian churches in the different cities and towns, and, when feasible, in other communities and fields, with a view to an increase of power and of results in all Christian work. The experience of the National Federation has made it clear that very many of the churches of the several communions are ready to come closer together in the common service of the Master. This has led us to raise the question whether a more visible, effective, and comprehensive fellowship and effort are not desirable and attainable. . . .

In order to secure an effective organization of the various Protestant communions of this country for the practical ends indicated, we would suggest that a Conference of representatives accredited by the national bodies of said Protestant denominations meet in New York city, November, 1905, to form such a representative organization as may seem proper to them. It is understood that its basis would not be one of creedal statement or governmental form, but of coöperative work and effort. It is also understood that the organization if formed shall have power only to advise the constituent bodies represented. . . .

We do not ask you to develop or adopt our organization. Ours is a voluntary federation. What we propose is a federation of denominations, to be created by the denominations themselves. . . . We do not desire to present arguments in support of such a federation. We doubt not that all will agree that the different Christian communions, largely one in spirit and devoted to one Lord, should, by united effort, make visible to the world their catholic unity, that the world may know "Him whom the Father hath sent," and at length his prayer for the oneness of his people may be more fully answered. If this seems

to you, as it does to us, an object to be partly achieved by the way we suggest, we ask your consideration and approval of our proposal.

The first response to this letter came from the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. It expressed the strongest approval and pledged coöperation. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America at its session in Buffalo a year ago recorded its conviction that the proposal was "of great importance, and vitally related to the spiritual welfare of the church and nation," and declared by resolution:

That this General Assembly is in hearty sympathy with all movements which seek to bring into closer relations the several Protestant churches of the United States, believing that they are largely one in spirit, devoted to one Lord, and hold in common essential evangelical doctrine.

The smaller Protestant communions have heartily welcomed the proposal—a welcome strongly expressed by the presiding bishop of the Moravian Church, who says of the movement: "It has our warmest sympathy. It not only appeals to us personally, but is in accord with principles which have prevailed in the Moravian Church since the beginning of its work in America, more than a century and a half ago. While our operations are most extensive in the foreign mission field and we are among the smaller denominations in this country, we nevertheless feel it incumbent upon us to join with our testimony and coöperation those who are working in the lines pursued by the Federation."

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at its session in 1904 adopted without dissent the report of its committee on Federation, to which the communication had been referred. It declared: "On the subject of general church federation and coöperation we recommend that we take part in the proposed Conference of representatives of Protestant churches to be held in New York city in November, 1905, and that the bishops be requested to appoint fifty representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who shall serve without expense to the church." The Baptists and Presbyterians of the South, while not represented by delegates officially appointed, will have in attendance strong men whose personal convictions accord with the spirit and aim of the

Conference. The failure of the Protestant Episcopal Church at its recent General Convention in Boston, largely it is understood through misapprehension, to take affirmative action has happily been remedied by the advice of the bishops, who have informally but with practical unanimity asked the Standing Committee on Comity and Church Unity to appoint delegates to the Conference. This action, with the ardent sympathy of many of the leaders in that communion, ensures representation from a body whose pronounced conviction concerning church union gives to their presence in a Conference on Federation peculiar significance. No less striking is the fact that the Disciples, whose fundamental principle is a contention against sectarianism, will participate, and that from the Friends comes the assurance of heartiest coöperation.

While, therefore, the Inter-Church Conference on Federation will not have the distinction of being the first great assembly in the United States to emphasize Christian comity and coöperation, it will be unique as the first officially delegated body to represent in formal conference concerning Christian work in the United States the large majority of the denominations of American Protestantism. Should the present promise of its import be realized, there should be an influence in its utterance and its action so powerful as to create a new epoch in the progress of Christ's kingdom in our land—and, one may dare to say, in all lands. When, however, the future historian undertakes to trace the rise and development of federation, his description of sources will take him much farther into the past than the casual glance suggests. For the Inter-Church Conference on Federation is the culmination not only of immediate but of remote influences. He will find their origin in the spirit and teaching of the church's Founder and their illustration in the formative decades of the early church. He will get glimpses of them in the mediæval period when, crowded out of normal action by the dominance of a false conception of the church's unity, they repeatedly express themselves in the associational life within the church and as an ideal are jealously cherished by devoutest minds. The reaction into independency which characterized the new individualistic life of the Reformation period, with its tremendous emphasis upon the right of private

judgment and its tendency to identify opinion with conscience, for a time seemed to remove from the convictions of Christendom the claims of a common inheritance and blinded men's eyes to the need of mutuality in service. But the tides from the deeper life soon began to lift. Resistance to a common foe awakened the latent faculty for fellowship. Even through the long period from John Robinson to John Wesley, when dogma was indeed dogmatic and intolerance was at its worst, he reads but a part of the story who does not find that the use of the common resources of learning and discovery inevitably brought into play the influences of convergence. It was not alone the founder of Methodism who was ready for the "league offensive and defensive with every soldier of Jesus Christ." And when, in the tidal sweep of the revival of the eighteenth century and the missionary renaissance of the beginning of the nineteenth, opinion yielded place to conscience, and zeal centered not upon doctrinal controversy but the conversion of the world, that era of service began of which coöperation is a logical result.

How steadily in this nearer period the Christian consciousness in America has been growing to the point where it may claim not its right of isolation but its privilege of fellowship, is declared upon every page of our history. The great interdenominational societies are not only strong as agencies but significant as demonstrations. The American Bible Society, now near the end of its ninth decade, was organized by sixty delegates from twenty-eight local societies representing seven of the denominations which are to have place in the approaching Conference—the Congregational, Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Reformed Dutch, Baptist, and the Society of Friends. Its influence, despite the one break in the harmony of its constituents, which without discussion we may profoundly deplore, has told incalculably for the unification of the churches. The American Tract Society, founded in 1825, drew together from various religious bodies members already closely related in local publication societies, and its constitution requires that on its important committees six different denominations shall be represented. Even stronger in its influence has been the American Sunday School Union, since out of its great conventions has developed the international series of uniform

lessons, and upon its authority, at the outset, was organized the International Lesson Committee, than whom no leaders in the church have affected so wide a constituency in the interest of a common understanding and a united service. The American and Foreign Christian Union, though its objective was beyond the seas, was for many years, in the third quarter of the last century, a strong illustration of the coöperation of Christians of different communions, and did its part toward bringing in the better day. The Young Men's Christian Association has not for one of its specific objects the promotion of church union. Indeed, the candid scrutiny invited and given at its recent gathering in Buffalo has raised the question whether it always promotes church efficiency. But that this marvelous organization, with its sister association founded only a few years later, has been a mighty leveler of denominational prejudices, from its close fellowship reacting upon the vital beliefs and the traditional methods of all the churches, may be gratefully acknowledged. The cruel exigencies of the civil war brought into common service Christians of every name in the Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission, and such powerful organizations as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the National Temperance Union, the National Temperance Society, the United Society of Christian Endeavor, and the Student Volunteers, have undoubtedly helped to clear the way for the larger activities of a federated church. This enumeration shows how persistent has been the centripetal force which is drawing all Christians to one center and holding them to a single orbit.

It is, however, in the Evangelical Alliance for the United States of America that the historian will find the organized influence which has most strongly emphasized the principles underlying federation. With the Alliance coöperation was not merely incidental; it was an end in itself. The society aimed from the outset to increase the comity between denominations, but with the purpose that comity should become coöperation—that harmonious sentiment should become effective action. It declared in its constitution nearly forty years ago: "The object of this Association shall be the furtherance of religious opinion, with the intent to manifest and strengthen Christian unity, and to promote religious liberty

and coöperation in Christian work, without interfering with the internal affairs of the different denominations." At the foundation of the British Evangelical Alliance is this significant statement, adopted in 1846: "The members of this conference are deeply convinced of the desirableness of forming a confederation on the basis of general evangelical principles held in common by them, which may afford opportunity to the members of the church of Christ of cultivating brotherly love, enjoying Christian intercourse, and promoting such other objects as they may hereafter agree to prosecute together. And they hereby proceed to form such a confederation under the name of the Evangelical Alliance." The great meeting held in New York in 1873 which brought together members of the Evangelical Alliance from every part of the world was a notable attestation of the reality of the desire expressed in this platform, but proved as notably the difficulty of an affiliation which rests upon creed rather than service. Since that time the movement toward closer relations between the churches has assumed two distinct phases. The one has sought organic union. The memorial to the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1853, with its resultant Commission "to confer with various Christian bodies"; the correspondence and the effort to formulate in 1880 articles of agreement upon the basis of the Quadrilateral perfected and set forth in 1888 as the Lambeth Articles; the conferences between the Commissions of the Presbyterian and Protestant Episcopal Churches concerning the historic episcopate, and the issue of it all in the *impasse* of ten years ago, when the discussion ceased to have practical value as a present issue to all except those, on the one side, who hope for some inclusive national church which shall recognize non-episcopal orders and as a matter of executive expediency and historic justice shall adopt episcopal oversight, or who, on the other, are ready to cancel the obligations of inheritance and of personal conviction in the interest of a supposed fulfillment of our Lord's prayer—these are facts so familiar as to belong to the commonplaces of our thinking. The churches of America have passed judgment upon this phase of the movement in the words of one of the broad-minded bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Bishop Alexander Mackay-Smith, who declares

that he has "no faith that either this generation or the next will see any corporate unification among the great bodies of Protestants."

The other phase of the movement sought not organic union, but coöperation in service. Here, too, are familiar facts. "Coöperation is in the air," said Dr. C. H. Parkhurst after a trip through New England. "I see all the Protestant Christian bodies in a town (aye, and our Roman Catholic brethren, if we could but persuade them) taking such measures in concert that not one churchgoing or destitute family should fail of a Christian visitor every month," said an Episcopal archdeacon. From the East came the word of Dr. George Washburn: "I may say that, living for more than thirty years in Constantinople, living in the forefront of the battle, the one feeling which more than any other has grown in my mind until I have come to feel that it is the one of all others we Christians ought to cherish is this feeling of the necessity of united action among Christians." In 1887 the Evangelical Alliance adopted measures for putting such principles into practical operation. It was "a step in advance," "the new departure." The highest legislative bodies of the several denominations appointed standing committees on comity and coöperation, and a practical basis was proposed for closer relations in the fields of both home and foreign missions. The Chickering Hall Conference in New York, with its resultant canvass of parts of the city; the organization of cities and towns for systematic parochial visitation; the agitation for a better understanding among local churches and the revelation of the needs and drift of our populations, in such books as *Our Country* and *The New Era*; the emphasis upon the obligation of the church to the community—these are the salient facts of this second phase of the great movement. However the influences it promoted may have in the last decade come under other direction to a fuller expression, Christian America owes a debt to the Evangelical Alliance, and particularly to its president during these strenuous years, Mr. William E. Dodge, and its executive secretary, Dr. Josiah Strong, which only the most generous effort to realize their ideals can even in a slight degree repay.

It will doubtless be the privilege of the Inter-Church Conference

on Federation to bring into their merited prominence these various movements toward the sympathetic and practical coöperation of the different branches of the Christian church in the common service. It will at the same time indicate the advanced position occupied by the Federation of to-day and those features of the present movement which promise larger efficiency and permanence. Early in 1890 Dr. James McCosh, then president of Princeton College, published in the *Christian Union* an article on "Federation of Churches to Secure that the Gospel be Preached to Every Creature." At the conference of the Evangelical Alliance held in Chicago in October, 1893, he made an address upon "The Federation of Churches," pleading for the coöperative parish plan. One can see beyond this utterance the parochial method of Scotland, and feels the influence of the great ministry of Thomas Chalmers. At the same conference Dr. Josiah Strong stated in terms which have since appeared very often in federation literature the contrast between "federation at the top," denominational federation, and "federation from the bottom," the coöperation of the local churches. Dr. Philip Schaff presented at this conference that paper on the reunion of Christendom which for all time will be one of the great classics of the discussion. In December, 1890, was held the first session of the Interdenominational Commission of Maine, the remarkable response to the urgent appeal of a Methodist minister, the Rev. C. S. Cummings, of the East Maine Conference. Three years later Dr. J. B. Devins, then a missionary in the East Side of New York, organized the East Side Federation. In 1896 the New York Federation of Churches and Christian Workers was founded through the initiative of the Rev. J. W. Hegeman, Ph.D. Under other names federation in fact had resulted in a number of places from the activity of the Evangelical Alliance after its "new departure" in 1887. Thus by independent action, by the influence of existing federations, notably that in New York, and since its formation in 1900 by the suggestion or aid of the National Federation, organizations embodying the federative principle are to be found in states, cities, and districts from the Atlantic to the Pacific, unrelated save as the common conviction and method hold them in a certain loose affiliation. That the principle is at work in the home mission fields

is indeed well known, but how far the need of its larger application is felt both in the missions and in the offices of administration this Conference is sure to reveal. In the personnel of the body and upon its platform every important missionary society will be represented.

But it is, after all, in the foreign mission fields that federation finds its most significant examples. Says Dr. James S. Dennis: "Interdenominational coöperation in missions seems to be like a 'spirit in the wheels,' as the great work of the church of Christ in foreign lands enters the new century." The Ecumenical Missionary Conference held in New York a few years ago gave conspicuous emphasis to this fact. How great has been the progress since then it will be the office in part of this Federative Conference to declare. The force of attraction which in Japan, Korea, China, India, and the Philippines has been irresistibly drawing together the members of the several family groups, either for actual consolidation or for coöperation, is exerting a powerful influence in coördinating these groups with one another. Denominational distinctions would in many instances cease in the field but for denominational conservatism at home. The Standing Committee of Coöperating Missions in Japan each year demonstrates its purpose to be more than an expression of fraternal sentiment. It lays hold of practical problems from the federative standpoint. The Evangelical Union of the Philippine Islands includes the missionaries of the Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal, Baptist, Disciples, United Brethren, and Congregational Churches, the American Bible Society, and the Young Men's Christian Association. It is significant that the organization of this Union was one of the earliest acts of the missionaries to the islands. The Missionary Alliance in China and similar movements in separate provinces indicate the strong desire for a formal basis for coöperation. In India remarkable progress toward the coalition of missions of the same family group has taken place. "The reduction of the thirty-five distinct, unrelated, and somewhat antagonistic church organizations in India" to six or eight would be, again says Dr. Dennis, "a signal and impressive forward step toward the goal of an ideal union." "When," writes Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, "all Christians

in India are organically united in six or eight strong, self-governing churches, free from Occidental control, a working federal union can the more easily be accomplished, harmony in all divisions of Christ's army secured, and the conversion of India hastened by more than a generation." At a meeting in Seoul, Korea, in June last, at which were present nearly all of the Presbyterian and Methodist missionaries of that city and vicinity, over which Bishop M. C. Harris presided, it was enthusiastically resolved that "the time has now come when denominational lines should be done away with among the Protestant Christians of Korea, and that all should unite in the organization of the church of Christ in Korea." Measures were taken to convene all the missionaries at Seoul in September to decide upon a plan of union to be referred to the various home boards for consideration and approval. This may not result in union, but it will result in federation.

The Federation Conference cannot fail to record for the encouragement of the church at large the progress of those movements toward union or closer affiliation which are acting so powerfully among the denominations. The federation between the two great branches of the Methodist Church, the continued efficiency of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance, the achievement of a formal national union between the Baptists of the North and South, the advance of the project to unite the Presbyterian and the Cumberland Presbyterian Churches, the union of the Congregationalist, Methodist Protestant, and United Brethren Churches—these and similar projects disclose the spirit which is at work in the new century. Across the sea will be seen from this Convention's platform more clearly than ever the significance and the achievement of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches of England and Wales, which has long since covered practically the entire country with its federations—for the Nonconformist churches of England a mighty agency in organizing opinion and promoting coöperation.

At the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in 1873 Dr. Charles Hodge, in an address upon, "The Unity of the Church Based on Personal Union with Christ," said: "If all Christians believed that they constitute the mystical body of Christ on earth they would sympathize with each other as readily as the hands sympathize

with the feet or the feet with the hands. If all churches, whether local or denominational, believed that they are one body in Christ Jesus, then instead of conflict we should have concord; then instead of mutual crinations we should have mutual respect and confidence; instead of rivalry and opposition we should have cordial coöperation. The whole visible church would then present an undivided front against infidelity and every form of antichristian error, and the sacramental host of God, though divided into different corps, would constitute one army, glorious and invincible!" More than a century before, one John Wesley sent an identical note—to use the word of the diplomats—to forty ministers of various churches, proposing that they should acknowledge and treat one another as brethren, notwithstanding their differences. In this he says: "I do not ask a union of opinions. They might agree or disagree touching absolute decrees on the one hand or perfection on the other. These may still speak of imputed righteousness, and those of the merits of Christ. Not a union with regard to an outward order. Some may still remain quite regular, some quite irregular, and some partly regular; but these things being as they are, as each is persuaded in his own mind, is it not a desirable thing that we should love as brethren?" And then five years later he writes to a minister of the Church of England: "I desire a league offensive and defensive with every soldier of Christ. We have not only one faith, one hope, one Head, but are directly engaged in one warfare. Come, then, ye that love Him, to the help of the Lord to the help of the Lord against the mighty." One might search far and, outside of the utterances of our Lord himself, find no word that more exactly states the conviction and the hope of those who have planned the Inter-Church Conference on Federation than this loving and valiant appeal of John Wesley.

Frank Mason North

ART. IX.—FATHER TAYLOR: A REMINISCENCE

MOST men of genius leave after them some material record of their work. The influence of every man, indeed, goes pulsating through the world long after his body has been "covered with stones and deathly dust." But, in a more determinate sense, those who have achieved marked distinction in their own generation have generally bequeathed to future times some tangible and permanent record through which the memory of their good deeds is perpetuated. The artist lives in his pictures, the author in his books, the great statesman in the reforms he has wrought. Even where the lifework has been mainly practical, still, in these days of much letter-writing, almost every man of eminence has left behind him some correspondence by which the treasures of his mind may be opened up to the world.

A remarkable exception to this rule is Rev. Edward T. Taylor, the famous sailor preacher of Boston, commonly known as Father Taylor. Nothing in the early history of this man is remarkable except the evident bearing of every event in his life upon his preparation for the work which he was destined to perform. He was born on Christmas Day, 1793, in Richmond, Virginia, and the state which produced Patrick Henry and Henry Clay bestowed upon this humble son of her soil the same gift of impetuous eloquence. Ever retaining a sense of loyalty to his native state, and adding to that a devoted love for New England, the country of his adoption, he was prepared by the accidents of his birth and of his home for that tolerance and true Christian charity which ever distinguished him. At seven years of age he ran away to sea, and out upon the wide ocean his education went on. Sunshine and storm were his teachers. In the peaceful harbor and amid the turmoil of threatening breakers his poetic imagination was unconsciously taking in material for those strong metaphors with which he was wont to pelt the consciences of his hearers, and in many a rough hour of toil and privation, in many a thrilling moment of danger, he learned the sympathy which gave him access to the sailor's heart. Of book learning he had none. Thirteen years before he came to

Boston he was converted and began to preach. At that time he could neither read nor write. He selected his text in those days by having a chapter from the Bible read aloud, and when he found the pregnant word he would exclaim, "There! That will do!" In 1814, when he was twenty-one years old, he was taught to read by Mrs. Sweetser, "a pious widow." Three years later he went to school for six weeks. Soon after, his marriage with a wise and consecrated wife completed his providential preparation for the great work which awaited him in Boston. To Boston he was called in October, 1828, to preach to seamen in a vacated church in Old Methodist Alley. This church soon becoming too small for his growing congregations the Seamen's Bethel, on North Square, was built for him under the auspices of the Boston Port Society. "In four years," says his biographer, "he is the acknowledged pulpit orator of Boston." For nearly half a century, beginning with 1828, when he took charge of the little Methodist Alley Chapel, he was a dominant figure in the history of Boston. His burning zeal, his impassioned eloquence, his striking personality made him the center of an influence which extended far beyond the simple seafaring folk who were the objects of his immediate and supreme solicitude. Visitors to Boston in those days went to hear Father Taylor preach in the Seamen's Chapel on North Square as one of the interesting "sights" of the city. During this time he often preached four times on Sunday. He was incessantly intent upon his "Father's business." Absorbing culture day by day, he became the cherished friend of refined and educated men. Doubtless the record of his influence is inscribed upon many a soul whom he led from darkness to light, but he left no written word. His biographer, Bishop Gilbert Haven, found his task a difficult one, because he had to undertake it "without help of a scrap of Father Taylor's own writing, or of any matter written to him." I cannot better represent this dearth of literary remains than by quoting the language of this faithful biographer. "These sermons," he says, "of forty years none can gather up. For thirty years his house was thronged with eager hearers of every rank; but unfortunately no stenographer took his place at the table to transmit those flashes of genius to every eye. Even the prayers, in which more than in

almost any man's were 'thoughts commercing with the skies,' only leaped from lip to ear and were forgotten." Additional testimony to this lack of any permanent register of Father Taylor's genius is found in a written eulogy published soon after his death in the *Liberal Christian*. The author, Rev. Dr. Bellows, says: "Unique, a man of genius, a great nature, a whole soul, wonderful in conversation, tremendous in off-hand speeches, greatest of all in the pulpit, he was, perhaps, the most original preacher and one of the most effective pulpit and platform orators America has ever produced. And alas! nothing remains of him but his memory and his influence. He will be an incredible myth in another generation." Dr. Bellows seems, in this encomium, to be taking one last look at a portrait which he knew to be rapidly vanishing from the canvas. "Let those of us," he concludes, "who knew him well keep his true image before us as long as we can." But Gilbert Haven, aided by Father Taylor's son-in-law, Mr. E. B. Russel, has attempted to reproduce the portrait of the great preacher before it should altogether fade from the memory of his contemporaries. In this little volume, entitled *Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher: Incidents and Anecdotes of Rev. Edward T. Taylor*, passages bearing upon the subject have been collected from the reminiscences of many more or less distinguished visitors to Boston. Among the English who had recorded their impressions of the sailor preacher were Miss Martineau, Mrs. Jameson, and Charles Dickens; among the Americans, Miss Sedgwick, Richard H. Dana, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Probably the most vivid delineation of his style of oratory is taken from Dickens's *American Notes*. The passages quoted from Mrs. Jameson's *Commonplace Book* are singled out as especially valuable because "confined almost entirely to remarks by Father Taylor, rather than descriptions of him." Many who loved the man have contributed anecdotes of him and outlines from memory of prayers or sermons. Rev. Mr. Knapp, of Plymouth, gives a "rough sketch" of a sermon on "Praise the Lord," written down "from memory after thirty years"; Rev. Elijah Kellogg, a graphic report, from memory, twenty years afterward, of a sermon on "The Law" which he had heard while a student at Andover. A newspaper report is preserved of a speech made before the General

Conference which met at Buffalo in 1860. A number of temperance orations are described rather than recorded. Apparently there was in existence no connected report, written down at the time of its delivery, of any one of his sermons. In this dearth of material some notes of two sermons, taken down at the time in shorthand, may be deserving of some interest. The reporter was not a practiced stenographer, and even had his skill been greater the difficulties which he himself states in his narrative would have rendered it impossible to make a full and accurate record.

The following account of a Sabbath at the Seamen's Bethel, with a fragmentary report of two sermons and accompanying prayers, was written out many years ago by Mr. A. W. Machen:

On a Sunday in the spring of 1852 two students in the Law School of Harvard University, Virginians, and close friends, were induced by something they had heard of the famous sailor preacher, Father Taylor, to go to Boston together and attend the Seamen's Church, of which he was minister. What they saw and heard much impressed them. A large plain building was filled with an audience which was composed in the main of common sailors, but also included no inconsiderable number of persons of both sexes of a different class and drawn, doubtless, like themselves, more or less by curiosity. Of the eloquence of this remarkable man it would be difficult to convey an adequate idea by description. The quality which most struck their observation at first was a certain wild freedom in movement, gesture, and speech, which seemed to know no conventional restraints whatsoever. Before the services began, or perhaps just after they were commenced, two strangers entered, one of whom was an old man—in a congregation constituted of such fluctuating elements nearly all who came might be described as strangers—and when the weather-beaten, half-disabled old tars who acted as ushers seemed to experience a little difficulty in finding places for them Father Taylor turned toward the group and, addressing them abruptly, said, "Bring that aged brother up here beside me," pointing to a seat behind the pulpit. "Let the younger sit yonder," indicating a vacant seat on the floor. And accordingly, notwithstanding some exhibition of natural reluctance on the part of the "aged brother" to assume so conspicuous a position, the peremptory order was obeyed, and up on the platform he was made to go. Father Taylor's action in the delivery of the sermon had all the grace which belongs to the spontaneous movements of a child or a savage. His thoughts, pouring in an impetuous flood, burst forth in word or gesture as either could best convey them. No other orator that I ever heard exhibited action at once so natural and graceful and expressive. As to his words, they seemed to glow and kindle under the fervor of a zeal in which all self-consciousness was utterly lost. You would not say of him that he had great imagination. He was all imagination. Every utterance was a picture. A thought as it rose for expression was instantly clothed and dramatized, and a scene was thrown before your eyes. Whilst his language was marked by the utmost plainness and perfectly accommodated to his sailor au-

dience—the only part of his audience he deigned to address—whilst there was an occasional instance of quaint simplicity, evidently uttered without the slightest idea of effect, which would almost provoke a smile, the current of his sermon was in the highest degree earnest and impassioned. With all the fire and vehemence there was a wonderful tenderness and a poetic sensibility to the beautiful.

The idea occurred to the two young men to return on a future Sabbath provided with paper and pencil and take away some report of what they should hear. This project, however, was one which it was difficult to execute in any satisfactory manner. It was known that Father Taylor did not tolerate reporting, and an instance was freshly related of his having paused to rebuke one whom he detected in the act of taking notes, admonishing him in the face of the congregation that the seats were intended only for those who came solely to worship and apply to their own spiritual profit what they should hear. They had therefore to take their notes by stealth. Another and greater source of embarrassment was found in the character of his oratory. Not only was there great rapidity of utterance, but the sentiments and thoughts came crowding one upon another in such torrent-like speed that he who started to write often found himself borne along unconscious of his task.

Only one of the two friends succeeded in making anything resembling a report. Afterward, when they together examined his shorthand notes with the aid of the other's memory, they were so chagrined at their joint shortcoming that the notes were never transcribed until twenty years later. Two sermons are here represented, one preached in the morning and the other in the afternoon of the same day. The following is part of the prayer before the morning sermon:

Our Father, we come before thee in this house, to thee reared, to thee dedicated, in thy service constantly employed. This is thine house altogether—thine without debt, without embarrassment, without mortgage; and we desire that all who assemble here may be, like the house, wholly thine—their souls free from debt, free from mortgage, free from all embarrassment. Keep thy people from all harm. Deliver us, Lord, especially—and this is no lip-service, this that we are about to ask is no formal petition—from our hearts, O God, we implore thee to deliver us from the cunning politicians who would give up the country and the people for a little place, a little brief authority, a little handful of dress. O save us from the omnivorous politicians. Bless all in authority—bless our legislators, bless our country—our country of thee so highly favored, containing many things glorious and to be praised, and also containing some things to be lamented. O may the dark spots be bleached out! Bless all who labor in thy cause. Bless the sailors as they belt the earth and bear thy gifts to every land. Bless the hundred thousand who have worshiped at this thy shrine and are now tossed on the distant billows. From the governor to the lowest officer bless this noble commonwealth. Save Massachusetts from going

into a consumption; but keep her from being led away by her abundant prosperity—by her abounding grandeur of character. Save us all, O God, through Him who died, and earth could not hold him, who was buried, and enmity dared not look into his grave.

The text was from Acts 5. 31: "Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins," and so much of the sermon as could be taken is as follows:

What a pity that we should not understand that the world has never been without a God—man never without a law! . . . We find all clear at the start. We see a plain command such as the kindest parent would give to his children. A command not to repress or crush, but to draw out: not to put an education into the soul, but to invite it out. . . . There are those who are always asking a thousand nonsensical questions; such as, "How did sin come into the world?" and the like. Any fool can ask questions, but could he understand the answers? There is no use in spinning out these spider's webs. No man is so much of a winter plant as to have any reasonable doubt that he is a sinner. [Suddenly addressing an individual in the congregation:] Now you needn't attempt to dodge me by going to sleep. This is no place for sleeping. I have my eye right on you! I'll rouse you. I am here to bring you a message from God. I have got something *else*—some corrosive vitriol, or some anointing oil. Now you might as well take it! There are men who would make midnight of noonday to hide their responsibility.

There are some searching questions in this chapter. God, who never left the world without a law, made a more emphatic proclamation of it. And the signal gun shook the sea and brings the skulkers to God. But we will have to learn the difference between being converted and being galvanized. [Here followed a description of unconverted professors.] And Satan is the same wolf, though in fine milliner dress. . . . The longer a man stays in the church without being converted the darker he gets. His lamp becomes exceedingly dwindled. But a moment comes when the Light flashes on the addled eyes of guilty man. The light will come, gentlemen, the light will come! God will drag you out from your dens. God will drag you out—though you may stay there till you are a little mildewed. Two charges had been made against the apostle [referring to and paraphrasing the context in Acts, chap. 5]. Peter, that ready old spokesman, that nervous man—ever like a steel bow that will not stay bent—took up the first charge. "What saith the law? Gamaliel sits among you. The Talmud says that God is to be obeyed before man—the great constitutional law declares this." That settled *that* business; for there sat Gamaliel, the great master of the law, looking at them. The second charge was that the apostles intended to bring Christ's blood upon them. "Behold, you have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine—and intend to bring this man's blood upon us." "And did you not crucify Christ? You did; and covered yourselves with *glory*, as you imagined. And now will you put off your glory? Are we doing you any injury by impressing your actions upon the people?" "But this," say you, "which

you *added* is offensive—namely, that Christ is glorified, that he is exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour." We have said it. So far from bringing his blood upon your heads to crush you, we have proclaimed that God means to pardon you. He will now forgive his murderers (who shed his blood on Jerusalem's hill, and the sun has not yet dried up that blood)! We have said that you may have a hope in him. We have not said that Christ has gone up to send down showers of meteoric stones. He has not gone up to hurl from the battlements of heaven millstones upon your guilty heads. Did no one tell you his last valedictory words? "Preach the gospel"—"Offer my enemies my compliments—offer my enemies forgiveness and salvation." Only present the *truth*, and your arguments will always prevail. . . . He who fears the law of God will never break the law of the land. Saints are never seditious. Fearing God never brings trouble on man.

Now to our work. In the exordium I think I have got to the pith of the matter. Jesus Christ is a Prince. He has a right to govern, and he cannot relinquish right. He is a Prince; his law is to be obeyed. He is our Lord, our Master, our Prince, our Crowned Head. The earth is his and the fullness thereof. The sea and all that rides on its waves belong to him, by the gift and bequest of his Father. His law must govern us. There is no "may be so." Whether a government shall go up or down in Europe is nothing. None of these miserable things have we to care for—but only this, *Shall this man reign over us?* But then you say, "I am not so bad as some others." None of that stuff! Those men who think themselves better than other men are generally the worst men. And what are you *now*? I don't ask what you are going to be. You are in the habit of saying things of that kind. Will you be his? Do you crave him to be yours? Then you will obey the Ruler of your people. Don't say anything of your fidelity to man when you disobey God. Don't say you are honest in your business when you curse your Father. Don't say you are not so bad as that man yonder. It may be that man says in his heart he thanks God he is not like you, and may be he has reason. But no more of this. For this is near May, you know; and the flowers are out. I take every man for right till I know him for wrong. I must take it for granted you are here in sincerity—both fearers and worshipers of God. And if you are not here to worship, but, moved by idle curiosity, are occupying the places of those who would do so [the church was crowded—filled to excess, as was often the case], keeping out the poor who would serve him, and not serving him yourselves, why do you speak of *pirates*? You are robbing on the threshold of heaven! What sort of man is that who will lean against heaven's door-post and rob the very saints as they are going in? Write it down, heaven's secretary! . . . It is adding darkness to what is midnight already. . . . If it were not for this Bible there's not a sinner so impudent on earth as to dare to approach God. But he saith, "Come—come—come!" The messenger is just from heaven. Tell us! What is he doing? "He is just whetting his sword. He is touching its edge with bitterness. But as I passed by I heard him say, 'Spare! spare! I am going to send my Son.'" But, my Lord, what will you do with those fellows in Jerusalem, those who gambled at the foot of the cross? And with that high priest, that treacherous servant, that old hypocrite? "Tell them, unto that man will I look who has a contrite spirit—who trembles at my word." What word? That of vengeance? No, that word

which speaks of mercy—of pardon! Did that look like an enemy of the Jewish name?

Don't you recollect, my brother, how the message of love has been conveyed to you? You recollect—that *mother's* angel eye, when her look touched your heart. I heard that silver voice. I felt that warm tear-drop on my cheek! "Son, do you mean to kill me? Will you sin against God, and die a fool?" I walked the deck, and the midnight wrapped me up, and I was glad of it. Then I remembered—to that word I looked—the pardon of sins, the washing of blood, the taking off the acidity from the teeth—"Your fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." Repent, and he will remove your guilt—take up from you that crushing weight—take away from you that which makes you talk in your sleep, that which gives you spasms when you faint would be composed. Poor skulking creature, the shade of man! Hiding in every corner as if you feared that God would see you! Listen to that Word—He will *pardon* your sin! . . . But O, the power of sin! No man of us but has felt it. Sin has got the power over man, and sin is powerful. It has iron feet which trample men. But God says, Have not I an iron hammer to break those iron feet? I don't tell you that the moment sin is broken all is done. I don't tell you that when you have received the gift of redemption you have only to put both hands into your bosom. That is fanaticism. Not a word of truth in it! If you do not cultivate your garden, nature will bring forth her own image—she will bring forth weeds. Cut up the soil, stir the earth! Adam was not to stay in Eden an idler. Adam was not put in Eden a *drone*! This is a rich soil, and therefore, if you do not cultivate it, it will bring forth many weeds. . . . Sin is an adder and stings. It stings damnably. It stings ruinously. It gives an hydrophobia. The poison of asps is under the tongue of the ungodly and sets them howling against the righteous. But the grace of God transforms the repentant and pardoned sinner. An old sinner, round-shouldered, stooping—even that hoary-headed seaman yonder, almost a hundred years old, all weather-beaten and scarred—is so altered and beautified that in a short time—but for some slight marks of hard times and hard scuffles—you'd think he was a plant of Paradise! Bless God, I am free! cries the rescued sinner. And yet he seems disturbed. But what trouble now—what, young brother? A little remains—a little taste in my mouth. What! Found that out, have you, poor brother? The hard soil broken up, the weeds chopped away, the next thing is to prune the plant itself, break out all the little twigs that have started wrong and are in the way of healthy growth. Now let me look at him, apply the rule, take the measure of the cranium. I begin to know him. [A glowing and impetuous description of the converted one and his songs of joy followed here.] God caught himself listening, and he called the secretary to make a minute of that. . . . I don't call you to take up the cross. He has borne that himself. . . . We are walking on velvet beds—on satin beds—suddenly we feel the touches of the earthquake. . . . In the hurry and bustle of business, while men are gathering the little crumbs of crackers and bread. . . . Then they will cry, "If you are going to burn us, give us *dry* wood, not wet wood—a quick fire and a merry burn! None of your soggy stuff—dry wood!" I don't think any Massachusetts sinners will get that favor! . . . I don't know what will become of poor me. Sometimes I envy you as old Nelson envied Admiral Collingwood, "See how gallantly he

rides into the fight, while *I* have not a breath of wind." I can't make time stop, and I am just beginning to peep through the mist and get sight of land. Some of you look as if you were nearing heaven. You must not stay till you are winter-killed, nor wait to wash the deck or wipe out all the spots about the soul. There's the port! Onward! Onward! Let nothing stop you here—nothing, nothing, till you get into the city! Drive her on! Drive her on! Let the sheets go! But which of you will be admitted into the Golden City when you land? What passport have you? You have something—let me see it! "A white stone, and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth saving him that receiveth it." That will do! That will let you in! We'll meet in Heaven! Farewell, and a good breeze to you!

Only a fragment of the prayer before the afternoon sermon was taken down: ". . . We depend upon the *sea*. The landsman is too slow in his motion, too clumsy in his action to meet the daring and the doing, the danger and the trial. Bearers of the gospel—with the loftiness of eagles, with the swiftness of gull's wings, let them fly! . . . And while thou art blessing the church, O Lord, forget not the state. While blessing the preachers and the pastors and ecclesiastical assemblies, bless also the law-making bodies. Surely none stand in more need of mercy! Drive out from legislative seats everyone compromised with infidelity. . . . Let England and America be forever united. Let them embrace each other, and form an arch over the sea, the keystone of which shall never fall out!"

While baptizing an infant after the prayer Father Taylor said: "Don't mind its crying, brother; you would be very sorry if it couldn't cry. I never like to christen a dumb child. May your child live to use this voice in worshiping and glorifying its Master. In these times almost all people bring their children to be baptized, but what is the nature of this act when performed by an unconverted parent? Think of it. It is to intrust the dearest objects to a stranger—to commit the beautiful flower into the hands of an utter stranger! Not so with you, I am glad to say, my brother; I have known you from childhood. Give me the babe. Who believes that the Almighty, who could make so pretty a creature as this, cannot find a place for it in heaven? O theology! theology! how unlike God thou art! I would not give this little bird for all the bodies of theology ever written. I honor the work and I glorify the Maker. May this child live, but O, may he never live to curse

his Maker! . . . Go to thy father, and from thy father to thy best earthly friend, thy mother. [Returning the child, and then addressing the parents and dismissing them:] Go your way, and sin no more." He prefaced the taking of the collection with an allusion to the sexton's feeble health and the increase of his labors caused by the "soiling of the floor through the extravagant use of—I will not name the thing; you can take a hint. It becomes us to keep this place sweet and clean, for from this house we every week send out a swarm to carry the gospel over the world."

The afternoon text was from Ezek. 47. 9: "And it shall come to pass, that everything that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live: and there shall be a very great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither: for they shall be healed; and everything shall live whither the river cometh." Father Taylor seemed weary, as preachers often are at the second service, having spent their nerve-force in the morning; and after announcing his text, he said:

I lack strength to proceed. My limbs fail. Yet I must praise Him. My brain being obtuse I must force it. The Jews were almoners, to spread the law of God over the earth. But this mistaken people shut out others and never practiced the doing of good themselves. The church, therefore, got into a poor ring-streaked and speckled condition. Yet to them must the world come for the gospel. We shall want to strike a light, to satisfy ourselves that this is in truth the church. "In the visions of God brought he me," says Ezekiel, fortieth chapter, second verse, "into the land of Israel, and set me upon a very high mountain, by which was as the frame of a city on the south. And he brought me thither, and, behold, there was a man, whose appearance was like the appearance of brass, with a line of flax in his hand, and a measuring reed;" and afterward in *this* chapter, after the man had measured the sanctuary and the house of the Lord, this same man that had the line in his hand went forth eastward and measured a thousand cubits and brought Ezekiel through the waters, and the waters were to the ankles. And again he measured a thousand, and brought him through the waters, and the waters were to the knees. Again he measured a thousand, and brought him through the waters, and the waters were to the loins. Afterward he measured a thousand, and it was a river the prophet could not pass over. We must in our day have a monstrous faith if we believe that all who attach themselves to the church are true Christians. I have large faith, but I have not faith enough for that. But I can try them! I have the measuring reed—the old reed, the old measuring line [gently striking the open Bible with his palm]. Let us, in the first place, notice the river here described; secondly, the blessings it presents; thirdly, the lesson it suggests.

First, then, the river. We are to consider first the place from which it

issues; secondly, whither it went. Whence comes it? Not from the legislative hall at all events! Be sure of that. Not from our academies or colleges. It is to be carried there, and, when carried, then to be retained. The prophet tells us. The river flowed out of the temple. God established the house; and the fountain in that house was for all the nations of the earth—the fountain of life that shall be salvation for all the world. Moses had not to strike the rocks all along. He had but to strike once; then the waters followed the host through all the desert. It comes out—the river—eastwardly from under the altar. Not only from the house of God, but the stream issued from the east corner of the altar, where the incense was offered. The waters of salvation flow forth from one Mediator, one Redeemer, one Justifier, one Sanctifier, to all the nations of the earth. At any place where the river came it brought life. It did not go to the land—not to the land. It issued out toward the east country, and down into the desert—it did not stop there—through the desert into the sea. “Which being brought forth into the sea, the waters shall be healed.” Brethren, I don’t want to detract from you [addressing the citizens in the congregation]. We are very glad you are watchers on some of the ramparts of the land. You can serve the good cause, encourage the fight, and stand by our valorous sailors. East and southeast the stream flowed (taking on its way the sea of Tiberias), and soon came into contact with the Mediterranean, and reached the isles of the sea. That the Lord’s telegraph might still go on, he raised up his Paul—that old seaman! that noble hero! that old piece of thunder and eloquence! He scattered the gospel water through the earth, with the watering pot in his hand. We, brethren, have been there, and seen how the Mediterranean has been dotted and spotted by Paul. He has run the zigzaggest course you ever saw. This was not at random; but this zigzag course was guided by wisdom. That was the course of Paul, that piece of thunder and lightning—one of those who can take the world in their fist. Sailors can follow him. [There is a hiatus here; the reporter in despair wrote “surprising eloquence,” and listened like any other auditor.] . . . It was God! It was the arm of Omnipotence itself. There is no limit to the range of God’s grace. All phantasmagoria are swept away. No art formed against God shall prosper. One shall chase a thousand, and two men shall put ten thousand to flight. But where am I going? I cannot dwell on these great deeds. I’ll take them in the group. By sea, by land, those heroes took their way. Not one scrap of parchment was given. The gospel in their heads and Christ in their hearts, they just grasped the world in both their hands, *determined* to bring it to God. Workers together with God are they, and through God they carry their work on. It is only a few years since I stood in a grand warehouse. To get waterpower for the wheels a barrier was to be thrown across a river. The masonwork was all done. Everything is ready. The proud builder stands and calls to let down the tremendous gates. And when the mighty ponderous gates fell the hoary-headed architect exclaimed, “No man on earth can raise that gate—not God Almighty himself!” The eager crowd lined the banks: every eye fastened on the scene. The word escaped his mouth—and then, *one crash!—one crash!* Could not the Almighty raise it? I don’t know that the timbers have been ever heard from since. Take care how you challenge the Almighty. Ye inflated worms, ye animalculæ, take care how you measure arms with the Omnipotent! The world to him is but as a nutshell. Glory to

God for his gospel! Let it roll, let it flow! Some of us have proved the benefit of it between the guns—when we have to borrow light from the lightning to find the casket. And when the storm rages and the good ship heaves and pitches in distress, turn your eye then to this gospel. It is good for all—for the man of the field and the man of the fleet, the man of the marketplace and the man of the law. The man of the legislative hall without that gospel is liable to be as mischievous as a fly. Without the gospel he is contemptible in the sight of heaven—a pest to man. The gospel brings the world into one brotherhood. While you are bringing forward your little political economy we are bringing the gospel to all the world.

Since I first went to sea—it is forty years ago, though I can go aloft still, I know I can—great changes have taken place. Turkey has become missionary ground. The Celestial fool is opening his kingdom . . .

“Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.”

“Ride on, O Lord, victorious!” So said our singer, but Dr. Watts beats our Arminian. Watts took the lightning for his image—the thunder peals reverberating round the sky—Let the echo fly! It is we who are now putting spurs to the lightning! If I can be here a few years longer I will be at the rising of that “heavenly day.” Amen! Let me be there to see, when God shall uncover his face. The gospel blesses all; it blesses the master, it blesses the servant. The very beasts shall know the change. The ox knows to understand by some instinctive feeling the kindness of the kind. No depredations will then be committed even on the flowers needlessly. And no breath disturbs—the grace of God reigns.

The gospel sustains us against the trials of this world. We are in a world of strife and controversy—a world which must be made better by war and daring. As the winds to show land, so the gospel to show heaven. The stream that flowed from under the threshold of the house eastward at the side of the altar has become ankle deep—little duties are attended to. But it is running water, a moving stream. It will either go over or it will break down the barrier. From knee deep it is waist deep. Greater duties have their place—greater and greater. It is a work which will absorb the utmost capacity of man. A young preacher who inquired what he should do when all the texts of the Bible should be used up—who feared his powers might not have room enough to turn in—was answered, “Go all through, and then, if I am here, come and tell me, and I will try and have an answer for you.” But for my part, I have been here a good while, and as yet I am hardly out of the first three chapters of Genesis.

I have a little controversy with my friend Dr. Watts. He is a little peg off here. He did not anticipate these times. We are all safe here in the temple of the Lord, though the wind may blow without, and may ruffle the nap a little, but it only stirs the surface. I believe in none of your doubts and fears. The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, let all the earth rejoice. Christians fold their hands, and wrap up their faces, and say, O that I were in heaven! Heaven?

If God is with you, why is not this heaven? The Lord promises a thousand per cent—an hundredfold—not a lawyer or a judge gets that! But then *eternity*! Don't be an eyeservant, impatient all day for the sun to go down. Go to your work in the morning singing, come home at night singing, rubbing off the sweat from your brow. That's the best California I know. Ah! said one, it is easy to preach. Is it? Come and try it, brother! It is easy to preach, you say, but difficult to practice. . . . God has kept me. I have never lost a lock from my head. Not a mark has been made upon me, not a bone has been fractured. Still he spreads out his robe and covers me.

Again, the gospel is glorious in preparing us to do the work of God. When did Saint Paul play the scholar, and play the man, and play the hero, all at once? It was in giving his experience before the Roman rulers and King Agrippa, when the proud potentate thought himself a saint, and Paul showed him that he was only Satan. . . . Brother, dry will be the religious exercises, dry will be your story if . . . But thousands know where they touched the war, when their souls felt the shock—when heaven and earth met together [striking the palm of one hand upon the back of the other, vertically].

Once more and I am done. It is our duty to be grateful for the gift of this gospel. . . . Again, we should feel the importance of impressing this gospel. Recollect, I am not preaching theology. I care not about your theology. If your theology does you good I will not quarrel with you about it. But this is *my* theology—this Book. High and low, rich and poor, blooming youth and hoary age, citizens and foreigners, landsmen and seamen, it is important for you that you impress this gospel upon your hearts. Sir, seek the Lord! Sir, seek our Lord Jesus Christ! [Apparently addressing some men of consequence whom he recognized in the congregation.] O it will be an awful sight to see angels tumbling from the bar and the bench and legislative seats—tumbling like meteoric stones! . . . To-morrow? Don't tell me of your to-morrow! Impudent, daring, insulting! To-morrow! To-morrow! . . . Do you mean to show yourself a ninny, or do you mean to lie? Where is your to-morrow? A postponement is denial. Postponement is daring, and cool impudence. It is saying, I won't! Do you dare to shake your fist in the Almighty's face, and turn him off with a to-morrow? This is more than was done by Ananias and Sapphira. Have you it now? Have you religion now? Have you it now—now? I am glad of it, brother! I am glad to see that signal pass around the fleet. Postpone salvation from a watery grave when the lifeboat is near you and the hand stretched out? "Well, call to-morrow!" Such a fellow deserves to be drowned, and, when drowned he is, there ought to be no hand to pull his carcass out of the water—such a man is too mean for the dogs to howl after. I know it is said to be egotism for one to talk about himself and dwell upon his own concerns and doings. Yet mark how your politician will glory in his success, the merchant boast of his sagacious speculation; and the Ciceronian lawyer, after winning his ten-thousand-dollar fee, and triumphing over some far-famed rival, how he chuckles and tells how he managed his cause and accomplished a victory. *I* have found my piece of silver, my pearl, my treasure! Friends and neighbors, rejoice with me. Blessed is that man who has secured his bargain, bought the field in which the everlasting treasure lies hid, and received the title deed from the hand of God! I go to take possession. One jar and I shall be in eternity. But

blessed be God! I am ready for the journey, my provisions are all packed. Watchman, what of the night? Joy! Peace! The morning cometh!

We must now part. Ladies, fare you well. Mercy on these buzzing men, if we had not you at home to guard our treasures! We part—image of that last parting. Some of us are leaving indeed, quitting earth and earthly scenes. But, brother, heaven is so close by that we can talk from one gate to the other—sweet intercourse! I commend you to God. May the Lord be with you, my flock! God be with you! God save you! God bless you, and bring you home in safety!

This broken report, taken down fifty-three years ago, is unique in being the largest fragment that remains of any of the public utterances of a most extraordinarily fascinating man, whose genius was as genuine and almost as brilliant as Emerson's. Who was it that said, "America has two cataracts—Niagara and Father Taylor"?

Minnie Gresham Mather

ART. X.—AN EVERYDAY DWARF

THERE is a man in Our Town who does not believe in foreign missions. "Charity ought to begin at home," he says; "it will be plenty of time to go to Africa when there is not so much to be done here." The same man does not believe in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. He calls its members a lot of cranks with but one idea—and that a distorted one. "Just see what they did with the army canteen when they shoved their crazy notions through Congress. Things are twice as bad in the army now as they were before." When it comes to religion, there are a multitude of things he does not believe in. He does not believe in miracles. That any thinking man could give credence to such a story as miraculous birth seems to him particularly absurd. He does not believe in the Bible except as a sort of universal panacea for the ills of the weak-minded. He does not believe in conversion. He does not believe in prayer. Now, in so far as his lack of belief is the result of real conviction I have no fault to find with him. For I am not unmindful of the words of the poet who says:

"There lives more faith in honest doubt, believe me,
Than in half the creeds."

No; whatever he may believe or not believe, I honor the man who thinks for himself. I have but little respect for the parasite, either in nature or among men. I believe with Emerson that "a man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light that flashes across his own mind from within more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages." The weak, the ignorant, and the mentally deficient may have to accept their credos ready-made and predigested, but far be it from me to hold up such as our ultimate ideal. All honor rather to that "high nature, amorous of the good," who, through mental travail and soul-agony, haunted by his own misgivings and fear of the condemnations of his fellows, brings forth at last his individual beliefs, bearing in their every lineament the image of his own heart and mind. But it is not such a man with whom we have to do. For the no-beliefs of this

man from Our Town are not of the sort that are born in pain and lead to sacrifice. They are born in ignorance and lead to inaction. For he is not so much perplexed as unconcerned. He is indifferent rather than honestly doubting. Moreover, it is not for any of his individual no-beliefs that I call him in question. It is rather because he holds himself aloof from all the heat of conflict and has no concern as to its issue. It is because he maintains the attitude of an outsider for whom the questions at stake have no vital concern. The answer he would make to the prelate in Browning's "Bishop Blougram's Apology" reveals the temper of his life:

"What think ye of Christ, friend? when all's said and done
Like you this Christianity or not?
It may be false; but will you wish it true?
Has it your vote to be so if it can?"

But no; he complains rather that the matter is obtruded on his attention. He is content; why should he be disturbed? He should be disturbed because it is a matter of infinite concern to mankind whether Christianity is true or false. It makes a difference whether men's lives can be transformed by relationship to the Man of Nazareth or whether they cannot. It matters whether the universal supplications of mankind have but beat against the echoing dome of heaven and returned again to its burdened heart or whether they have been heard by a Father God. And because the hopes of mankind are wrapped up in such questions as these every man ought to feel under obligations to make them his own problems.

The difficulty with this man from Our Town is that he does not see the importance of these questions. His attitude toward them is much the same as that of a certain sophomore toward "Paradise Lost": "Well, what of it?" he remarked after reading the poem. "Well, what of it?" says this other when you tell him of the resurrection of Christ. But I pity the sophomore, and I pity this other. For the poem retains its grandeur to bestow it upon the eye that can see, and the resurrection retains its significance for the mind tempered to discern. Likewise all the graver social, ethical, and religious questions have their import for all but those whose moral perceptions are dulled or undeveloped.

For the stone it is no disgrace to be unconcerned regarding the moral issues of life. The disgrace and pathos come when a human being, endowed with the possibility of knowing the right from the wrong, the high from the low, the noble from the base, falls so far short of his high calling as to have no more interest in the problem of prayer or the question of civic purity than in the spring style of clothing or the last race at the park. No; the world has but scant welcome for such as this man from Our Town. It finds it hard enough to believe in the worth and beauty of life without having to work out its problems under the eye of this cynic half-tolerance, that never lends a hand to ease the burden or offers the torch of hope and enthusiasm to lighten the forward path. For this flawless statue of crystal ice, repelling even the sunbeams as they shine upon him, why should the world have a place? For such a nature is supremely selfish. He wants to build for himself, like the soul in Tennyson's poem, a palace of art and there live in lofty isolation. He says to himself as that soul said to herself:

"I take possession of man's mind and deed;
I care not what the sects may brawl,
I sit as God, holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all."

It will be well for this self-encircled soul if in the eve of life it may not also be said of him that

"Deep loathing of his solitude fell on him,
From which mood was born scorn of himself.

"A spot of dull stagnation seemed his soul,
Without light or power of movement.

"Shut up as in a crumbling tower girt round
With blackness, as a solid wall.
Far off he seemed to hear the dully sound
Of human footsteps fall.

"Back on himself his serpent pride had curled.
'No voice,' he shrieked in that lone hall,
'No voice breaks through the stillness of the world;
One deep, deep silence all.'"

Let him who will take for his ideal this lonely, loveless soul, looking forever on the world without hope and without enthusiasm, confining himself within the bounds of his own little nature, withhold-

ing himself from the unselfish life that fills the world with devoted friends. For me, I choose rather that man of Browning who

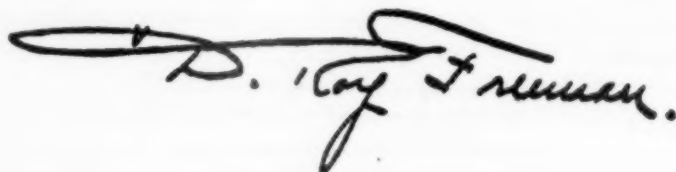
"Held this world's no blot for us,
Nor blank. It means intensely and means good.
To find its meaning is our meat and drink.

Who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better;
Sleep to wake;"

who raises no whimpering cry for a soft life of selfish ease apart from the struggles of mankind, but who shouts the battle cry:

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns life's smoothness rough;
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!"

To such a sturdy optimist, whose meat and drink it is to find the meaning of the world, to find it that he may live it, to such, rather than to that lean and selfish soul, I yield my full measure of allegiance and devotion.

D. Roy Freeman.

ART. XI.—LUKE AND ACTS—ONE TREATISE

SEVERAL facts indicate that the gospel by Luke and the book of Acts may have been intended to constitute one treatise.

1. The gospel has a set introduction and the Acts none. The opening words of the Acts give no hint of the contents, having a backward rather than a forward look, while the formal introduction of the gospel contains a statement of what is to follow: "A declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us." The purpose of the gospel is also set forth in the words: "That thou mightest know the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been instructed." It was primarily a contribution to the education of a young Gentile convert named Theophilus. The introduction is so worded that it covers the matter of Acts as well as that of the gospel, and would be as much in place if the two books were one as it is at present, if indeed not more so. It is too wide in its scope unless it is understood to cover Acts. Of the things "most surely believed" by the infant church the descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost was outstanding. It could scarcely be that Luke would not intend to instruct Theophilus about that event. Besides this, the story of the admission of the Gentiles into the church and of the gift to them of the Holy Ghost was essential to the Christian education of any Gentile. It thus appears that the purpose in the mind of Luke at the time he wrote the introduction was only partially fulfilled until Acts followed.

2. The subject matter of the gospel as it stands is the life and character of Jesus. Yet not a word of the introduction has exclusive reference to him. It is a strange omission unless the writer intends to cover more than the life of Jesus. Paul, his spiritual father and companion, though not having it in mind to write a life of Jesus, makes mention of him in the first verse of each of his epistles. So do James, Peter, and Jude. So also do Matthew, Mark, and John, the latter both in the gospel and the Revelation. It was therefore not according to the apostolic manner if Luke intended only to write a life of Jesus and made no mention of him at the outset. The fact that Acts has no introduction whatever

strengthens the idea that Luke intended the introduction of the gospel to cover both books. Without this hypothesis we have a literary artist like Luke writing one book with an introduction and another without one; and the introduction as written better suited to the two books together than to that of which it forms a part.

3. Acts is dovetailed into Luke in a remarkable manner. Compare the first chapter of Acts with the last of Luke. Luke ends with a statement of what the apostles were to do. Acts begins with the account of how those things were done. The matters specified in Luke are: the preaching in the name of Jesus of repentance and remission of sins among all nations beginning at Jerusalem, the disciples being witnesses; the sending of the promise of the Father; the tarrying in Jerusalem for the fulfillment of the promise, which was the endowment of power from on high. Further Luke tells us that "he was parted from them"; that "he led them out as far as to Bethany" and that they "returned to Jerusalem" "with great joy," a joy which, owing to his departure, would seem out of place but for the explanation in Acts 1. 10, 11, where we read of the promise of his return given by two men in white apparel; and that they "were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God." (Compare also Acts 1 and 2.)

From Acts we learn that the gospel ("the former treatise," verse 1) was the account of the doings and teachings of Jesus "until the day in which he was taken up after that he through the Holy Ghost had given commandments unto the apostles," "to whom also he showed himself alive" "after his passion by many infallible proofs," "speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God." (Compare Luke 24.)

The natural inference seems to be that Luke intended to write all that is in the gospel and Acts when he began the former, that he wrote the introduction with that in view, that he was either interrupted after he reached the end of what is now the gospel or perceived its unity as it stood, and when he turned to complete the story made as good a joint as he could between the two parts by the references in the first part of Acts to the last statements of Luke.

John J. Ferguson.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

ONE July day Carlyle wrote thus to Robert Browning: "Your loyal-minded, welcome little note finds me here on the Scotch shore of the Solway Firth; I might say on the very beach, amid rough sea-grass and gravel; remote from all haunts of articulate-speaking men; conversing with a few sea-mews alone, with the ocean tides and moaning winds. I have fled hither for a few weeks of utter solitude, donothingism, and sea bathing; such as promised to prove salutary for me in the nervous mood I was getting into. London in the long run would surely drive one mad, if it did not kill one first with its noise and whirling commotion. Yearly it becomes more apparent to me that as man 'was not made to be alone,' so he *was* made to be occasionally alone—or else be a mere foolish sounding-board of a man, no *voice* in him, but only distracted and distracting multiplicities of echoes and hearsays; a very miserable and silly sort of object. This place is as lonely as if it were on the coast of Madagascar; a place altogether as if made for us. Thank God, there are still some places ugly enough to be lonely!" And a month later to Edward Fitzgerald: "As to the Picturesque, I have been dreadfully annoyed with it. Not properly with *it*, for I rather like big rocks, high mountains, swift rivers, and waterfalls, as I suppose all men since the beginning of the world have done; but the eternal babble and cackle about it, from even sensible persons in these times, is truly distressing to me. It is like a human being uttering to me 'Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!' with a tongue that might speak real *words*."

In Carlyle's last-published correspondence are not a few devout thoughts expressed in his solemn earnest fashion to relatives and friends. One night he wrote: "Sirius is glancing blue-bright like a spirit, my comrade for many years. In the North is an Aurora, foot-lights of this great Theater of a Universe, where you and I are players for an hour. God is great; and all else is verily altogether small." When his friend Rev. John Sterling died he wrote: "I have lost the flower of all that London had for me. But let there be no grumbling, no hypochondria; silent, cheerful of heart, wait what

the Hours will bring! . . . We must look to a Higher than aught earthly for comfort. God is above us. Surely there is no love in our hearts that he has not made—our holiest affections, surely he will do with them what is wise and good and best.” To none does he write quite so tenderly as to his old mother: “You have had much to suffer, dear mother, and are grown old in this Valley of Tears. But we will not weep over the years. You have borne your sorrows like a brave woman and a Christian. Surely we may say as the Old Hebrew devoutly did, ‘Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.’ Yes, for all our sorrows and difficulties, we have not been without help; neither shall we be. Much has come and gone, and we are still left on earth. Ought not our endeavor, for the days that yet remain, be even this, That we may serve the Eternal Maker of us; struggle to serve him faithfully and not the enemies of him? And is there not above all and in all a *Father* watching over us; through whom all sorrows *shall* yet work together for good? Yes, it is even so. Let us hold by that as an anchor both sure and steadfast. That is the anchor we have in the wildest storms of Time. Strength is lent us by our Maker, and we are here in a Place of Hope always. . . . We are journeying toward the Grand Silence. What lies beyond it earthly man knows not. But all brave men have known that it must be Godlike, that it must be right good, that the name of it is God. *Wir heissen euch hoffen*. What is right and best for us will full surely be. Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. ‘In Eternal Love’—that is the ultimate significance of this wild clashing tempest which is named Life, where the sons of Adam flicker painfully for an hour.”

SOME OF A GREAT NOVELIST'S RELIGIOUS IDEAS

POETS, men of science, and novelists, as well as theologians, biblicists, and preachers, have made distinctive, significant, and sometimes valuable contributions to modern thought on religion, and some of them have even done good service to Christian apologetics by sword thrusts, dashing raids, and a sort of guerrilla warfare in defense of Truth and Faith. In the opinion of some the foremost of living masters of fiction is George Meredith, and his novels, as well as his poems, are alive with ideas which belong to the region of religious problems and beliefs; alive to the religious current which gulf-streams the ocean of man's nature; alive to the meaning of the his-

toric function of belief, the validity of the impulse to devotion, and the significance of man's aspiration after God. In a recent number of the Hibbert Journal some of these ideas are set in ordered connection by Dr. James Moffatt. It is not from theological, but rather from scientific ground that Meredith takes his religious views. He bases a lusty and essentially religious optimism on the warrant of modern evolutionary science. His cardinal principle is the trustworthiness of the moral instincts, holding them to be supreme, and holding faith in them to be valid, justifiable, sane, obligatory, and necessary. Upon the witness of nature and on the warrant of the newest science he accepts the ethical impulses and ends of human experience as axiomatic. From this same ground and on similar warrants he flouts and routs the black knights of materialism. He will not have spiritual phenomena reduced to their physical accompaniments, nor man lowered to the level of the beasts that perish.

Dr. Moffatt observes the emphasis with which Meredith presses on men the habit of prayer, both as an aid in the discharge of our duties toward one another and as a genuine food for our personal needs. Not in the pulpit's fashion, but in an eager way of his own does the novelist in his various writings urgently counsel men to pray. Dr. Moffatt says: "Prayer is, to Meredith, the genuine expression of a man's belief in the living Spirit of the universe. It is the logical outcome of his ethical idealism, this overflow of the soul, this lift of the heart and conscience, this supreme resignation of the will, which is called prayer. He recognizes and enforces prayer as communion with the Divine Spirit in us and over us, as the surge of human thought and feeling which throws itself out upon some higher purpose in the universe, and as the exercise of an intense aspiration for the good that lies beyond the senses and yet within the limits of our power. 'Prayer is power within us to communicate with the desired beyond our thirsts.' Or, in Mrs. Berry's words of homely counsel to Sir Austin Feverel, 'I think it's al'ays the plan in a dielemmer to pray God and walk forward.' With Meredith, this habit of simple prayer is one condition of right movement and sane conduct. For prayer as the expression of selfishness or panic he has naturally no place at all. 'There is nothing so indicative of fevered temper or of bad blood as the tendency to counsel the Almighty how he shall deal with his creatures.' *The Lord is in his holy temple*, says the Hebrew prophet; he is full of vitality and resource, able to manage all earth's affairs and ready to interpose at

the right moment. Therefore *let all the earth keep silence*—silence from nervous interfering advice, disguising doubt as prayer. The very next verse of the same prophecy opens an oracle which illustrates the conception of prayer in Meredith. For, as the late Professor A. B. Davidson, writing on Habakkuk 3. 1, says, 'the earnest direction of the poet's mind toward God, and its absorption and loss of itself in the thought of him and his operations, is a prayer.' This is admirably brought out in Beauchamp's Career, a novel into which one feels that the author has put perhaps more of his deeper mind than into almost any other. He makes Dr. Shrapnel write: 'In our prayers we dedicate the world to God, not calling him great for a title, no—showing him we know him great in a limitless world, Lord of a truth we tend to, have not grasped. I say prayer is good. I counsel it to you again and again: in joy, in sickness of heart. . . . We make prayer a part of us, praying for no gifts, no interventions; through the faith in prayer opening the soul to the undiscerned. And take this for the good in prayer, that it makes us repose on the unknown with confidence, makes us flexible to change, makes us ready for revolution—for life, then! He who has the fountain of prayer in him will not complain of hazards. Prayer is the recognition of laws; the soul's exercise and source of strength; its thread of conjunction with them. . . . We that fight the living world must have the universal for succor of the truth in it. Cast forth the soul in prayer, you meet the effluence of the outer truth, you join with the creative elements giving breath to you,' escaping by this discipline of the soul's faith from monotonous habit, pride, and fear.

'If courage should falter, 'tis wholesome to kneel.
Remember that well, for the secret with some,
Who pray for no gift, but have cleansing in prayer,
And free from impurities tower-like stand.'

This line of thought reminds us that we are dealing with one who is not simply a master of our English, but sensitive to the deeper vibrations of the human spirit."

Meredith's writings in prose and verse are "studded with clean, manly, bracing counsels," emerging from a religious background or tending to a religious end. He counsels for a religion which keeps its feet on the ground while it lifts its head to the heavens. He contends that transcendental aims are false and supposed spiritual attainments are insecure if they neglect or depreciate human nature or ignore its dignity or its facts, since "to check the juices poured

into our blood by Nature is to bring drought upon the soul." In one of his books he says: "We do not get to any heaven by despising and renouncing the Mother we spring from; and when there is an eternal secret for us, it is best to believe that Mother Earth has some knowledge of it, and to keep near her, in touch with her, even in our highest aspirations." The natural and what some call the supernatural (which in a way is as natural as the natural) join together to build for man the temple of a credible God, wherein he may bow his brain and his heart, his reason and his love. Meredith holds that, if we are the children of Earth and of Heaven, then the best way for us to show ourselves "worthy of Him who, afar, beckons us on to a higher birth," is to be true to the Mother with whom we now are and who bears us on her generous bosom. A true interpretation of science is said to be teaching us now that "the supreme end of Nature is to promote, in the race and in the individual unselfishness, brotherliness, and self-sacrifice." Even Huxley taught, in his Romanes lecture, that there is seen at work in nature a rudimentary ethical impulse and process of self-renunciation and mutual service, and that this impulse and process check and counterwork the general cosmic impulse and tendency to natural self-assertion; and that this checking altruistic impulse is a real part of the obvious cosmic plan, just as the governor in a steam engine is part of the mechanism of the engine. And so there is in Nature, as was said, a visible purpose to promote in mankind the spirit and practice of mutual service. Thus we are taught that hard-heartedness, indifference to the claims of men, selfishness, are seen on the scientific side to be impiety to Nature—which, religion tells us, is a name behind and by which God is partly revealed and partly concealed.

The detection of an ethical impulse and intention in Nature requires us to regard death, which is part of this cosmic plan, as promoting in a mysterious but unerring way the welfare of mankind. The biological proof of death's beneficent role is capable of use for argument on the ethical side of things. And Meredith holds that death becomes endurable in the light of its scientifically proved beneficence; and that it is not from any standpoint right, manly, or sensible to surround it with grief and terror. Also and by the light of Nature he rejects the possibility of the annihilation of the good man's life, and asserts the persistence of the spirit. Death cannot be supposed to end or interfere with man's use to the universe. Hume said that he believed in immortality when he thought of his

mother; and of Matthew Weyburn it is written, "The goodness of the dear good mother was to him an assurance of a breast of Goodness to receive her, whatever the nature of the eternal secret may be." As for the grave, Meredith does not shrink from it. He asks why he should at the last fear the green and bounteous earth, which he now loves; why he should shudder to trust his body to the keeping of the breast that gives the rose. The teaching of Meredith's writings is that our supreme concern should be dutifulness here and now—fidelity to the obligations which arise from our relationships to one another, charity and mutual helpfulness in our human intercourse. He would agree with John Hay that "finding a little child and bringing him to his own" was better business for men or angels than swinging censers before an altar or "loafing around the throne." Especially he urges the responsibility of each generation to do its best for the welfare and advancement of coming generations, saying in his poems that to bleed for the young generation is proof that we have souls; and that the loudest cry of conscience in life is that we

"Keep the young generations in hail,
And bequeath them no tumbled house";

and that this is the sacred duty which should spur the best that is in us to do its very best to cleanse the world and set it in order and make it a safe and wholesome place to be born into and to fight the fight of life in with good hope of winning out into life eternal.

We are taking from Meredith's teachings and Dr. Moffatt's exposition those things which suit us, leaving what we do not wish. This novelist is no preacher, but some of his ideas on religion may be acceptable and available for a preacher's use. Few men in modern times have thought more earnestly or written more intensely upon immortality than F. W. H. Myers, who made the following protest against the notion of the disintegration of the individual human personality:

"O, dreadful thought! if all our sires and we
Are but foundations of a race to be—
Stones which one thrusts in earth, and builds thereon
A white delight, a Parian Parthenon.
And thither, long hereafter, youth and maid
Seek with glad brows the alabaster shade,
And in procession's pomp together bent
Still interchange their sweet words innocent—
Not caring that those mighty columns rest
Each on the ruin of a human breast,
That to the shrine the victor's chariot rolls
Across the anguish of ten thousand souls."

OUR HEROIC INHERITANCE

Is heroism a thing altogether confined to the past, so far as Methodist preachers are concerned? If specimens or instances of it are wanted must we look exclusively to the men of a former age? We should be entirely unwilling to grant this. We are convinced that work is being done in very many places to-day, not merely on the frontiers or in the foreign mission fields, but all about us, that may rightly be called heroic, because of the qualities that are brought into requisition by it and are essential to its prosecution. There are genuine heroes in out-of-the-way nooks and corners of Methodism's wide field, whose names do not get into the papers or even into the reports at Conference, but who will be recognized for what they are when the final record is made up. They are of the sort who, with Saint Paul, count it a very small thing to be estimated by man's judgment, nor are they much given to estimating themselves, but they are well content to do with all their might the work that God appoints, fully trusting him that he can hold his own, and that he will hold them in the hollow of his hand. "In the teeth of clenched antagonisms" they are entirely prepared "to follow up the worthiest till they die." They are of the kind that Lowell has in mind when he says, "And some innate weakness there must be in him who condescends to victory such as the present gives, and cannot wait, safe in himself, as in a fate." They are willing to wait, feeling that "one self-approving hour whole years outweighs of stupid starers and of loud huzzahs," and that "all service ranks the same with God, there is no last or first." They are "content in work to do the thing they can, and not presume to fret because it's little"; they would "be ashamed to sit beneath those stars, impatient that they are nothing." They do not ask to be "fed on sweets," but in the midst of hindering conditions that shut them in like prison walls they fall back serenely on the great fundamental facts and forces of the universe that are surely fighting on their side. Heroes, then, we have in every Conference or every section. We salute them, and cry, All hail! even as the hosts above some day will salute and cry. But inasmuch as they are still with us and their lives are largely hidden from observation, when we wish for some impulse toward the noblest deeds or for some girding for endurance beyond the common, we cast about in our minds for recorded examples of men having like passions and vocations with ourselves, who under trying circumstances carried

themselves right bravely. And it is not hard to find such. We Methodist ministers have a wonderful inheritance of this kind whose full value we do not, perhaps, completely understand. By denominational descent we are of the same blood with a race that did marvelous things, and their exploits cannot fail to appeal to us in proportion as we know them and are made of the same fiber. Wordsworth, in his "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," tells the story of one Henry, Lord Clifford, who after long banishment, wherein he lived obscure as a shepherd, was restored to his ancestral estates and honors with high festivities and glad acclaim. The poet sings:

"Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom;
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book;
Armor rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls:—
'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the Lance—
Bear me to the heart of France,
Is the longing of the Shield—
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field;
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory!"

Even so, in some measure, the victories of the past on many a field, as they are written down in the annals of the Methodist preachers who flourished during the first century of Methodism on this continent, furnish a powerful incentive to those who in the present day bear the same appellation and shout the same battle cries. It is both a duty and a privilege for us to be well informed concerning those who have thus gone before us, that their example may rightly speak to us and the strain of heroism which in their case had such illustrious manifestation, may be continued without break in our more favored day. Stevens's histories, of course, are classic in this connection. But we have in mind just now another source of inspiration, independent of Stevens to a large degree, coming down to a later period and covering many names not there enrolled. We refer to Dr. William R. Sprague's *Annals of the American Methodist Pulpit*, published some forty years ago, and covering not only the chief worthies of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but quite a number from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Protestant Church. There are one hundred and eighty-one principal sketches, with many other instances of minor mention. Assigned to the New York Conference are no less than twenty-three, with

fourteen others pertaining to the territory of New York State; Baltimore has twenty, New England sixteen, Philadelphia and Ohio fifteen each, while the Southern country has thirty in all. It makes very rich reading. For though there is, of course, a general sameness, in that all were converted after certain spiritual exercises more or less prolonged and violent, then went through, in most cases, the prescribed routine familiar to Methodist Conferences, and in much the same way, yet no two are exactly alike, and very frequently the variations are startling, the irregularities conspicuously notable. We get, for example, an inkling of what often happened in those early times from a contribution by the Rev. G. C. M. Roberts, of the Baltimore Conference, concerning his father, George Roberts, also of that Conference in the main, but laboring for six years, 1790 to 1796, in New England. He writes: "I have repeatedly heard my father say that the years which he spent in New England were at once the most pleasant and the most trying and laborious of his entire itinerant life. During the whole of that time he never received over forty dollars per annum, including the dividends obtained from the Conference. He once remarked to me that he learned to preach in New England, that his congregations were always very largely sprinkled with those who carried their Bibles with them. If he quoted a passage in explanation or defense of any doctrine he taught, they would publicly demand where the passage was to be found. If perchance he happened to quote it incorrectly they would at once tell him there was no such passage in the Bible. Not unfrequently women as well as men would rise up in the meeting, and declare the position he was endeavoring to establish to be inconsistent with some portion of God's Word. This trait in the character of many of the people rendered it necessary that he should use great caution in making his statements, that there might be no ground for calling them in question. This also kept him always prepared to defend himself in the most amiable manner. Notwithstanding he was thus compelled to fight his way at every step, the people generally gave him a respectful attention. Sometimes when he was making an appeal to parents, all the parents would rise from their seats and stand until he had closed. And the same was true of children, when they were especially addressed. These singular demonstrations were an annoyance to him, but he rarely if ever suffered them to disturb his equanimity." This matter of small remuneration finds many illustrations, being, indeed, the usual thing. Samuel Parker, who

labored on the frontier in the West and Southwest, would come to Conference after a year of great labor and sacrifice with his traveling expenses exceeding his income by nearly thirty dollars, and the Conference doing its best could make up his allowance to only thirty-five dollars. Another minister who traveled more than three thousand miles on horseback received one year just one dollar and four cents more than his expenses, and another year five dollars and thirty-three cents. Freeborn Garrettson, during more than fifty years, received no pecuniary recompense whatever for his arduous labors, cheerfully expending his whole patrimony in sustaining himself in the work to which he was called. Daniel Smith, of the New York Conference, who died in 1852, is said to have expended over and above all that he received for his services fifteen hundred dollars.

The deep piety of these men had abundant witness borne to it in many ways. Manifestly nothing but a consecration to Christ much more than common could have carried them triumphantly through the hardships they endured and given them the victories they achieved. The son of Isaac Smith, of the South Carolina Conference, testifies concerning his father as follows: "I never heard him utter a complaining word under any of the many afflictions that he was called to suffer. I have watched him when standing beside the lifeless bodies of his children and have heard him exclaim, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' I can truly say that I never knew him indulge in an expression, or in any way manifest a feeling, unbecoming the character of a Christian. His faith in God was unbounded, and his conversation was habitually in heaven. I watched him in early boyhood, as well as after I had reached maturity, and I can say in the fear of God that he was the most perfect model of Christian excellence that I have ever seen." When he died there were found upon his knees formations evidently occasioned by his having spent much time in a kneeling posture. The Hon. Grant Goodrich, Judge of the Superior Court of Illinois, writing of Peter Ruble Borein, who labored in Chicago in its early years, says: "My idea of him is summed up in this, That I fear those who knew him were in danger of rendering to him the worship that was due to their Saviour; and I believe that in the great day when the inscrutable providences of God shall be developed, this will appear to be the reason why he was taken away from earth, in the morning of a life so promising. I never expect to see another being on earth in whom the image of Jesus Christ is so distinctly and

perfectly presented." It was under Borein's preaching that Mrs. Eliza Garrett, founder of the Biblical Institute at Evanston, was converted. The biographer of John Wesley Childs, of the Virginia Conference, thinks it a matter of reasonable doubt whether he had any superior in modern times for extraordinary spirituality, deadness to the world, and devotion to Christ. He could not tolerate the least approach to conformity to the world. Under the full conviction that his besetting sin was pride, he strove to mortify it by every possible means. Another friend speaks with the utmost admiration and veneration of Mr. Childs's wonderful self-denial, close application to the Scriptures, eminently spiritual conversation, and untiring efforts to build up the church of God, efforts so intense and rigorous that they shortened his life. He seemed almost literally to pray without ceasing; when he was at home, like the great Edwards, he always had family prayers at noon, as well as in the morning and evening; and several hours of every day are said to have been spent in his closet. Dr. Samuel Luckey wrote: "The secret of Bishop George's eminence as a Christian minister lay chiefly in his deep and earnest piety. Amid all his cares and labors he never neglected his private devotions. When he was deprived of the privilege of the closet by the restricted circumstances of the families with whom he sojourned he would retire to some grove, and seek there a solitude where he might commune with his God. He seemed fully aware that, without that love to God and man which can be kept alive only by constant watchfulness and prayer, all human efforts are but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." The testimony in regard to Bishop Asbury is substantially the same. He had certain hours of devotional retirement, which he observed with scrupulous fidelity at whatever house he was. Unless absolutely prohibited he never left a house without offering prayer. Says Dr. Nathan Bangs: "It was in prayer that his greatest strength lay, whether in public or in private. Never boisterous in manner, but solemn and devout, his prayers were comprehensive, appropriate, and fervent, and sometimes exhibited a peculiar unction that made it manifest to all that he was in truth in audience with the Deity."

The wonderfully happy deathbeds of very many of these men also bear out the assertion that they lived very near to God. They met the last messenger, as a rule, with the utmost exultation, shouting the high praises of the Lamb and seeing bright visions of heaven's realities. The last intelligible sentence of Benjamin Abbott was,

"Glory to God, I see heaven sweetly opening before me." Garrettson died of strangury, a disease entailing indescribable bodily agony, but there was no faltering of his confidence in his Redeemer. In the midst of his sufferings he exclaimed: "I shall be purified as by fire; I shall be made perfect through sufferings. It is all right—not a pain too much." Again he exclaimed, "I feel the perfect love of God in my soul." When a friend inquired how he was he replied, "I feel love and good will toward all mankind—I see a beauty in all the works of God;" apparently not regarding the inquiry about his health as worthy of being noticed. He exclaimed, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! Hallelujah, Hallelujah!" And then, clasping his hands, and lifting his eyes toward heaven, he faintly whispered, "Glory, Glory!" and expired. A friend who was standing beside John Dickins just before his departure said to him, "My dear brother, do you not already see the towers of the New Jerusalem?" and he answered, "Yes, I do." The same friend asked him if they should pray, and he expressed a desire that they should rather engage in *praise*. In this he was engaged as long as he could articulate; and the last words that fell from his lips were, "Glory, glory! come, Lord Jesus!" The deathbed of George Roberts, at Baltimore, in 1827, was marked by extreme physical suffering but by the most decided spiritual triumph. For twenty-four hours prior to his death he had a most violent convulsion recurring every ten minutes; and for twenty-four hours preceding the last day he experienced the same every half hour; but, strangely enough, these attacks seemed rather to increase than to diminish his intellectual vigor. During the intervals he shouted aloud almost continuously the praises of redeeming grace; a circumstance which was the more remarkable from the fact that he had never in any preceding part of his life been given to any exulting demonstrations. A night or two previous to his death his son urged him to spare himself. He immediately replied, "Be quiet, my son? No, no. If I had the voice of an angel I would rouse the inhabitants of Baltimore, for the purpose of telling them of the joys of redeeming love! Victory! Victory! Victory through the blood of the Lamb!" The last words of John Collins were, "Happy, happy, happy!" Of George Pickering, "Glory!" Just as Christopher Frye was passing into the dark valley, a friend at his bedside inquired of him concerning his feelings and prospects; his reply was, "My body is in torture, but my soul is full of glory," and in a few minutes his spirit had fled. A friend of William Penn Chandler

called to see him one Sunday morning on his way to church, and the dying man inquired of him the day of the week. On being told that it was Sunday, "Sunday?" said he, "Go, then, to the meeting and tell them that I am dying, shouting the praises of God." And then turning to his wife he said, "My dear Mary, open the windows, and let me proclaim to the people in the street the goodness of God." His last two days seem to have been passed in an uninterrupted ecstasy. His physician, who was a pious man, stated that he spoke to him of the joys, the glories, the inhabitants of heaven as if he were in the midst of them. Dr. Chandler told him that he felt that the connection between his soul and body had already begun to dissolve; and that there was a freedom, a fullness, a clearness in his mind's operation that he had never before formed a conception of. "In fact," said he, "I know not whether I am in the body or out of it." From this state of intense rapture he passed into a profound slumber, which proved the immediate harbinger of death. As George Gary drew near to the closing scene, writes John Dempster, amid intense suffering borne not only with patience but with absolute triumph and a mind which seemed to increase in vigor as his physical strength decayed, he exclaimed, "Thanks to my Saviour, the hour of my release is nearly come." On being asked how he now viewed the sacrifices which he had made as a minister of Christ, he replied, "I have made none—I can only hide behind the cross." When a bright Sabbath morning dawned—his last—he exclaimed, with an air of mingled peace and triumph, "This would be a lovely morning on which to pass away." And then, with his spirit glowing like the sun, and his eye directed to the heavens, he cried out, "Christ does everything right—grandly, grandly." Had one actually returned from the abodes of glorified humanity he could scarcely have exceeded this dying saint in the interest and confidence with which he would speak of the realities of the spirit land. And this assurance grew firmer and more triumphant as life was gradually ebbing away, until the scene closed and left his pale face illumined with a radiance that came from beyond the veil. These are but a few specimens out of the many which have been preserved in these chronicles. It is noteworthy how many died nobly at their posts because they refused to abandon their people when fearful epidemics swept in upon them. John Dickins died in Philadelphia of yellow fever, in 1798, not feeling at liberty to withdraw either himself or his family at a time when the offices of a minister of the gospel were so urgently needed.

Yellow fever carried off John Lane at Vicksburg in 1855, together with two of his family; also Vernon Eskridge at Portsmouth, Virginia, in 1855; and Anthony Dibrell at Norfolk in the same year. Barnabus MacHenry in 1833 was removed by cholera at Springfield, Kentucky, together with four of his family; and Greenbury R. Jones succumbed to the same disease in Ohio in 1844. Very many died of consumption brought on by their exposure and hardships. Among these was Hezekiah Calvin Wooster, of the New York Conference, who traversed the wilds of Canada with a spirit of the most heroic devotion, having no shelter for weeks but the trees of the forest, a man of mighty faith and prayer, passing away when only twenty-seven. George Locke, of the Indiana Conference, never recovered from the effects of the cold contracted from falling into the Wabash River, when crossing it while gorged with ice in one of the severest winters ever known; he died of consumption at the age of thirty-seven. Zenas Caldwell, of Maine, after much bleeding at the lungs, passed triumphantly away at the age of twenty-six. John Summerfield was twenty-seven when he died. Richard Nolley died in the woods of Louisiana, chilled and exhausted, at the age of thirty. Learner Blackman, a missionary in Tennessee, was drowned at the age of thirty-four while crossing a river. The list might be very greatly extended. No one unless of herculean frame could stand the ordeals which in most cases the preachers of those days were expected to undergo.

As a rule they entered the work very early. The youngest preacher ever received into the Conference was supposed to be George Gary, who was only fifteen and a half when admitted by the New England Conference into the traveling connection. The same Conference received Enoch Mudge at the age of seventeen, and Joseph Lybrand was admitted by the Philadelphia Conference when only eighteen. It was this same Lybrand who declined an appointment to the Book Agency in New York, assigning as a reason his strong desire to devote himself to the single work of preaching Christ. Elijah Hedding was elected bishop contrary to his own strongly expressed wishes. Bishop Roberts in 1836, when he had been bishop twenty years, "deliberately and in good faith," the account says, "tendered his resignation to the General Conference, simply because in his own estimation of himself his qualifications for the office, small at best, were soon to be so diminished by the infirmities of age [he was then fifty-eight] that he could not be safely intrusted with

it. No member of that large body, however, entertained the same opinion of him as he did of himself; and to his great disappointment, no one moved to accept his resignation, and he bore his official honors as a cross to the end of his life." With somewhat similar modesty Daniel Ostrander, at the age of seventy-one, asked to have his name placed on the superannuated list of the New York Conference. A Conference committee waited upon him to inquire whether he would not consent to serve in the effective ranks one year longer; but he declined. This man was elected a member of every General Conference from its establishment in 1808 down to 1840, the last one before his death. For forty-eight years his seat in the Annual Conference was never vacant, and for only three Sabbaths of that period was he disabled for service by bodily indisposition.

If these men of our first century had great trials and toils, often riding enormous circuits which required hundreds of miles of travel to make a single round, and often treated with cruel indignity, they also had great triumphs. Extensive revivals of religion were quite common, and in many cases the accessions to the church from such seasons aggregated between three hundred and four hundred souls. James MacFerrin, of the Tennessee Conference, in two years' work on a single circuit, added twelve hundred members to the church; in another two years six hundred and seventy-three were added. Near the close of his life, reviewing his sixteen years in the ministry, he writes: "Since I joined the Conference, 1823, I have preached two thousand and eighty-eight times, baptized five hundred and seventy-three adults and eight hundred and thirteen infants; and have taken into society three thousand nine hundred and sixty-five members. May the blessings of God rest upon them. Amen!" With such trophies for the Master these men might well count their loss a gain, and sing high praises in the midst of the fires. Constrained by the love of Christ they sought the wandering souls of men with singleness of purpose and with earnestness intense,

"With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
And snatch them from the gaping grave."

The character of the preaching, in part at least, explains the results. It dealt very largely with awakening subjects. Sin was rebuked with the utmost plainness, its exceeding sinfulness and fearful punishment were pointed out in unmistakable language; the wrath of God was denounced against unrighteousness, and the con-

sciences of the hearers were searched with such burning appeals that they were made to tremble with the most frightful apprehensions. Heaven and hell, sin and damnation, the greatness of the soul and the value of its redemption—these were the staple themes, handled with such pungency, such pathos and power, that sobs and groans would be heard all over the large audiences of unconverted people, and the masses would be moved upon like the sea in a storm. Thrilling incidents would be related of personal opposition to God and the fearful retribution that followed, burning words of warning would be hurled in the midst, and the most appalling truths pressed home upon the heart, until cries for mercy would be heard upon every side. J. B. Wakeley, describing a sermon by Lewis Pease at the Hillside Camp Meeting in 1835, says: "For more than two hours there was a vast sea of upturned faces, gazing at him in breathless silence, as he delivered one of the most alarming sermons I ever heard. It seemed as if the preacher were actually standing between heaven and hell with the songs of the redeemed and the wailings of the lost both vibrating on his ear, and throwing his whole soul into an effort to secure the salvation of his hearers. The descriptions throughout were so unutterably terrific that it seemed as if every wicked man in the assembly must have been horrorstruck." These are the men—one cannot help reflecting as he reviews the two hundred sketches—who, very largely, have made our country what it is. They were, at least, a most important factor in shaping and controlling the destinies of this nation. They were not thinking of that. They were following their convictions of duty as to preaching the gospel to lost men and women. But, in saving these hundreds of thousands of settlers, and transforming these early communities, they saved the land. They knew not what they did. God knew, and we in some measure know. They are deserving of highest honor both from church and state. Yet how very small the number of people who now are aware that they even existed! Earthly renown, how exceedingly short-lived! Here were men of largest mark in their day and generation, on whose lips thousands would hang whenever it was known that they would speak, men who had every token of exalted regard at the hands of their fellows, spoken of most eulogistically, their celebrity and popularity far beyond the common, mighty in word and deed. In half a century they are utterly forgotten, and their names awaken no echo whatever. Daniel Smith, already referred to, left behind him more than fifty volumes of Sunday school books, "by which, though dead,"

says Bishop D. W. Clark, "he will continue to speak to generations to come." But, alas, we fear the present generation knows him not. And still more ephemeral is the fame of many who left no written record. Eminent and illustrious for shining qualities over a wide region during a few years, they have speedily passed into an obscurity which may well moderate our ambitions or turn them into a safer and worthier channel than that by which they are so often and so perilously engaged.

Another reflection which such a review forces upon us is, What a place heaven will be! To get together in one company even these two hundred choice spirits would make a spot of unspeakable, indescribable delights. To hear them tell of their victories, and pour out their raptures of love for Him in whose name they have won their battles, to sit down with them for sacred converse and join with them in holy songs, to talk over the experiences of earth and the still richer experiences of the land beyond the river, to look into their glowing souls and participate in their feasts of love, would be in itself enough to constitute paradise. But these are only a handful from a single denomination, called home during a short half century. When we take all the Methodist preachers of all lands and time and join to them the preachers of all other churches and ages, and then add to this matchless assembly the saints and missionaries and martyrs, lay and clerical, old and young, that each century and each country will send up—what a gathering, what a gathering, it will be! Can any words begin to do justice to the scene and the association? Is it any wonder that when these dying heroes caught a glimpse of what was before them they shouted "glory" as long as they could breathe? Shall we be worthy to join this radiant host? worthy to be reckoned in with the brave troop of circuit riders who made the forests ring with their hymns of lofty cheer and gained such victories for Jesus Christ? What a heritage, as Methodist preachers and Methodist laymen, we have! What predecessors laid the broad foundations of our stately temple! How loudly they bid us be valiant and faithful! It is not rusting lance and shield that call to us from stately halls, nor is it a "field of death" that summons our endeavor. But the memories of the departed who have been taken up into the larger life, after bringing life eternal to many hundreds of thousands, charge us not to grow weary or faint in our mind, nor let our zeal get cold, whatever the difficulties that may essay to daunt us.

THE ARENA

SPIRITUAL INTERPRETATION

A MONTH had passed since I had worshiped with God's people in his house, yet it seemed to me more than a year. Since that last service the ocean had been crossed and I had become a peregrinating fiend, burrowing through the "Land of the Pilgrim Fathers," and penetrating far into the European continent. Strange faces, unknown tongues, and alien customs had been my constant companions. Being alone and ignorant, I had faced everything with my fighting clothes on. I had bartered with shopkeepers, quarreled with cab drivers, bargained with guides, and jewed hotel keepers, each time going on my way feeling that, after all, I had paid the price which the uninitiated must always pay. But it was all over, thank God, and a Sabbath morning bright with sunshine and gladness found me tired and homesick in the city of philosophy, music, and classical learning. As I wended my lonely way through the broad avenues and shady parks the whole world seemed to be blooming with joy, gladness, and song. The birds, already engaged in their morning worship, were warbling a grand hallelujah chorus, praising in sweetest melody the Creator of us all. Then I remembered that I too am a Christian and must needs kindle devotion's altar and send up incense, spiritual, to my Maker.

Turning from those who were worshiping in God's out-of-doors, I sought a humbler altar at which to kneel. A magnificent church, Saint Peter's, whose steeple seemed to penetrate the heavens, I passed, feeling too ignoble to present myself with those who worshiped there. Turning into a side street and passing under an arched alleyway, back through a court filled with the first flowers of early spring, I entered a hall where the little German Methodist congregation worshiped. At the door I was given a warm handshake and a Methodist Hymnal, and was ushered to a seat near the front of the room. I felt at home; I was at home! Quietness reigned. The people came in, took their seats, leaned forward in silent prayer; the minister walked slowly up the aisle and knelt behind the pulpit; all was so calm and still. God was being worshiped in that place! The hymn was pronounced and heartily sung; the prayer was full of unction and lifted my hungry, homesick soul to the very throne of grace. The Scripture lessons were read with earnest expression; then another hymn; and as the minister announced his text the people stood to receive the message of God. The sermon was powerful. "Jesu Christu," his holy character, was the theme; the deity of the Son the burden of the discourse. The speaker stood behind the "Impregnable Rock" and was an adept with the sword of the Spirit. He turned often but readily and quickly to the sacred page, reading the verse to prove the statement made.

In thirty minutes I forgot the heathen life I had led for the past four weeks; I forgot my loneliness, my irritableness, and felt myself again a

child of God, owned by Jesus Christ, and an heir to all the riches of his glory. What cared I then for the doubt of subtle philosophy, the magnifying glass of higher criticism, or the mockery of agnosticism? I am Christ's, and he is God's. My soul was filled with joy, and I thanked God that in a distant land I could worship him in a Methodist house, with Methodist people.

Through all this service I could scarcely understand a word, and with difficulty talked with the good pastor at the close, but what matter? The Spirit is one, and interprets not words of tongue, but messages of heart, administering not to the material but to the spiritual.

Leipzig.

U. S. GRANT PERKINS.

WAS THOMAS JEFFERSON A "REAL CHRISTIAN"?

In the May-June number of the REVIEW General James F. Rusling gives us some highly interesting items of information concerning the "Jefferson Bible." We should all doubtless be happy to possess a copy of this book as reproduced last year by order of Congress; another edition of the work has appeared, however, being put out for the trade by independent publishers. A copy of this popular edition lies before me, and I suppose is to be trusted as to contents, arrangement, etc.

An interesting and important question arises in connection with Jefferson's claim that he was a "real Christian" or a "disciple of Jesus." Mr. Jefferson bases his claim on the fact that he accepted the ethical principles and precepts of Jesus; and General Rusling says we are to allow the claim, though it is not according to the accepted meaning of Christian discipleship. Now, it cannot be questioned that we live in a period of liberal and sympathetic regard for those who do not in all things agree with us, but it may even to-day be questioned whether any man is a *real* Christian, a disciple of Jesus in any sense that places him at once in company with Peter and John, when to him Jesus is merely a teacher of ethics. It is desirable, of course, that people should see the sublime beauty of Christ's recorded words, from an ethical standpoint, but is that all Jesus asked men to do? Did that constitute the Christianity of the apostles, as it necessarily crystallized into form at Pentecost and afterward? And, what is more important, how can one accept the morals or ethics of Jesus without accepting all else he taught and stood for? He is a poor authority in morals who constantly makes vain and false claims for himself; not an authority Mr. Jefferson or anyone else could follow with confidence. Nor does the supposition of "monkish tradition" dispose of the residuum of the New Testament or the gospel; that were indeed a cheap and easy way to settle a question so momentous.

In the confusion produced by the historical criticism of the gospels such words as the following from Dean Church are stimulating and reassuring: "A so-called Christianity, ignoring or playing with Christ's resurrection, and using the Bible as a sort of Homer, may satisfy a class of clever and cultivated persons. . . . But it is well in so serious a matter not to confuse things. This new religion may borrow from Christianity

as it may borrow from Plato, or from Buddhism, or Confucianism, or even Islam. But it is not Christianity. . . . A Christianity which tells us to think of Christ doing good, but to forget and put out of sight Christ risen from the dead, is not true to life. It is as delusive to the conscience and the soul as it is illogical to the reason." And these words from Dr. Robertson Nicoll (he speaks of the necessary attitude of the church toward criticism): "It asks, and is entitled to ask, the critic, Do you believe in the Incarnation and Resurrection of Christ? . . . If he replies in the negative, he has missed the way, and has put himself outside the church of Christ. If he refuses to answer, his silence has to be interpreted."

Was Thomas Jefferson, then, a "real Christian"? How may we be permitted to say he was?

JAMES W. TURNER.

Harbor Beach, Michigan.

A STUDY OF JOHN 2. 3, 4

THE reply of our Saviour to the statement of his mother in the narrative of the marriage in Cana of Galilee, "They have no wine," namely, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come," is not infrequently criticised for its "harshness," this term being predicated of two elements in the Saviour's answer. The first subject of criticism is Jesus's use of the term "woman" in the connection named. The question is raised, Why did Jesus not employ the endearing term "mother"? To this question we reply that in New Testament times the title "woman" was esteemed eminently respectful; it was, indeed, expressive of the highest dignity. And, for that matter, this is true in the social life of to-day. No one, for example, would say of Florence Nightingale that she was a splendid lady; a splendid woman would be a far higher compliment. Be it remembered, moreover, that on the cross, "at the most tender moment of his earthly life," Jesus addressed his mother in the words, "Woman, behold thy son!"

The second criticism relates to the words, "What have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come." The first clause in this sentence literally rendered reads, "What to me and to thee, O woman?" *Ti êmoi kai soi, yvva.* Similar expressions occur in Judges 11. 12; Mark 1. 24; and elsewhere in the Bible. Further on the peculiar force of this rendering will appear in connection with the further treatment of the subject in a colloquial sense.

Concerning the second clause, "Mine hour is not yet come," the intimation is conveyed that the time, Jesus's time, to perform the specific miracle of turning the water into wine had not yet arrived. True, we cannot imagine an intervening space of time of any great extent between the occurrence of the dialogue and the act of converting the water into wine; but that the point of action was not yet present when the reply was given is evident. Colloquially rendered the incident would seem to be entirely divested of its so-called harshness. Paraphrased, the dialogue may be rendered thus: The mother of Jesus addressing him sotto voce

suggests that "the wine is lacking." Jesus, in a similar tone, replies: "Never mind; let us not worry; in due time the wine will be provided." That Jesus's mother perfectly understood the purport of the words "mine hour is not yet come" is evident from her instruction to the servants, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." Not infrequently statements contained in familiar correspondence between friends are misinterpreted, distorted, accepted as conveying entirely different meanings from those intended to be conveyed by the writers, meanings that would never have occurred to the readers of the epistles if the identical words had been heard instead of read. In oral communications the speaker supplies the hearer with those important aids to interpretation, tone, inflection, and gesture, whereas in written communications these are left to the imagination of the reader.

STEPHEN V. R. FORD.

New York City.

THAT OMINOUS SHORTAGE

As in our Lord's times, it seems there is a shortage these days in the percentage of young people offering for ministerial and missionary work. A vital matter this, and much concern seems to be felt about it. Some of the comment I have noted is vital and well worth attention. Some of it appears to have a vague grasp of the real situation, much is merely alarmist in character, and no little proportion suggests superficial methods of cure. Doubtless there is sufficient cause for alarm in this shortage, as also in the apparent lack of conversions from the world to Christian living. Doubtless the remedies suggested would relieve the situation if the root of the difficulty could be reached by them. But the disorder lies deeper than the reach of any proposed cure I have seen. The real cause for alarm is not so much the fact of vacant pulpits as a certain condition back of it all. In the last analysis, the difficulty lies in the present condition of religious thought in this country. Dame Nature, we are told, protects the race by limiting fecundity whenever mankind becomes physically and morally incapable of properly caring for its offspring. I conceive some similar protection to be in force in this matter under consideration. We deal with the effect of a cause which is not far to seek. Men are not shrinking from the minister's life because it offers poor remuneration for difficult and distracting labor. Or, if any are held back on this account, the Christian world is the better off for their choice of an easier job with better pay. We wrestle, also, with a cognate problem: how to keep up the percentage of increase in church membership to the grade of former times. Suggested solutions to this problem are not always calculated to afford more than temporary relief. A few years ago the illogical and incongruous motto was suggested for the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to a considerable extent it was adopted as a sort of "stint" for our effort during the closing years of last century, "Two millions of souls for the Master." As if anything less than "The world for our Lord" would meet the requirements of the great commission. And now, quite recently, we have gone about to organize a com-

mission to conserve and forward the interests of evangelism in the church. As if the ministry has any business with anything at all but evangelistic work in one way or another, and as if artificial stimuli of this sort can be relied upon to restore the fecundity of the church. Let us have deeper, truer diagnosis of this twofold difficulty. Let us see if the lack of converts for which we all do mourn and the shortage in ministerial candidates are not together due to the same infertile conditions. What should we do with an increase in our present church membership equal, let us say, to ten per cent of our present numbers? The question of loyalty to church rules and ideals seems not to have been settled for those who are in by the sort of conversion by which they were introduced. Conversion might not do any more for this possible increase referred to. And what should we do in the case of a proportionate increase in candidates for the ministry? What should we set them a-doing? what should they preach? should they be preachers at all, or only mere directors of affairs, as seems to many to be the new version of the minister's business?

The fact is, we are out of health in two vital particulars. One is in regard to the right partition of duties in the church. We have gone part way in giving rulership to the laity, a thing which seems to be in keeping with the general drift, but not all the way. It seems harmonious with the spirit of our religion that if a man does things well he should be a layman, if he preach well he should be a clergyman. But we are not quite clear whether the incumbent of a parish shall be "The Angel of the Church in—" or the "Minister" in charge of the synagogue. In large measure, the demand for effective pastoral supervision partakes of the nature of solicitude about business management. Shall we desire an increase in candidates for the ministry under this regime? Should we not rather emancipate the ministry, set it apart to its one sole business, put the emphasis where it belongs, set men to serving tables who are fit for it, even if two sorts of ordained men should be the result?

The other vital matter is the matter of our faith. Who can tell just what we believe? Who can state definitely the faith of Methodism, or of any other "ism" for that matter? American religious thought is chaotic. Perhaps religious thought elsewhere is equally lacking in dominant characteristics. Be pleased to note the outcome of it. Whereas there is little doubt anywhere about what is right along humanitarian lines, and our gifts for missions increase, and we lay hopefully the foundations of schools and asylums with a strong sense of being in the divine order, when we come to matters of faith, the reasons for preaching at all, what will happen to the world and to me if I preach not, we question. What wonder the percentage of men offering for this holy calling is utterly inadequate? These two vital matters indicated intrench themselves in our church blood. There is the difficulty. Men will never preach, and it is fervently hoped they will not, till they have, in common, somewhat, with the church, a deep sense of the Master's claim upon them. And so will not our altars be filled with seekers after the way of faith while we are in doubt what that faith is. The writer is convinced a revival is a

natural result of conditions; ergo, what we need to do is to seek those conditions. We are more short on convictions than converts. That a candidate for the ministry is a direct product of the religious opinions of the church as well as his own strong sense of personal duty; ergo, what we need is some settled notion of the truth and a sense of the need of the world for the preaching of it. Meanwhile, let it be kept in mind that developments cannot be forced. Anxiety will not add cubits to one's stature nor numbers to church membership nor candidate-students to theological seminaries. Anxious we cannot help but be, but personal spiritual health should be our aim, as individual effort in the right direction will be the utmost any of us can bring to the settling of the matter.

J. A. LONG.

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JOHN PAUL JONES

STUDENTS of American naval history are so familiar with John Paul Jones in the character of a warrior or "sea wolf," that a description of him as the genial friend enjoying the quiet hospitality of a New England family puts him before the reader in a new light. Yet it is this phase of his character that is best known in Portsmouth, Maine, where he gathered men for his crew while getting the *Ranger* ready for sea. In the old town of Berwick, now known as South Berwick, which is not far from Portsmouth, tales of the kindly nature of "Paul Jones" are among the cherished traditions handed down among the old families, and related to the children during the long winter evenings. It was in this manner and from the descriptions given to members of her family by a sailor from Paul Jones's own crew that Miss Sarah Orne Jewett gleaned her knowledge of the character and personal appearance of the great naval hero, who, in *The Tory Lover*, lives again as the faithful friend and treads the deck of the *Ranger* as the loyal patriot. It is a pleasing pen picture, and the admirers of Paul Jones contend that it portrays him as he was.

E. H. FAIRMAN.

New York City.

"THE UNDISCOVERED BROTHER" AGAIN

IN an article in the March-April *METHODIST REVIEW* I read of the "Undiscovered Brother," and felt very much interested in what the author said. But William Clark, the author, of Red Bluff, California, while he gives some hints, has not hit on their heads the nails which are in the way of the advance of the "undiscovered brother," and while "many a flower" may be "born to blush unseen," yet if the blushing flower could have fair chance, the bulb of the flower taken up and put into better soil, it would not be "unseen" very long. But there are hindrances with which and against which the "undiscovered brother" has to contend, and the hindrances are *not* found always in a "presiding elder" or in a "bishop." I have known bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church from

Bishop Waugh down to the last ones elected, and presiding elders in the Annual Conferences since I entered this work of the American Bible Society and its auxiliaries nearly forty-seven years ago, and I have not known a bishop or presiding elder stand in the way of any preacher of discovered or "undiscovered" ability. I think in the case of the young brother whose name is given in the article referred to, if the writer had been better posted on such case he would not have singled him out for reflection on bishops or elders. There may be influences at work against a member of an Annual Conference by some of the perspiratory (sweating) ones who work against "undiscovered" ones, such as the author of the article calls "manipulationists"—writer—and then "aspirationists." Well, I must say I never have known any man in the Methodist ministry who was *faithful* in preaching Christ and who attended to all the duties of a pastor who did not find his true place in any Annual Conference. As to "aspiration," *all* should have this virtue, but the Lord save any and every Methodist preacher from "manipulation" and "perspiration" or sweating processes. If there is any undue and *unchristian* work in any of our Conferences, it does not proceed from "bishops" or "presiding elders," but from men who have had training in secular organizations where pledges are made to aid a "brother in distress"; so that the hindrances are to be found in the body of ministers themselves and not among "bishops" or "elders." I was informed some years ago by one who knew that he had been kept from charges he would have had had not the influences and tricks learned in secular organizations worked against him in his Conference. So let us place the blame where it *belongs*, and not where many disgruntled ones put it, on "bishops" and "presiding elders," and instead of preaching "that *labor* overcometh even the blindness and stupidity of presiding elders and bishops" (a most serious charge to make), let us quote the apostle Paul instead of the author of the article above referred to: "Now abideth Faith, Hope, and *Charity*, but the greatest of these is *Charity*." JOHN THOMPSON.

Oakland, California.

CHRISTIAN MONOTHEISM

THE Jewish Church has always recognized as its mission the teaching of a pure monotheism, a position which it still maintains as over against Christianity, whose doctrine of a triune God it claims is a contradiction of that teaching. Yet the great Founder of the Christian church thought a monotheism more consistent and thoroughgoing than that presented by the Judaism of his time.

The elaborate ceremonialism of Judaism proclaimed that in the domain of ritualism God was supreme. But the very carefulness with which this was observed, when coupled with conduct along other lines, made it evident that Jehovah was not recognized as controlling the entire life of his people. Certain acts and hours belonged truly to him, yet from other acts and from other hours he was as truly shut out. Jesus showed that a real belief in the oneness of God renders a ceremonial religion impossible. It

was no new doctrine which he taught, but he laid special emphasis upon a teaching already known from the Old Testament Scriptures, although not observed by the Jewish leaders, when he declared that God claims control of man's entire being and enters into every detail of his life and conduct. In the secret place of the private chamber, in the hidden recesses of the human heart, the one only God, our Father, sees and knows and claims allegiance. He will admit no rival even there. He alone is God, and his law is the law of man's being. This the more truly devout Jews recognized, for the scribe himself, according to Luke's account, in answer to the question put to him by Jesus, epitomized the Jewish law in the comprehensive command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength."

Again, Jesus showed a more consistent belief in the oneness of God when he taught the providential care of the Father, not alone in all the details of man's life, but in all nature as well. Here again he was teaching nothing that would be denied by the Jews, but rather was emphasizing what they had overlooked. The one hundred and fourth psalm and many other passages in the Old Testament furnish proof of this. Since God is one, and there is no other, it is he whose providential care is everywhere manifested. *Your Father* feeds the birds, robes the lilies, clothes the grass of the field. The very hairs of your head are all numbered. Every denial of this universal providence is a practical denial of God's oneness and suggests that there is a domain in which some other power holds control. The evil in nature and in the world, although fully recognized by Jesus in its real character, was not in his thought the work of a rival power. Nature showed him the same portrait of God which he found in God's Fatherly dealings with men. God is good to all. He sends his rain upon the just and the unjust. He does not resist evil, but waits with forbearing love and patience. Good is stronger than evil and must finally prevail.

The healing activity of Jesus presents the same view. Disease was a real evil in the world. It was not a mere idea. But it had no right to remain. It was something to be overcome, and he felt in himself the power to overcome it. Evil is not inevitable. The power of God is supreme, and everywhere the man of faith conquers with him. How needful and how strengthening, now and always, is the renewal of emphasis upon these sublime teachings! So frequently and so easily we rule God out from this and that department of our life and introduce into our Christianity a truly heathen dualism! We need to go back to the teaching of Jesus in this, as in so many other matters. To refuse to God the control over our most hidden, inner life, as well as over every detail of our daily conduct, is to deny his oneness, and to worship like heathen at the shrine of some rival power. The belief in his Fatherly concern for the so-called little things of life is not a belittling of Providence, as some assert. Rather, to deny to him such an interest and to fail to trust him here is to assume the same heathen attitude. Strong and confident and optimistic a man becomes, victorious over all life's varied ills, when he confides in this supremacy of the one only God, and allies himself with this all-conquering power.

New Haven, Connecticut.

SARA A. EMERSON.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

UNITY IN THE USE OF OUR ORDER OF CHURCH SERVICE

THE bishops of our church have recently made an appeal which will undoubtedly arrest the attention of our ministers everywhere. It is a statement of the appropriateness of our order of church service, and also a delicate suggestion that there is a want of uniformity in the use of the service on the part of many of the ministers of our church. Notwithstanding the excellence of the service and the fact that it has been accepted by the highest body in the church, a large number of our ministers adhere to the idea that each church may have a service peculiar to itself. In urging the importance of uniformity in its use the bishops outline the order in a way which shows its adaptation for public worship. They say that "to secure the widest adaptation, the more essential parts of worship are made obligatory while the others are optional. The obligatory parts, Praise, Prayer, Lessons from the Holy Scriptures, the Offering, and the Sermon, have their place in all Protestant churches and are vital to a service in which God is to be honored and through which the worshipers are to be spiritually edified and instructed in the truth. These obligatory parts were deemed essential by the fathers of Methodism, and for generations formed the whole of their public worship. These parts as now arranged make the simple and beautiful service both helpful and impressive.

"It begins with the singing of a hymn, the people standing, and while so engaged their attention will be least distracted by late comers. The singing turns thought from the secular to the sacred and prepares the worshipers to share in spirit in the public prayer. This should always close with the Lord's Prayer, in which all should audibly join. By this time the Scripture Lessons, distinctly and impressively read, will be heard with a quickened interest. The Collection follows these lessons, and the people are prepared to make their freewill offering an act of sincere worship. The second hymn sustains, and if spiritual will deepen, the devotional feeling, so that when the preacher begins his sermon the congregation, both in mind and heart, is in a receptive frame. The essentials of divine service—Praise, Prayer, Scripture Lessons, Freewill Offering, and the Exposition of the Word—can have no more effective argument than is given in our obligatory order of Public Worship.

"The optional portions are greatly prized wherever used, and they add all the enrichment that is either desirable or can be helpful in a Methodist service. There is no proper place in public worship for aught that is not honoring to Him who must be worshiped in spirit and in truth. The interest of the congregation is to be enlisted, but no part of the service should be planned solely to enlist this interest. Even the organ voluntary can, and should, suggest that the presence of God is in the place of worship. The anthem should be pleasing to the people, but it also should make them conscious of its religious and uplifting power."

It thus appears that each part introduces the part which follows, and when carried out produces an impression of a completed service such as meets at once the desire for worship and the desire for order.

The necessity for harmony is apparent on the surface. It is quite desirable that when a visitor who is a Methodist enters a Methodist church he should recognize at once in the order of service that he is in a place of worship of his own denomination. When there is a variance from the usual order it produces a sense of disquiet to know that so many forms of worship are carried on under the same religious auspices. When one enters an Episcopal church there is no difficulty whatever in recognizing at once that he is in a church of that denomination, and if he is at all familiar with the service he knows what to expect. The same is not true of most of our Protestant churches. So far as the writer is aware there is much diversity in all Protestant denominations save, perhaps, the Lutheran and the Episcopalian. In many cases individual churches, or their pastors, are in the habit of making a service of their own, so that a casual worshiper is confronted with something strange or peculiar that arrests his attention and is calculated to divert his interest from the service itself. This lack of uniformity causes a difficulty on the part of the minister who conducts the service when he passes from one church to another. In these days ministers of the gospel so frequently interchange that one is often called upon to conduct a service in the church of another denomination. In going from church to church he often finds in each place a different order of service, and sometimes it is quite embarrassing to follow a complicated service with which he is unfamiliar. The writer of this at one time found himself exceedingly perplexed because of the lack of clearness in the order of service, and the many parts of which it was composed. Religious services should have an air of quietness, devotion, and order, and this can only come when the attention is not distracted from the matter that has brought the assembly together, namely, the worship of God.

When one conducts service in the church of another denomination it is to be expected that he will find differences, but these ought not to be looked for in the service of his own church. Whenever one enters a Methodist church he should feel that he could go forward with the service in the same manner everywhere. This is certainly helpful to the minister and comforting to the people. It is not the purpose of this paper to add anything to the forceful and beautiful statement of the bishops. There is a growing ritualistic tendency, it seems to the writer, apparent in all the churches. An informal service, without any regular order, is not in harmony with present modes of thinking or with present usage, and, on the other hand, an excessive ritual is objectionable to many good people. Our church has made an order which is happy in the fact that it is not excessive. It is not too meager, on the one hand, and not too extended, so that those who employ it can feel that they have a service which meets their wants, neither too complex nor too informal. It is the purpose of this paper to call the attention of our young ministers to the importance of this utterance of the bishops and to the desirability of a uniform serv-

ice in all the churches of our denomination in the world, so that the traveler visiting the ends of the earth may everywhere find himself at home in the service of the house of God.

Various methods are suggested for promoting the unity of Christendom. The value of an order of service which shall be uniform throughout our denomination has already been considered, but this uniformity of service has a wider application than in the same denomination. Everyone who is in the habit of preaching in the churches of different denominations has been impressed with the great variety of forms which are employed. It is too much to expect that a uniform order of service should be established for all denominations of Christians. There are some who object to any regular order, and desire large liberty on the part of the individual congregation. There are others who would have a fuller service, after the order of the Episcopal Church. The church service, however, to which reference has already been made seems to be adapted to all churches which hold to the Methodist system.

Progress has already been made by the adoption of the same order of service by the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and also the adoption of the same Hymnal by these two great branches of Methodism. The fundamental aim of all people who bear the name of Methodist is the same as that of the early Methodists, namely, to spread scriptural holiness over all lands. No difficulty could arise because such uniformity of church service would interfere with the objects for which the different bodies originated, nor could it in any way interfere with their general work. There is so much that is optional in the order of service that while its use would promote uniformity, it would still leave room for diversity such as would answer the needs of each branch of the church.

It will be a pleasant thing for visitors from the North and South in the coming years to join in the services of these two denominations which have already been mentioned, and find the same order of service, and open the same hymn book. There will be certainly a home feeling which has not hitherto existed. Such a common service would tend to a feeling of homogeneity which does not exist at the present time. It would also tend to make the members of each body feel that, while they are differing on some points which to each seems important, their differences have not estranged them from the common brotherhood, and that they realize that all these branches spring from the common stock and have a common aim.

The tendency of the age is toward the unity of Christendom, and especially toward the unity of those great bodies that have similar forms of faith. There is a tendency to Presbyterian unity, and the movement in that direction is proceeding rapidly. There is a tendency to Methodist unity. The Ecumenical Conferences that have met have expressed uniformly their desire for such unification of effort, if not of external form. In no way, it would seem, can this be promoted more readily and with less friction than by adopting the same order of service and, if possible, the same Hymnal.

It would be not only interesting, but pleasant, and a stronger bond

of the unity of the church, if the Methodism not only of the United States, but of foreign countries, could have such a uniform order of service. The fact that the Episcopal Church in the United States and the Church of England wherever found have a uniform service is not only helpful to the sense of unity which binds the church together, but also contributes to the sense of devotion by which all worshipers feel that they are in harmony with the whole body of Christ of which they form a part. This uniformity of service and of Hymnal we believe to be a not unimportant contribution to the unity not only of Methodism, but of the whole church of Christ.

THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD (CONTINUED)

THE twenty-fifth verse of this seventh chapter of Hebrews affords a fitting climax to the argument: "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." The phrase here translated "to the uttermost," *εἰς τὸ παντελές* occurs in the New Testament only here and in Luke 13. 11. It has been confounded with another phrase, *εἰς τὸ ἀσπείδ* (Heb. 7. 3; 10. 1), continually. The latter means continual, perpetual, while the phrase in the text means completely, to the uttermost. This meaning is clearly in the line of the argument. The failure of the old dispensation to bring men to perfection made necessary the new dispensation of which Christ was the High Priest and Sacrifice. It affirms that he is able to save entirely. The word means to save in all respects. It is all-inclusive. It includes salvation from sin. It includes also the saving of the life, the character, the saving of everything about one that makes the perfect man. This possibility is so grand that one is almost amazed at it, and yet it is the heritage which has come to us in the gospel of Christ. The power of Christ to save completely is the keynote of New Testament thought. Anything less than this would involve a dispensation that was imperfect. We must conceive of our heavenly Father as not only wishing the best for his human children, but as making possible the best. By the one offering "he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." Here we see the consummation of the gospel work in the production of men and women who shall reflect in their lives the perfect life of the Master, and live according to the will of God.

There is another rendering that has sometimes been given to the phrase "to the uttermost," namely, that Christ is able to save continually, perpetually. This is also true, but it is implied in the present tense employed in the verb "to save" rather than in the phrase which is rendered in the Authorized Version "to the uttermost." The present tense means, he is able to keep saving; he saves us every day, under all circumstances. It is an ever-present act. He saves not only completely, but he saves all the time. This fact is assured in the text by the last clause, "seeing that he ever liveth to make intercession for us." A Christ ever living and ever interceding is a pledge that the promise of the perfection of humanity shall be fulfilled.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE MASAI AND HIGHER CRITICISM

THE Masai, a tribe of black people inhabiting a portion of German East Africa, though having much in common with the surrounding negro tribes, differ essentially from them, and in nothing more than in religion. Formerly the Masai were classified as Nilotohamitic; there can be no doubt, however, that they are of Semitic origin. They possess many traits of the Arab tribes; though a shepherd race, expert in cattle-raising, they are naturally brave and warlike. They have attracted the attention of Europeans for the past fifty years, and have been described at some length by both German and English writers. One of the latest works on this people is by Captain Merker, of the colonial troops in German East Africa. This officer having spent eight years in the Masai country, and having made a special study of their institutions, was well qualified to discuss the subject. The results of his investigations have been published in a monograph entitled *Die Masai: Ethnographische Monographie eines Ostafrikanischen Semitenvolkes* (Berlin, 1904).

The book, as might be expected from the pen of a soldier, is written in a straightforward, unbiased, scientific spirit, without what the Germans term the *tendenzios*, or that one-sidedness of those having a theory to maintain. Like most African tribes, the Masai too guard their religious beliefs with zealous care. Thus we are not surprised to learn that "it was only with infinite trouble they could be brought to talk at all upon the subject" of religion with Captain Merker. So well guarded are these religious traditions that they are known in their entirety only to the elect few of the tribe. As their material wealth, so their religious traditions descend through father to son from generation to generation. Their mode of worship, if it can be so designated, is exceedingly patriarchal. There are no priests, nor even the religious assembly. Prayer and worship are almost altogether matters for the individual. The only exception to this is a public meeting at long intervals at which some venerable patriarch will deliver what has been confided to him by those still older than himself.

Captain Merker's book has attracted the attention of several biblical scholars in Europe. Dr. Emil Reich, an Austro-Hungarian, the wielder of a facile pen, has welcomed it with open arms as a work "which should finally turn the higher critics out of the position in which they have been so long comfortably intrenched." Two articles entitled "The Bankruptcy of Higher Criticism" have been published by this able writer in recent numbers of the *Contemporary Review*, both of which have been answered by Canon Cheyne. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the Austro-Hungarian is more than a match for the Oxford savant. That our readers may see the close parallels between the Masai traditions and the earlier portions of the Pentateuch, we can do no better than reproduce the following:

"It was when the world was void and chaotic that a great monster—a dragon—appeared on the scene and engaged in a bloody encounter with God himself. So freely did the blood—which turned into water—flow from this dread monster upon the arid waste on which the battle was fought that the barren soil was at once transformed into a veritable paradise, the subsequent home of man. It was after this encounter that God created all things—sun, moon, stars, plants, and beasts, and, finally, two human beings. The man was sent down from heaven and called Maitumbe; the woman, who was named Naitergorob, sprang from the bosom of the earth. God led them into Paradise, where they lived an untroubled existence. Of all the fruits of Paradise they might eat by God's permission; but of one tree alone, the *Ol oilai*, they might not taste. God often came down to visit them. One day, however, he was unable to find the man and the woman; at last he discovered them crouching among the bushes. Having been asked the meaning of his conduct, Maitumbe replied that they were ashamed because they had eaten of the forbidden fruit. 'Naitergorob gave me the fruit,' he said, 'and persuaded me to partake of it after she had eaten of it herself.' Naitergorob excused herself by saying, 'The three-headed serpent came to me and said by tasting the fruit we should become like unto thee, and almighty.' Then was Negal (God) wroth and banished the first two human beings from Paradise. He then sent *Rilegen*, the morning star, to drive man out of Paradise and to keep watch thereafter."

Here follows the story of the first murder, which is almost an exact transcript of the biblical account of Cain and Abel. Then comes the record of a great flood, which, according to Masai tradition, was the result of universal human corruption. Tumbainot, the Masai Noah, a just and perfect man, his two wives, six sons, and a large number and variety of animals were saved in a huge box which floated upon the waters. Tumbainot, too, sends out a dove—no mention of a raven is made—to ascertain the stage of the waters. At length the waters subside, when appear four beautiful rainbows, a sure token that the wrath of God has been spent and that he is now reconciled to the remnant of the human race, thus miraculously delivered. Nor should we fail to call attention to the great resemblance between the Masai commandments and the Hebrew Decalogue. So great is the similarity that one might be regarded as a free version of the other. The Masai law, too, was delivered in a raging storm from the summit of a high mountain.

The Masai law opens as follows: "There is one God alone. He has commissioned me [an angel] to speak to you. You have hitherto called him Ernagan (the forgiver) and Ernagalan (the Almighty); but henceforth you shall call him Negal. You shall make no image of Negal. If you keep his commandments you shall fare well; if not, then he will punish you with famine and pestilence." There are other parallels equally striking, all going to prove that the Hebrew Decalogue and the Masai commandments had the same origin. Had Delitzsch or Winckler or Cheyne discovered these Masai traditions on Babylonian tablets they would have, without a moment's hesitation, declared that they had at last the original of the Hebrew Ten Commandments.

Whence these Masai traditions? Notwithstanding the manifest resemblance, there is not a scintilla of evidence that this people are in any way indebted for them directly to the Hebrews, much less to the Babylonians; nor yet did they derive them through Egyptian channels from Judea or Babylon. And as they contain nothing distinctively Christian we cannot for a moment think that they came to the Masai from early or late Christian missionaries. In view of these considerations it has been argued with great force that the parallels between Masai, Hebrew, and Babylonian traditions show conclusively that there was a time—away back in gray antiquity—when the ancestors of these three peoples and perhaps those of other tribes lived together in some portion of Arabia, where they all had the same creed and institutions. It was from this center that the forefathers of the Babylonians proceeded northeastward, Abraham and the Hebrews in the direction of the Mediterranean, while the Masai turned southward and finally settled in what is now known as German East Africa. If this hypothesis be correct some of the theories of the more radical school of critics are swept away, or as Dr. Reich puts it, "It is just as possible with purely philological arguments to deduce the Masai legends from Hebrew stories as it is to deduce Hebrew legislation from Babylonian myths." The fatal weakness of the literary-philological criticism is its utter inability to show with scientific precision which is the parent and which is the child. Where, we ask, is the satisfactory proof that Israel derived its most ancient traditions from Babylonia? The same mode of criticism in discussing the Aryan problem has located the home of the original Aryans all the way from India to Scandinavia. This, too, proves that the philological argument is anything but conclusive.

The discovery of the Masai traditions, coming upon the heels of the Babel and Bible controversy and the arrogant deductions of Winckler regarding the Hebrews and their traditions, has given a severe shock to the arbitrary conclusions of the literary-historical school of criticism which had built so extensively upon a philological basis. The imagination played too important a role in the biblical criticism of the past fifty years. Too much importance was given to the literary-philological and too little to weightier considerations. Dr. Reich referring to this phase of the question says: "The possession of certain legends does not prove much; a multitude of nations may have had legends similar to those of the Hebrews or to those of the New Testament. What no nation other than the Hebrews ever had were Moses, David, the Prophets, Jesus. . . . These personalities are the distinctive feature of Hebrew history." The same writer insists that it is impossible to understand the Hebrew Scriptures without giving the utmost attention to the following four points: 1. The Hebrew nation; 2. The Hebrew state; 3. The great Hebrew personalities; and, 4. The Hebrew Sacred Book, the Bible. Destructive critics have for the greater part spent their energy upon analyzing and dissecting the Bible, while they have paid little or no attention to the first three points above mentioned. They have depended entirely too much upon the grammar and lexicon, admittedly imperfect, and passed almost unnoticed the geographical questions involved, as well as the great personalities produced by extraor-

dinary conditions. Not satisfied with scoffing at the orthodox view that the Hebrews were a special people, God's elect, they have gone much farther, and have attempted to resolve Abraham, Joseph, Moses, and many others to lunar gods or astral myths. Canon Cheyne, in one of the articles to which reference is made above, says, "I am myself one of those who hold the historical existence of a personage called Moses to be unproved and improbable." Now, the deliverance from Egypt, the exodus, with all its attendant trials, presuppose the existence of a master mind, just as the Christian church presupposes a person like Jesus Christ. The story of Israel from the exodus to the captivity requires great personalities, whether Samuel, Elijah, David, Isaiah, or who not—persons who lead a paltry nation throughout centuries of conflict and hostility into a glorious national life. Nothing short of the keenest intellect and the greatest moral energy could have made so small a nation, contending against Egyptians, Hittites, Assyrians, and Babylonians, the power it was for so many centuries.

This point cannot be too much emphasized, and Dr. Reich is quite right in calling attention to the importance of what he terms border nations, and especially to those inhabiting that narrow strip of land on the coast from northern Phœnicia to southern Judah, and extending inland to the east some fifty or seventy miles. These petty nations in the paths of the great world empires were at all times forced to be on the alert lest they should be swallowed up by powers infinitely their superior numerically. Does not the fact that they withstood these mighty empires prove that they were a special people, intellectually, morally, and religiously gifted far above the mighty nations around them? That they were made strong by their position geographically none can doubt. Who has the right to conclude that God did not place them here for a special purpose? For do we not read that he has "determined their appointed seasons, and the bounds of their habitation"? Whatever difference of opinion there may be on this subject, it is a fact that the so-called border nations have played a most important part in the history of the human race. "It is among these small border nations that the great principles of state, art, literature, and religion have been organized and have been given undying vitality." He who appreciates this truth will find but little difficulty in understanding why the Hebrews have contributed so largely to the religious civilization of the human race. The Hebrews gave the world the corner stone of all religion, monotheism. It is agreed by almost all schools of Bible critics that the Hebrews possessed this precious truth as early as the ninth century B. C.; we think several centuries earlier. Now, why should Israel have grasped so important a truth so long before the rest of mankind—before Egypt or Babylon, for example? Such a faith is the result of a fearful struggle for existence, liberty, and truth. Monotheism sheds a flood of light upon the struggles of the patriarchs, the afflictions of Egypt, the trials of the desert, and centuries of warfare and toil for national existence. The Hebrew sacred writings fully account for great personalities, like Moses, David, Isaiah, and others; and these personalities, in view of the circumstances related, refuse to be reduced to lunar gods and astral myths.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

G. A. van den Bergh. The attempt to trace parallels between the Buddhistic literature and that of primitive Christianity is constantly renewed, but up to this date without affording us any reason to suspect that the writers of the gospels borrowed either consciously or unconsciously from Buddhism. One of the latest attempts in this line is that of Van den Bergh in a book entitled *Indische invloeden op onze Christelijke verhalen* (Indian Influence upon Gospel Stories). Van den Bergh is not altogether sure that there was actually such an influence exercised, but he thinks that certain passages in the gospels give the interpreter difficulty until he notices the parallel between them and the Indian stories, and then all becomes clear; and this fact seems to him to lend great probability to the hypothesis of such influence. One of the parallels is that between Simeon and Asita. But, as our critic points out, nothing is more natural than that Simeon, who had been looking for the Messiah, should greet him as represented when he had reason to believe he had come. Besides, the aged Buddhist, unlike Simeon, was full of sadness that he should not live to hear the message the youthful Buddha would bring. Like motives have brought about similar actions under like circumstances in countless instances. The idea of a borrowing from India is therefore uncalled for. Again, Van den Bergh thinks that because the scene of Simeon's greeting is laid in the temple there must have been Indian influence to suggest the place. But in the Indian story the king's son is greeted in the king's palace, while Jesus is greeted in the temple. There is a contrast rather than a resemblance. Van den Bergh tries to escape this by saying that to Christian thought the scene could not be laid in a palace, and the best substitute therefor is the temple. But if the influence was as conscious as this supposes it would have been better to transfer the scene, if not to a palace, at least to some noble house. Another parallel is that both were led by supernatural power to the scene of their act—the Buddhist flying through air, Simeon coming into the temple "in the Spirit." The vast difference between the two should be plain without being pointed out. One is reported to have wrought a miracle of transportation; the other acted, though under a divine impulse, naturally. Again, it is pointed to as a parallel that both of those aged men lifted up the child. But anyone who has ever seen an old man fondling a child has seen him perform that act though he never heard of Buddhism. It appears to be a kind of natural or instinctive act of affection. Another story in which parallels are found is that of the temptation in the wilderness, where Jesus is said to have been with the wild beasts. But, as a matter of fact, Buddha is not said to have been with the wild beasts. It is related that a black steer, which was a previous form of existence of the Buddha, by the magical power of friendship gathered about him lions, tigers, and other wild animals. The

Buddha, when he reached human incarnation, had no such experience. Besides, one story is related to show the power of a friendly spirit, the other to emphasize the desolateness of the region of Christ's temptation. As to the appearance of the devil in human form and holding converse with men, it is so much like other earlier Jewish representations that the supposition of dependence upon India for the idea is wholly unnecessary. There is nothing, then, in these two most important alleged parallels to suggest the literary dependence of the Christian stories upon Indian literature, at least so far as our canonical gospels are concerned. When one considers the mass of Buddhistic legends it is wonderful that there are not more points at which parallels can, by diligent effort, be discovered.

Johannes Kunze. That the deity of Jesus Christ is not given up by the critics of Germany, as so many in this country ignorantly affirm, is made plain in the case of Professor Kunze. He is quite of the modern school in his views of Scripture, and he has broken with many of the old Lutheran doctrines, but he holds fast to the deity of Jesus. In his book, *Die ewige Gottheit Jesu Christi* (The Deity of Christ), published by Dörfeling & Franke, at Leipzig in 1904, he gives us a strong argument. He raises the question, "Why do we ascribe deity to Jesus?" He rejects the old-time proof from the Scriptures alone, affirming that as long as the religious conviction of the deity of Christ is deduced solely from the biblical testimony of the Old and New Testaments that conviction is too dependent upon outward evidence and lacks, therefore, the indestructible basis necessary to faith. We can believe in Christ only because of Christ. Having thus renounced the old orthodox method of proof, he turns his attention to the Ritschlian doctrine. Ritschl's application to this subject of his theory of value-judgments Kunze rejects as a mere attempt to escape the real difficulty; for, as he well says, if one believes in the divinity of Christ that belief results from the divinity itself as productive cause and sufficient ground. Once more, he repudiates the method, which, though it differs somewhat from the Ritschlian, is so closely connected with it, of regarding Christ as divine because of the effects of his operation upon us. He says that the operations of Christ upon us are conditioned by what he is and by what we accordingly hold him to be. The belief in the divinity of Christ depends upon what he makes himself to be, though, of course, from what he is in such a way as that we can see that he is what he claims to be. The question therefore is, first, concerning the claim of Christ, and, second, concerning a reality in him which supports and confirms his claim, which reality, however, is first set in its true light by the claim. In working out this claim and the corresponding reality Kunze depends not alone on the synoptic gospels, but also on the gospel of John. "The highest sayings of Jesus concerning himself as the Son of God, as reported in the fourth gospel, do not, except in the case of the utterances relative to his preexistence, go beyond those reported in the synoptics." Kunze thinks that the divinity of Christ thus proved is entirely consistent with his perfect humanity. Such a statement indicates that we have an *a priori*

conception of the relation between divinity and humanity which we can apply to such a personality as Jesus. Kunze disclaims any such conception and declares that we know the divinity and humanity to be united in Jesus, because we have experienced it in him. The humanity does not merely exist side by side with the divinity, but in the most intimate relationship. This humanity is the result of his own divine act springing from his infinite love. This coming in the flesh is in accordance with his own divine will. The preëxistence of Christ and his miraculous birth are not two parallel but contradictory and mutually exclusive theories in explanation of the unique religious character of Jesus, but each demands and conditions the other. The miracle of the birth of Jesus corresponds to the miracle of his resurrection. Nothing but the divine sonship of Jesus as divinity qualifies and justifies the man Jesus to represent man before God and to take upon his shoulders the load of human sin. The conclusion of all is that the recognition of the absoluteness of Christianity depends upon the recognition of the eternal essential deity of Christ. It is plain from this whole discussion that in one form or another the great majority of the theologians of Germany feel bound to recognize the divinity of Christ, in a practical way, at least, even though not in the same way theoretically as Kunze does. But it is also plain that whatever difficulties we may see in Kunze's theory it is superior to the less frank and open way of those whom he opposes.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

Politische Ethik und Christenthum (Christianity and the Ethics of National Life.) By Ernst Troeltsch. Göttingen, Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht, 1904. This little book, like so many of the smaller German books, is an essay read, previously to its publication, to a miscellaneous audience. The author distinguishes four types of application of ethical ideas to the state in the present day: First, the ethics of liberal culture, according to which the civil state is regarded solely as a means of advancing intellectual culture. Second, the ethics of nationalism, according to which the eager sacrifice of the individual for the benefit and honor of the Fatherland is recognized as an ethical-political duty. Third, the ethics of the democratic principle which seeks to secure recognition in the state for the idea of the ethical right of the human personality. And, fourth, the ethics of the conservative principle which, on account of the actual and historically developed differences among men, holds the relation of authority and subordination in state and society as indispensable. Christianity is not by nature a social but a private ethical principle. Indirectly, however, Christianity has significance for associated life. This is shown by its relations to the above-mentioned types of political ethics. The principle of nationalism has, indeed, nothing whatever to do with Christian ethics. On the other hand, the idea of the civil state as the servant of culture hangs closely together historically with the Christian demand of the freedom of the church and of conscience from the state. Christianity also has intimate connection with the ethical principles both

of democracy and conservatism. It is bound to the democratic principle by its recognition of the absolute worth of the human personality; and with the conservative principle by its thought of submission to God's natural world-order. But both in the democratic and conservative systems the Christian ideas are amalgamated with foreign elements. The idea of the Christian personality according to which the equality of all persons before God is religiously grounded is amalgamated in the democratic ideal with an individualism which springs from ideas of natural right historically connected with Stoicism, and which construes the independence of the individual simply as an outflow of his natural constitution and a natural equality of all individuals. The Christian idea of resignation to God's natural world-order is amalgamated in conservatism with a tendency to deify all ancient authority and to perpetuate existing conditions. But though mixed with the foreign ideas Christian ethics can be extricated from them. When that is done the following Christian principles emerge: the service of the state in the interest of the ideal world, the worth of the human personality, and resignation to the natural and historical world-order. These Christian ideas do not, indeed, exhaust the subject of social ethics. The state still has its own ethical idea of nationalism, loyalty, and national honor, which arises out of its very nature and not out of Christianity. But this purely political ethics can be deepened and enriched by means of the political principles involved in Christian ethics. The author defines the central idea of Christianity as the simplification and perfecting of the personality in love to God and in the practice of a divinely intended brotherly love. He then proceeds to deny that the Christian contributions to political ethics flow out of this central idea. But if this brotherly love be rightly understood it furnishes the basis for a political state of an absolutely perfect kind; and it is the only principle which does furnish such a basis. In proportion as this truth is recognized, not denied, will the state take on its final form.

Zur Dogmatik. Sieben Abhandlungen aus der Zeitschrift für Theologie und Kirche (Dogmatics. Seven Articles from the Journal for Theology and Church). By Julius Kaftan. Tübingen, J. C. B. Mohr, 1904. While in one sense these articles do not constitute a unitary whole, they are so related to each other and to the general subject of theology as to form a continuous treatise. Some portions of the book will be of general interest. Kaftan finds the source and authority of the Christian's knowledge of God not in the inner experience of the individual Christian, but in the external historical revelation. In this respect he can claim, as he proudly does, to be the representative of orthodoxy in a sense in which the so-called Confessionalists of the nineteenth century are not; since they, following the Romanticists and pietists, found the criterion of their ecclesiastical faithfulness in the emphasis of the older dogmas. The certification of the objectivity of the contents of our faith can be secured alone in faith and through faith which knows and seeks no other objective support for the truth than the revelation of God to which it is related and out of

which its contents are developed. In using such language he makes the break, on principle, with every form of intellectualism. According to this the way into the kingdom of higher truth is not that of intellectual research, but through the activity of the ethical will, according to the gospel, the reformation, and Kant. This system of idealism Kaftan calls voluntarism. Not only does Kaftan in this book oppose intellectualism in theology, but also many other supposed sources of theological truth. For example, the method represented by Frank, according to which the faith is held to be deducible from the contents of one's inner experience and the assurance of faith, is repudiated by him as inherently self-contradictory and contrary to sound principles of reasoning, as capricious and impossible. In the same way and for similar reasons he rejects the systems of Hermann, Schlatter, and Cremer. The writer of these lines can agree with Kaftan in his condemnation of the methods of the intellectualists and of Frank, in his use, or rather misuse, of experience; but it is difficult to see how the Bible, or, as Kaftan puts it, revelation, can be made the sure source of Christian doctrine without some reason outside of the Bible itself. And if the relation of inner experience to that reason is ignored there seems to be left only the capricious choice of the dogma that the Bible is the source of religious truth. In other words, Kaftan seems to fall back on unsupported dogma for his support. With regard to the Trinity the author holds that it is an integral part of the doctrine of God, and not an appendix. In other words, the doctrine of God includes the doctrine of the Trinity. Equally positive is the relation to Christology, which is really the doctrine of the deity of Christ. Concerning the first of these two important doctrines Kaftan holds with Luther in his explanation of the second article of the creed in his Larger Catechism, that it can only be understood by an evangelical comprehension of the lifework and person of Christ, and of the saving work of the Holy Spirit. As to the second, Kaftan declares that to give up the deity of Christ is to give up the absolute and final character of Christianity. But when he makes this doctrine dependent upon a knowledge of the ascended Lord it becomes necessary at once to point out that our conception of the ascended Lord can be correct only as we give it concrete content in accordance with the portrait of Jesus in the gospels. In another respect Kaftan is quite satisfactory. He refuses to consider, as is so customary in these days, Paul as a dogmatist. It is high time that Paul be treated once more with the consideration he deserves. It is utterly incredible that one who lived, preached, and wrote so near the time of our Lord, and while the majority of the personal disciples of Jesus were still living, should have misrepresented the gospel of Christ seriously without contradiction.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

A Crisis in the Mission Work of the Moravians. The latest report of the Moravian mission work, that for 1903, shows that the income was 1,811,893 marks, and the expenditures 1,900,188 marks. This shows a deficit of considerable size; but together with the deficit carried over

from the year 1902 the total is 223,338 marks. But the worst feature is that ever since 1892 each year has exhibited a deficit. Furthermore, as far back as 1879 the income ceased to be equal to the expenses, although from 1879 to 1889 the deficit was made good by bequests over and above the regular sources of income. Since 1892 these bequests have either been lacking or insufficient. Until 1902, however, the deficit was always made good. Since then even this preventive of debt has failed. It is needless to say that this state of things has given occasion to much criticism of the management. It is equally needless to say that the bad management, if there has been any, is due to the prosperity of the work in mission lands.

Seventh-Day Adventists in the German Army. That this body of Christians is represented at all in Germany will surprise many. But they are there, and in no inconsiderable numbers. One of their number in the army recently fell under discipline because of his refusal to perform the ordinary service on Saturday, his holy day. His captain pointed out that religious grounds did not excuse a soldier from obedience, according to German law. At length he was tried by a military court, which imposed upon him the minimum penalty of forty-three days' imprisonment. He appealed, and undertook to prove that in various places the Bible names Saturday as the holy day, and not Sunday. His appeal was denied by the superior military court, but he was advised by them to apply to the emperor for pardon. His pastor claimed that the young man had acted without advice from him. Such cases are not infrequent.

Odium Theologicum from a New Quarter. The possibility of a reversal of the present order of things is seen in the following incident: Herr Otto, of Göttingen, was proposed for a new professorship in the University of Basel. Some time prior to this he had been called to a professorship in the University of Breslau, but had been objected to on the ground that he was too liberal. When proposed for Basel he was objected to on the ground that he was too conservative. It is the first instance in which the progressives have ever pursued the tactics of the conservatives, and it is to be hoped that it will be the last. Bigotry ought to cease when the progressives join the majority.

A Sane Educational Provision. In Prussia a regulation is in force relative to religious instruction in public schools which is certainly an improvement on the ideas of many. Most people think that where religious instruction is given those who do not wish their children taught as the teacher believes should be required to take the responsibility of withdrawing their children. But this regulation requires those who belong to a denomination other than that of the teacher to make formal request if they wish their children instructed, and if no such request is properly made the teacher is obliged to exclude the children of such parents. The advantage of such a policy is plain and might help to the solution of some of our difficulties here in America.

GLIMPSSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE Contemporary Review (London and New York) maintains its interest and popularity. Noticing recently Miss Mary F. Sandars's *Life of Balzac*, the Contemporary says: "In studying his puzzling character we can never be sure that we have the real Balzac; for he seemed so many men in one and all of them abnormal." Balzac said of himself: "I have the most singular character I know. I possess, shut up in my five feet eight inches, all possible incoherences and contrasts. In short, nothing astonishes me more than myself. I end by believing that I am only an instrument played on by circumstances." But his life shows that he played his own instrument with dominant will, with tremendous force and fire. Balzac was an instance of the slow and late development of literary genius. His attempts at composition in youth and early manhood were complete failures, as was also the case with Hazlitt. Both are encouraging examples of "Try, try again." Balzac tried to write verse, and failed. Then he tried to write novels, but his latent powers refused to stir, and it was long before he succeeded in developing any indications of his marvelous future literary achievements. He would have lived and died unknown, an utter failure, though full of mighty unaroused gifts, but for the indomitable courage and dogged persistence with which he toiled grimly on at his purpose. He trained himself to toil until his power of continuous labor became prodigious. When in the full swing of composition he would work fifteen hours a day, and sometimes sit up all night for a week at a time, as Edison is said to have done. Balzac is one of many inspiring examples of "clear grit"—of what great things can be done by a man who is determined by infinite labor to work out his purpose or die at it. If the purpose is a worthy one, there is no manlier or more glorious way to die. The inglorious tragedy of the world is the enormous waste of great gifts and noble abilities slumbering in men who never rouse them. "I am not gifted," says the lazy man; "It is not my fault, but the favoritism of the Creator who distributes talents as it pleases him." And in thousands of cases sheer indolence and want of ambition simply let great talents sleep until they rot. There is reason for saying bluntly that examples of this are numerous in the ministry. "Stir up the gift that is in thee" is the text illustrated and enforced upon us by Balzac and Hazlitt and a host of other men of will and industry who tried, and tried, and tried again, and who never gave up, but lived and died trying. Now, they did it for an earthly prize, but we for a heavenly. Wherefore, beloved, let us stir ourselves and provoke one another to good hard work and see what will come of it. Let us wake up and buckle down. Balzac died at fifty-one, when he was near to finishing his greatest work, the *Comédie Humaine*. In the midst of his illness he calculated that six months were needed for the completion of his task. Could the doctor promise him that length of time? There was no answer to this

searching question, but a shake of the head from the pitying doctor. "Ah, I see quite well that you will not allow me six months. Well, at any rate, you will at least give me six weeks? Six weeks with fever is an eternity. Hours are like days . . . and then the nights are not lost." Again the doctor shook his head, and Balzac once more lowered his claims for a vestige of life. "I have courage to submit," he said proudly; "but six days, you will certainly give me that?" Balzac pleaded pathetically, almost as though he thought his interlocutor could grant the boon of longer life if he willed to do so. The doctor managed to tell his patient that everything must be done to-day, because in all probability to-morrow would not exist for him; and Balzac cried in amazement, "I have then only six hours!" fell back on his pillows, and spoke no more. That was a great death for a man to die, his whole heart in his work, bent on his business, unwilling to quit, mentally all alive when the body was in dissolution, his spirit erect in the saddle, holding the reins and digging spurs into the sides of his intent. In such manful fashion this valiant rider, galloping fast and breathing hard, went out of sight over the hill beyond which lie the eternities. A brave and worthy spectacle, stimulative to all such survivors as are capable of the moral thrill.—The same issue of the *Contemporary* contains an interesting paper by W. H. Griffin on "Early Friends of Robert Browning." Among these early friends are Joseph Arnould, Alfred Domett, Henry F. Cherley, William Young, and Christopher Dowson, all men of racy quality, generous nature, and brilliant parts. Browning described Arnould as "An Oxford Prize Poet, which is good, but also what is even better, a noble, admirable, dear, good fellow." His poetic talents were not mean, but his high conception of what poetry should be made him resolve not to run the risk of "adding another to the metrical prosers of the day." He gave himself to the study and practice of the law with that tenacity of purpose which had won his university victories. Ten years out of college, to the inquiry of a classmate, "What's old Arnould doing among his musty books?" he replies: "Breakfast at eight, law office at nine, there among codes and text writers and reports till six, then dine, back again in law office in evening at eight, home by eleven, bed by twelve. That's it without a particle of falsehood or exaggeration—twelve hours a day hard drudgery. . . . Briefs don't come in nearly fast enough yet to occupy a decent portion of my time, so by way of employing my time I am scraping together a small tractate on the Law of Marine Insurance. When it is finished I shall cease to be merely the unknown, insignificant Arnould, and become 'Arnould on Marine Insurance.' The 'small tractate' grew on his industrious hands into two volumes of over seven hundred pages each, which were welcomed by capable judges, when published in 1848, as "one of the best law books in the language," taking rank as an authority in Germany and America as well as in England. On finishing it, in 1847, Arnould wrote to a friend: "At last my Treatise is going to press. I hope it may get me business. It certainly has made me lean and sallow and somewhat gray." (He was a little past thirty.) When its merits became known, it also made him *Sir* Joseph Arnould. His friendship for Robert Browning speaks in numerous letters.

To Domett he wrote: "Nothing can exceed Browning's kindness. He is indeed a true friend. He has an energy of kindness which never slumbers. He is a noble fellow—his life so pure, so vigorous, so simple, so laborious, so loftily enthusiastic. It is impossible to know and not to love him." We are told that Browning never breathed the atmosphere of adulation among his friends. They were outspoken in their criticism, but he seemed really grateful for it, even when it was severe; saying, "Now, this is what one wants; how few there are who will give you this." Henry Chorley always took a pardonable pride in having perceived Browning's power from the first. In 1833, when he first read "Pauline," he at once recognized, as he said, "the print of a man's foot in the sand." Also, when Elizabeth Barrett's "Romaunt of Margret" appeared, he spoke of it as an "appearance of a strange, seizing, and original genius." Robert Browning had a vexatious experience with Macready about "A Blot in the Scutcheon," and also with Charles Kean about "Colombe's Birthday"; and in his disgust at their delays and promise-breaking, he wrote to Dowson, "The poorest man of letters I ever knew is of far higher talent and principle than the best actor I ever expect to know." The following is Arnould's account in a graphic letter of the events which led to Browning's disappearance from England: "I think the last piece of news I told you of was Browning's marriage to Miss Barrett, which I had then just heard of; she is, you know, or else I told you or ought to have told you, our present greatest living English poetess. She had been for some years an invalid leading a very secluded life in a sick room in the household of one of those tyrannical, arbitrary, puritanical rascals who go sleekly about the world, canting Calvinism abroad, and acting despotism at home. Under the iron rigor of this man's domestic rule she, feeble and invalided, had grown up to eight and thirty years of age in the most absolute and enforced seclusion from society, cultivating her mind to a wonderful amount of accomplishment, instructing herself in all languages, reading Chrysostom in the original Greek, and publishing the best metrical translation that has yet appeared of the Prometheus Bound; having also found time to write three volumes of poetry, the last of which raised her name to a place second only to that of Browning and Tennyson among all those who are not repelled by eccentricities of external form from penetrating into the soul and quintessential spirit of poetry that quickens the mold into which the poet has cast it. Well, this lady, so gifted, so secluded, so tyrannized over, fell in love with Browning in the spirit, even before she saw him in the flesh—in plain English, loved the writer before she knew the man. Imagine, you who know him, the effect which his graceful bearing, high demeanor, and noble speech must have had on such a mind when she first saw the man of her visions in the twilight of her darkened room. She was at once in love as a poet soul can only be, and Browning, as by contagion or electricity, was no less from the first interview wholly in love with her. This was now some two years back; from that time his visits to her have been constant. He, of course, wished to ask her of the father openly. 'If you do,' was her terrified answer, 'he would certainly throw me out of the window, or lock me up for life in a

darkened room.' There was one thing only to be done, and that Browning did, married her without the father's knowledge, and immediately left England with her for Italy, where they are now living at Pisa in as supreme a state of happiness as you can fancy two such people in such a place. The old rascal father, of course, tore his beard, foamed at the mouth, and performed all other feats of impotent rage; luckily his wrath is absolutely idle, for she has a small independence of some £350 per annum, on which they will, of course, live prosperously. Browning is a glorious fellow. O! I forgot to say that the *soi-disante* invalid of seven years, once emancipated from the paternal despotism, has had a wondrous revival, or rather a complete metamorphosis, walks, rides, eats, and drinks like a young and healthy woman; in fact, is a healthy woman, a little too old for Browning; but, then, one word covers all—they are in love, and love lends youth to everything." Sir Joseph Arnould graced the judicial bench, and was eminent in India as a judge. During his ten years at Bombay there were only three appeals from his judgments, and in all three cases of appeal his decisions were upheld. The natives honored his birthday by presenting one another with sweetmeats. One of his judgments gave great satisfaction to the party of reform in one of the more important Hindu sects, cleared the moral atmosphere, and elevated the level of the law. The following was part of his decision, after a trial of twenty-six days in the case of the Mahārāj, delivered April 21, 1862: "It is not a question of theology which has been before us. It is a question in morality. The principle for which the defendant and his witnesses have been contending is simply this: that *What is morally wrong cannot be theologically right*; that when practices which sap the very foundations of morality, which involve a violation of the eternal and immutable laws of right, are established in the name and under the sanction of religion, such practices ought, for the common welfare and in the interests of humanity itself, to be publicly exposed and denounced." The people of Bombay circulated this passage from Arnould's decision on a leaflet printed in letters of gold.

THE London Quarterly Review for July contained a richly varied list of strong articles, none of them more brilliant, scholarly, or discriminating than the extended review of Professor J. A. Stewart's recent volume on *The Myths of Plato*, by Dr. Davidson, the editor. Concerning the method of teaching by myth, and its use and influence in the education of mankind, Dr. Davison says: "It is far removed from the system of 'allegorizing' which has done so much mischief in the history of interpretation. Bacon, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, tells us that, upon deliberate consideration, 'my judgment is that a concealed instruction and allegory was originally intended in many of the ancient fables.' Nothing of the kind. The stories of Cassandra and Narcissus, of Prometheus and Cupid and Psyche, are not 'fables,' neither do they contain that abomination, 'concealed instruction.' Philo made a similar mistake when he called the story of Eden 'fabulous nonsense,' interpreting it of

'terrestrial virtue in the human race,' just as he refines away the stories of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob to mean no more than 'virtue acquired by learning, innate virtue, and virtue acquired by struggle.' The seer is a seer because he sees visions which in and of themselves move and sway and purify the beholder, bringing him into contact with truth, which no scientific methods can reach, and which the artificial 'moral' drawn from a story altogether fails to convey. We are not intended to go behind the picture. But has the picture no meaning? Ask the question of the artist, if you would exasperate him to the utmost. The picture is the meaning. Tennyson, when asked to interpret the Idylls of the King, and to say whether the three queens with King Arthur were Faith, Hope, and Charity, was justly angry. 'I hate to be tied down to say, *This means that*, because the thought within the image is much more than any one interpretation.' Once when Schubert had played a sonata, a bystander exclaimed, '*Wunderschön!* What does it mean?' The artist played the music over again. 'That is what it means,' he said. Let a myth be a myth, a living plant, not a dried and etiolated specimen in a herbarium. As Professor Stewart says: 'The responses of the oracle are not given in articulate language which the scientific understanding can interpret. . . . Their ultimate meaning is the feeling which fills us in beholding the visions; and when we awake from them, we see our daily concerns, and all things temporal, with purged eyes.' Wherein lies the secret of the ability to achieve this end worthily and well? Who can say? In what lies the magic of the best poetry, the few immortal lines that cause the eyes to fill and the heart to overflow, that charm the ear and change the very atmosphere we breathe? In what choice of words, what melody of tones, what linked sweetness of phrase, what subtle suggestion of epithet does the secret lie? Turn to Wordsworth in his inspired moments, or to the well-known lines of Keats:

" 'Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oftentimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.'

If critics object that the familiar charm of poetry is a subject very remotely connected with the influence of myth, we cannot agree, and we must refer them to Professor Stewart, who shows how the Mythos, like all the best poetry, produces its characteristic effect by inducing 'an atmosphere of solemn feeling, spreading out into the waking consciousness which follows.' Later on he says: 'The Universal of Poetry is that which does for the poet's interesting story or picture what knowledge of the Good does for the objects of conduct: it is *ὁλον τὸ φῶς*, as it were a Light, in which they are bathed and altered—an atmosphere of solemn elemental feeling through which we see the representations of Poetry, as we see the presentations of social life, its claims and temptations, through the medium of the Sense of Duty. To feel of a sudden that there is

surely an eternal world behind, or within, the temporal world of particular items, is to experience the *καθαρσις* which Poetry effects in us." It is rather of the myth as a mode of teaching that Dr. Davison writes than of the substance of Plato's myths; and he says little of their flaws and failures, or of the pagan superstitions and follies by which they are darkened and encumbered, or of the glimpses of higher light which have caused Ackermann and others to find "a Christian element in Plato." But he says: "This heathen philosopher strove in vain after that which may be attained by the Christian child. He longed for spiritual truth and beauty and righteousness such as no mere philosophy has ever been able to impart, but which One who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life has brought near to the children of men—not to the wise or prudent, but to the humble and meek."—Another most interesting article in the July London Quarterly is on Byles's Life and Letters of Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow, an odd, forceful, and fascinating character doing his lifework in an out-of-the-way place on the wind-swept northeast coast of Cornwall, faced with black, forbidding rocks, towering cliffs, and mighty seas. Of his situation Hawker himself wrote: "Severed from the World and all Friends except by my Rooks and Daws; twenty-five miles from a bookseller or a town, with neither train, mail, nor road, nor even carrier nearer than that; and only fastened to the far world by the fiber of the Daily Post, granted by Lord Lonsdale as a special favor to my loneliness. But then I have the Severn Sea for my lawn; and cliffs as high as the Great Pyramid build me in." For forty years he rarely was outside of his parish. He says: "At Morwenstow I found myself the first resident vicar for more than a century. . . . So stern and pitiless is this iron-bound coast that within the memory of one man upwards of eighty wrecks have been counted within a reach of fifteen miles, with only here and there the rescue of a living man. My people were a mixed multitude of smugglers, wreckers, and Dissenters of various hue. A few simple-hearted farmers had clung to the gray old sanctuary of the church and the tower that looked along the sea; but the bulk of the people, in the absence of a resident vicar, had become the followers of the great preacher of the last century who came down into Cornwall and persuaded the people to alter their sins. [He refers to John Wesley.] . . . Here, like the Kenite, I 'built my nest upon a rock,' and here my days were to glide away, afar from the noise and bustle of the world, in that which is perhaps the most thankless office in every generation, the effort to do good against their will to our fellow men. Mine was a perilous warfare. If I had not, like the apostle, to 'fight with wild beasts at Ephesus,' I had to soothe the wrecker, to persuade the smuggler, and to 'handle serpents' in my intercourse with adversaries of many a kind. Thank God! the promises which the clergy inherit from their Founder cannot fail to be fulfilled. It was never prophesied they should be popular, or wealthy, or successful among men; but only that they should 'endure to the end,' that 'their generation should never pass away.' Well has this word been kept!" Hawker's personal appearance was striking, and his dress unique. He abominated black clothes, and the funereal aspect they gave the clergy. He wore a long

purple coat, a fisherman's jersey, into the side of which was woven a small red cross as a mark of the Lord Jesus, to mark the entrance of the centurion's cruel spear, and a reddish, wide-awake beaver hat, and Hessian boots. He carried a cross-handled walking stick—his "pastoral staff"—not unlike a wooden sword, and from a buttonhole dangled a broad carpenter's pencil, an allusion to Him of Nazareth. When chaffed on his extraordinary attire he said, "At all events, brethren, you will allow me to remark that I don't make myself look like a waiter out of place, nor an unemployed undertaker." He held a daily service in his church, generally all by himself, offering prayers for his people; of whom he said, "I don't want them here; God hears me, and they know when I'm praying for them, for I ring the bell." At the beginning of his career he always preached from manuscript, and once, when a large number of his sermons had collected, he had them burnt. A clergyman reproved him, since such sermons in a printed form might have been productive of much good. "My dear C.," he replied, "I had all the ashes spread over a turnip field, and I assure you there was not a single turnip more in that field than in any other!" He cherished some of the pious legends of old, as, for example, the story that the willows of the water courses, prior to the death of Christ, grew upright, but that after their rods had been taken to scourge the Lord Jesus they drooped evermore in memorial grief; and that other story that during the forty days and forty nights the Lord Jesus went like thought from land to land—glided, as angels glide, all round the earth and wheresoever he foresaw in his omniscience that there should afterward be a church built and consecrated, there he paused the sole of his foot and hallowed it. "What a thought," said he, in a Morwenstow sermon, "to think that here the arisen Lord once stood still, and looked along the Sea, and made Benediction with the print of the nails on this most Blessed ground." In loneliness, in his own dim chancel, he held high converse with all the company of heaven, and there all difficulties were removed by divine intervention. There—in his own words—he would "kneel, walk, or sit and meditate, close the eye and send out a Spiracle of Research from every pore. Gradually in such an atmosphere every fine fiber of the Soul brightens like the gossamer—Saint Mary's silk—upon the grass, and becomes a Ray—hence knowledge and reply." He was a bigoted and intolerant Churchman, and the London Quarterly says: "If to him John Milton was a double-dyed thief of other men's brains; and Samuel Wilberforce a man of snailjuice and sugar; and Tait, by the wrath of God, archbishop (if Tait was ever baptized, 'the exorcisms were omitted'); and Dean Stanley, a Socinian infidel; and Pusey, woolly brained, with spasms; and Tennyson, once a religious man, but not now, being a Maurician; and any total denier only a boundless Protestant—then we are not surprised to learn that Hawker held that John Wesley corrupted and degraded the Cornish people, found them wrestlers, caused them to change their sins, and called it conversion; and that the witness of the Spirit, as taught by Wesley, was 'a spasm of the ganglions'; and that Spurgeon was a sower of tares in God's field; and that Moody and Sankey were sorcerers; and that the nether mill-

stone is softer than a sectary's soul; and that dissent was the outlet to carry away all defilements from the face of the Holy Mother Church. His antagonism to Dissenters was of early date. A companion pointed out to him, when a boy, that some one had written 'Satan' on the door of the Wesleyan chapel at Stratton. 'No doubt he did it himself,' said young Hawker; 'it is no uncommon thing for a gentleman to put his name on his own front door.' He once asked a Dissenter at Morwenstow why his co-religionists were shy of coming to him about the funerals of their relatives. 'Well, sir,' was the reply, 'we thought you objected to burying Dissenters.' 'Not at all,' said Hawker; 'I should be only too glad to bury you all.'" And yet this Anglican priest of mediæval mood and mind, who in his last illness entered the papal church, was a great personality, a tender, human-hearted man, who said: "What pleasure can there be on one's deathbed to remember a fine discourse or the applause of a multitude in comparison with the delight of peace-bringing and loving-kindness to the Poor in Spirit whom the Master loves?" A young farmer of Hawker's parish, when dying, in the spirit of Mrs. Wesley, bade his friends sing as they carried his body from his house to his grave; and the vicar of Morwenstow wrote upon it these touching and triumphant verses:

"Sing from the chamber to the grave!"

Thus did the dead man say:

* A sound of melody I crave,
Upon my burial day.

* Bring forth some tuneful instrument,
And let your voices rise:
My spirit listened, as it went,
To music of the skies.

* Sing sweetly while you travel on,
And keep the funeral slow:—
The angels sing where I am gone,
And you should sing below.

* Sing from the threshold to the porch!
Until you hear the bell:
And sing you loudly in the church,
The Psalms I love so well.

* Then bear me gently to my grave,
And as you pass along,
Remember 'twas my wish to have
A pleasant funeral song.

* So earth to earth, and dust to dust!
And though my flesh decay,
My soul shall sing among the just,
Until the judgment day."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Walk, Conversation, and Character of Jesus Christ, Our Lord. By ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D. Crown 8vo, pp. 340. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, net, \$1.50.

Thirty-five Sabbath evening addresses, by one of the most pithy, searching, and strengthening preachers of this generation. He feeds himself on the Bible and on the quaint, rich, marrowy old divines, and has himself an incisive art of getting at the inner meat of the meaning of Scripture. "The sincere milk of the Word" is the phrase which rises to mind as we lay down this nutritious volume. Its style and method are partly the Scotch-English expository. Sometimes the expository preacher is too microscopic, breaks the Scripture into syllables, and overmagnifies the very particles and atoms; sometimes he thinks he gets out of the text what he really has read into it; but Dr. Whyte's studies are not too expository, and in them we find nothing that seems to us unwarranted by, or inharmonious with, the Bible teachings, except now and then a Calvinistic twist. They are not cast in sermonic form, but have variety, spontaneity, and surprise. A characteristically rich and illuminating meditation is the first one, which is on the words, "The express image"—or, as the literal Greek reads, the character—"of his person"; character—the distinguishing quality, the inmost nature, out of which come all words and actions. "The whole of the four gospels are written in order that we may have before us the character of Jesus Christ, both for our justifying faith in him and for our sanctifying imitation of him. If you had been born and brought up in the same house with the Child Jesus, what do you think you would have remembered most about his childhood character? What express image of him would you have carried away with you in after years? Cicero as a school-boy had such talents and character, and his schoolfellows told such wonderful stories about him in their homes, that their parents used to visit the school less to see their own children at their lessons than to see the wonderful young Cicero of whom they were constantly hearing. Well, suppose you had been at school with the young Christ, what would you have told your parents about him, and about his ways and words, every night when you went home from school? Suppose you had been a carpenter working in the same shop with him, in what do you think he would have differed from all the other workmen? Or suppose you had been a guest in the same house where he was a guest, what would you have noticed and remembered in him different from the other guests? Different from John the Baptist, for example? Christ's character, which was the same as the very nature of the Father, came out vividly in every movement, look, tone, meaning. You never could meet him on the highway, nor stand under the same tree with him till a shower passed over, nor spend five minutes in his society anywhere, nor hear him talking to a multitude, nor watch him going down the street, without catching sight

of the express image, the clear-cut character of the Father in him, so that you would go home and tell your kinsfolk that you had seen something divine—had had a glimpse of the glory of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." The study of the young Christ "about his Father's business" begins thus: "The forty-ninth verse of the second chapter of Luke's Gospel should be printed in letters of gold a finger deep; for that absolutely priceless verse preserves to us the very first words ever recorded as falling from the lips of our youthful Lord. Those words tell us, among other things, that it was on the occasion of his first passover that the Holy Child first began to realize who he was and on what errand he had been sent into this world." Dr. Whyte, after explaining the force and bearing of Christ's words to Joseph and Mary, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" proceeds in this faithful fashion: "Both Joseph and Mary were speechless as soon as the Holy Child let them see how full of folly their conduct had been and how much they had misunderstood and hurt him. They had treated him as if he had taken the passover much too seriously. They found fault with him for his devotion to his Father's business, and uttered aloud before the whole temple their grievance and complaint against him. They said it till the astonished doctors heard them, that he ought to be at home in Nazareth by this time, attending to his tasks there. The passover lamb had been slain, they said, and its blood had been sprinkled on them and on him for another year; let him come away home then like all his kinsfolk and acquaintances, and not be lingering here. And now, if we look close, we will see ourselves in all this as in a glass. For we are like Joseph and Mary. We also treat our Redeemer as if he had been religious overmuch in the dreadful business of our redemption. We treat him and his redemption of souls as if he had taken us and our sins far too much to heart—almost as if he had made himself a martyr by mistake. They did him the first wrong that week by supposing that he was in that home-hurrying company; and then they still more wronged and wounded him by the places in which they sought him; but, above all, by their not seeking him first in his Father's house and about his Father's business. And many of you are wounding your Redeemer and your Judge in the very same way every day. Yes, every day; for every day he is about his Father's business with you. And if he is, how do you think your way of spending your days looks to him? Either he is beside himself, or you are. Either he has thrown himself away, or you are throwing yourself and your life away. Either his blood-shedding for your sin is all a misunderstanding and a mistake on his part, or you are making the most tremendous mistake that ever a madman made. I tell you to your face that you are wounding your Redeemer in his tenderest part, for you are treating his sin-atonement blood as if it were a much overdone thing, and a thing that nowadays some of you as good as repudiate; it is a thing to explain away, and to dissolve all doctrinal and confessional and pulpit connection with. Yes, I tell you with truth and certainty before it comes to pass that one astonished, wounded, and offended look from

your Judge, one glance of the wrath of the Lamb at your present conduct, will freeze your very marrow on the great Day of Account, and make you curse the day that saw you born. Old Andrewes prayed day and night, 'In that dread and awful day, rescue and save me, and let me never see a look of anger on my Judge's face.'" The address on the words, "About thirty years of age," closes thus: "I often take a turn up and down in my old unregenerate state," says a great saint. Let us all join him in that. Let us often go back over our past years—how many are they now? And let us stop and recall where we were at such and such a year, and what we were doing. Let us go back upon all the way that the Lord our God led us all those wilderness years, to know what was in our heart, and to know whether we would keep his commandments or no. And if the retrospect fills us with a great remorse, then let us go back, as we have done to-night, to our Redeemer, and take his holy and God-pleasing life and lay it over against our own sinful and God-condemned life. And let us keep constantly doing that until the peace of God shall drive all remorse and dread out of our hearts forever; and till he is made for us, not peace of conscience only, but wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. For it hath pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell, till as many as believe in him are complete in him." The latter part of the address on "The Lamb of God" is an adoring meditation on the hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea—O Lamb of God, I come"; and on the words, "Without one plea," this is the comment: "If I had even one good and sound plea, you may depend on it I would plead it. But I have not one. I have no excuse, no self-exculpation, no gloss or varnish for my sin. If I had, I would plead it like Adam: it was the woman did it, was his plea; it was the serpent, was the woman's plea. I did not think that one blow would kill him, pled Cain. The wine was red, and it gave its color to the cup, and it moved itself aright, pled Noah. I was faint with hunger and the pottage was so savory, pled Esau. The woman was very beautiful to look upon, pled David. They all had, or thought they had, their one plea. But I have no excuse, no plea why God's judgment against my sin should not be executed speedily. My mouth is stopped. I remember and am confounded, and shall never be able to open my mouth any more, said the prophet. But when we have no plea; when our mouth is stopped; when we are confounded and condemned; then these two pleas are put into our mouth, 'Without one plea, but that thy blood was shed for me, and that thou biddest me come to thee.' Thy Blood, O Lamb of God, and thy Bidding! These are now my only, but my prevailing, pleas. With these two pleas I come boldly to the throne of grace, knowing that I shall not be put to shame or turned away." Dr. Whyte's book is more nourishing than our extracts indicate. And we say again as we leave it, "The sincere milk of the Word."

Burden Bearing, and Other Sermons. By JOHN RHEY THOMPSON. 12mo, pp. 261. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, 75 cents.

More worth and weight, more force and fire, more real stuff for seventy-five cents it would be difficult to find. Genius more genuine and

brilliant than Rhey Thompson's our church has not seen in our day. Sermons more powerful than these are not easy to find. Brain and heart are equally weighty in them. They are not the sort which lose in print the power they had in utterance. They do not cool into dull ashes, but remain burning hot with eternal meaning. Those on "The Credibility of the Resurrection" and "The Theistic Basis of Immortality" are masterly marshalings of Christian evidences. All these sermons show the intensity of Rhey Thompson's intellectual and emotional life; all of them were molten and forged in the white heat of an electrical incandescence. No man is more capable of testing reality and knowing when he finds it than an acute sufferer whose brain power is not disabled but intensified by his disease. Suffering strips away delusions and leaves the sufferer alone with grim, hard facts. In agony of body and anguish of spirit for years, Rhey Thompson knocked at every door in the universe inquiring for Truth and Reality. He was not in any mood to be trifled with; he would not be put off or imposed upon or evaded; his intellect was keen, his demand was peremptory. He was absolutely certain that he *found* Truth and Reality. What they are, and where they are, and why he feels sure of them, is written somewhere in these fifteen sermons. We make bold to say that all the information contained in all the bulky volumes of Congressional Reports are worth less than the contents of this small book. It holds the seed-corn of imperishable civilizations, liberties, prosperities, and dominions. His illustrations are from life, and show how close this intense preacher kept to the common human lot. In the sermon on "The Greatness of Love" is this: "A young man goes into a lawyer's office to study law. What does the wise old lawyer tell him? 'Sir, the law is a jealous mistress, and if you wish to succeed you must give yourself to it with great earnestness and enthusiasm.' You must *love* what you are going to do in order to succeed at it. This is true in the study of nature. Who finds out the secrets of the butterfly? The lover of butterflies. Tyndall loved glaciers and the lofty Alpine heights, and he found out all that could be known about them. Who discerns the truth in flowers? The lover of flowers. Who finds out about the animals? Cuvier, the lover of animals. Who develops the science of ornithology? Audubon, the lover of birds. Wherever we go with a great tide of affection, the secrets yield themselves up to us. If a man loves the stars well enough to devote his life to studying them, he gets the secrets of the stars, as Copernicus and Kepler did. Now, in the religious life, a man whose whole religious being is under the influence of love will find the saving and guiding truth quicker than any other man. There are some important technical questions that the theological professors can answer; there are some questions concerning the Bible on which I would seek light from the theological seminary; but for practical wisdom, for the wisdom to live by, work by, suffer by, and die by, I would rather go to some elderly woman who had raised a large family of children in patience, meekness, and love, and I would sit down by her side, and get more useful wisdom in half an hour than I could get from books and schools in a week. Practical wisdom is acquired by looking at duty through the eyes of love, and the soul is

never so open to truth as when the heart is rich in love." . . . "There are some men who consider themselves elected to manage everything connected with the church on 'business principles.' I am weary of that phrase. There is a church on Commercial Avenue, Trade Town, managed strictly on business principles; they managed a poor shoemaker, who had been an exemplary disciple for years, back pew by pew, until finally they managed him out of the door. There was a church on Gold Place, Stock City, managed on business principles, and they finally succeeded in managing one of the noblest and saintliest women in it into the last seat in the rear gallery. Business principles are well enough in their way and place, but they must not be substituted for love in the church. Tell me not that the spirit of commerce, trade, and manufacture, as I see it in the world about me, is the spirit of Christ. It is much oftener the spirit of the devil! The Cross stands for love, not for 'business principles.'" Under the text, "The God of all comfort," is this: "Here we are in the presence of something more than a skillful Manipulator of plastic matter, or the decorative Artist of the azure dome above us, or the Framers of the worlds, or the Mechanical Engineer of the universe, or the relentless Punisher of disobedient men, or the Vindicator of abstract moral order; we are in the presence of a Heart, an ocean-like Heart that sends out the tides of its love everywhither, a Heart that throbs with love, a rescuing Heart, a cleansing Heart, a solacing Heart! As a fountain of water in a waste of arid desert to the traveler whose lips are burning with thirst, so are these words to countless thousands of fainting and famishing souls. They are like the gentle caress of a mother in the hush of eventide when her child is weary, impatient, fretful. They are like rest after weariness, peace and hope after trouble and doubt." Under the text, "The Pure in Heart Shall See God," is this: "In my second year in the ministry I boarded with a coal miner. He was not a man of books nor an abstract thinker. He rose very early in the morning and went off to the mine, and did not come out of that dark hole in the earth until four o'clock in the afternoon; and then he dragged himself to the house more dead than alive. If that man's only means of ascertaining whether he had a heavenly Father had depended on his time and ability to study out the great theistic arguments, he would have been without God and without hope in the world. Nevertheless he knew God as few men have ever known him. He so impressed me with his life of love and faith in God that often in the evening I would go down into the family room and ask him to pray; and, though his hands were grimy with his hard, dirty labor, he did know the way of access to God, and often he brought my heart such a vision of the divine as gave me strength for many a day. The purehearted man shall find God, not the man of much learning or great reasoning powers, unless he has the pure heart also." After the death of Henry Ward Beecher both the *New York Times* and the *Sun* editorially mentioned John Rhey Thompson as a man fit for the vacant pulpit of Plymouth Church. He died at fifty-two, and no braver, more unutterably pathetic life has been lived among us. For many years he appeared in the pulpit like a ghastly, tottering corpse, electrified by a brain-battery of extraordinary power.

Primitive Traits in Religious Revivals. By FREDERICK MORGAN DAVENPORT, Professor in Sociology at Hamilton College. 16mo, pp. xiv, 323. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

In this book the author admits that the principle of revival is essential to the development of the race, but he takes a very unfavorable view of the modern cyclone, stampeding methods and manifestations of evangelistic effort so called. He deplores the preponderance of emotionalism over rational processes, and regards many of the movements and effects of revivalism as deleterious and belonging to a primitive, crude, and undeveloped state of mankind. On this he devotes some chapters to a study of phenomena among the North American Indians and the American negro, but his induction would have been more rational and satisfactory if he had also described emotional activity and expression among other heathen races. Much space is given to the consideration of the part taken by Methodism in religious work, and on the whole a rather favorable view is taken. Of course he refers to such as Wesley, whose *Journal* is one of the best products of the time, Whitefield, Lorenzo Dow, J. P. Durbin, and Peter Cartwright, no novel being more interesting than his autobiography, and he quotes from Methodist authorities like the *Western Christian Advocate*, J. M. Buckley, Professor Coe, and H. P. Hughes. Rightly, Methodism is regarded as a prominent and perhaps the least vulnerable factor in the revival movement. To Wesley largely is attributed the English social evolution of the eighteenth century. He was possessed of the supreme practical sense of the Anglo-Saxon race. "Jonathan Edwards had a saving measure of it, but John Wesley had it in abundance." He never renounced reason, and was not himself of an emotionalist cast, being wholly devoid of humor and of the imaginative faculty, but his personal influence over individuals and an audience was overwhelming. He was of more value to the community than to the church. "It is due to this capacity for what has been happily called 'the statesmanship of salvation' that the movement which he inaugurated presents the aspect not of an injurious recoil, but rather of a great purifying force working steadily for the evolution and regeneration of society." The author describes at some length the Scotch-Irish revivals in Kentucky and of their kin in Ulster, Ireland, and follows with a chapter on the awakening originating with Edwards. The tremendous intellectual strength of this latter preacher is acknowledged, although he throws logic to the winds in his effort to arouse conviction. Reaction followed this revival storm, of course, but it is hardly fair to attribute subsequent indifference in New England to the awakening. It followed partly as a protest against extreme Calvinistic teaching and the rigid Puritanism that were associated with the movement. Finney is more favorably considered, though his work is attributed to some extent to his personal magnetism and his appeals to the emotions of fear. Moody is credited with being a past master in hypnotism, and the author can hardly explain why the evangelist in his later years turned his attention to educational methods, unless he noted that there were comparatively few accessions from his converts to church membership.

Professor Davenport's views may be represented thus: Many of the converts are affected with nervous instability. The psychological "crowd" is governed rather by emotion. Action is affected by the constant repetition of an idea. The ignorant, uninfluential, and inconsistent are usually first reached in a revival campaign and the more reliable elements of society afterwards, but in Finney's later career merchants, lawyers, and physicians were the first to receive his message. Conversion is accomplished by suggestion and immediate "self-surrender" (often perhaps to the revivalist rather than to God). One man was required to give up his will and with it his study of Greek. Many extravagances result from the unwarranted sacrifice of personal judgment. Some preachers warn against the intellect, losing sight of the fact that "a truly rational life is profoundly passional life." Much of revival is regarded as "religious effervescence and passional unrestraint," the result of a "psychological distemper." This kind does not produce moral reform. By the use of a map of the State of Kentucky the writer shows that lynchings were more frequent in Logan County and surrounding regions just where the revival accompanied by "the jerks," trances, and other striking phenomena originated. This review is somewhat extensive, but the subject is of the greatest interest to Methodism. No one can deny that there has been a check in the number of conversions, in the aggressive progress of our church, owing perhaps as much to the fact that the material susceptible to former methods is much reduced as to the decline of evangelistic fervor and efficiency. Conversion, "the climax of the unselfing process," is to be regarded as a normal event to be expected soon after the age of puberty. Revival as such will probably be always necessary, but the value of the professional evangelist has been in many times and places overrated, and, as Professor Davenport suggests, some who have posed as the most highly sanctified have been diseased or undeveloped votaries of religion. System must be persistently pursued in the religious housing of the children. Jerry McAuley is quoted as saying that none of the converts in his famous Water Street Mission were saved permanently without a good mother. The revival will be known by its fruits rather than its roots, and if there may have been decline in churchgoing there has been no decline in morals. Methodism has shown itself equal to every emergency. Too much dependence must not be placed on the spasmodic campaign for accessions. If the majority of the emotional type are still in this fold, the body is so large as to embrace many whose reason and judgment will lead to a steady and reliable increase of the church in numbers and that which pertains to intelligent, practical godliness. Methodism must yet remain in the front ranks of aggressive evangelism and not neglect to offer the gospel in its fullness to those—a constantly diminishing number, let us hope—who, unfortunate in previous religious environment, will only be rescued by special, extraordinary, and heroic efforts. The need for moderating excessive emotionality and too exclusive reliance on special revival efforts was mostly in the past. To-day a marked revival of aggressive evangelistic activity is spreading visibly in communions hitherto less given to such activity than is Methodism.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Talks in a Library with Laurence Hutton. Recorded by ISABEL MOORE. Crown svo, pp. 458. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, \$2.

Laurence Hutton writes, in a few lines of introduction, that the words in this book were all talked by him in his Princeton home, Peep o' Day, then recorded by the note-taker, and afterward revised and corrected by him. Walcott Balestier wrote in the Guest Book of that home: "To Laurence Hutton, who finds the way to heaven by doing deeds of hospitality." A host of congenial spirits were gathered under his roof by the gracious welcome of that warm hospitality. Of them, and of others like them, Hutton talks in his charming fashion, making us feel ourselves to be of that choice company, listeners and lookers-on. He says John Hay once told him that while listening to a dull sermon from a preacher whose doctrines did not wholly please him, it suddenly occurred to him, apropos of something the preacher said, that, after all, it may be that saving a little child and bringing him to his own is better business for men or angels than loafing around the Throne. And out of that fragment of suggestion were cut the Little Breeches which will not soon wear out. In the same way, it was in church that some sentence of a long, impromptu prayer put the idea in John Hay's mind that perhaps in the end Christ will not be hard on a man that died for men. And on this idea was reared the famous figure of Jim Bludso, who, when the Prairie Belle was burning on the Mississippi, stayed at his post in the flames and held "her nozzle ag'in' the bank till the last galoot was ashore." John Hay's experience in church suggests that nothing is more stimulating and suggestive than listening to preaching and prayers, and no place more favorable to wide, clear, and tranquil thinking than in church. If all the ideas and mental visions that have visited men while sitting in church were taken away, the intellectual life of Christendom would be sadly depleted and impoverished. Not only is the mind often put into condition for clear and fertile thinking by a church service, but frequently the influences of the place have a peaceful, quieting, and cooling effect on the spirit, so that a rested feeling results rather than weariness. Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, once told the writer of this notice that a larger number of fretted, chafed, and overstrained business men would attend church regularly if they only knew the real restfulness of a church service and how much of repairing, healing, and sweetening it could do for a tired or fevered or embittered man. Hutton tells of the gentle and affectionate nature of Edwin Booth. An old friend of Booth's had a little daughter born on Booth's birthday, and Booth playfully called her his "twin." Whenever their common birthday came around they exchanged greetings and some little souvenir. When Booth was fifty-six and the little girl was four, a modest bunch of violets went from her to him, with a card bearing this: "Dear Mr. Booth. We are sixty to-day. Your Marjorie." Hutton tells a touching story of an old uncle of his, as follows: "An old ex-sailorman lay dying in his bed in Scotland on Christmas eve some years ago. He had run away to sea when he was a lad of ten; he had worked his way up by slow degrees from cabin boy to captain

before he was thirty; he had commanded a brig sailing from Dundee to New York for a decade or so; when a modest fortune was bequeathed to him, he retired from the merchant service, married a wife about his own age, and settled down to live on shore. In his eightieth year he went back to Scotland to end his days in his native land, and on Christmas eve, as I said, he lay dying quietly in his own bed. Except as an occasional passenger he had not known the sea for almost half a century; but in his final moments his sea life all came back and took possession of him. He had been lying semiconscious and silent for hours; the nurses had gone off for much-needed rest, and the old sailor was sleeping peacefully by the side of his old wife, his feeble old hand in hers. Suddenly he raised himself to a sitting posture, put his hand to his old gray head, pulled his forelock in respectful salute, and in a loud, firm voice he reported himself, in the regulation form, to the officer on deck, saying, 'Come on board, sir.' Then for some minutes he gave orders and obeyed them. He 'manned the foretop.' He 'put her helm hard astarboard.' He hauled sheets, he sang sea songs, and then, as he fell back on his pillow, he cried, 'Belay all!' Then turning to the old wife, his old hand again in hers, he murmured, gently, 'My ship's in port, Bess, but she's going out with the tide. I can't take you with me on this voyage, Bess, but you'll find me waiting for you on the shore, Bess, when you come over!' And, saying this, he died." Hutton tells us a bit of unwritten history in the life of George William Curtis, who told it to Hutton. After Curtis had been with Harper & Brothers a long time, he was offered the position of editor in chief from another magazine publisher at a salary double what the Harpers were paying him. He showed the letter to one of the founders of the house of Harper, with the remark that he had decided not to accept the offer, but felt that the Harpers ought to know of the matter. Mr. Harper replied about as follows: "Don't decide rashly, George. This is a great compliment to you, and a serious matter. Take the letter home with you and sleep over it a night or two, and talk it over with Mrs. Curtis. We don't want you to go, but we can't afford to keep you at the handsome sum this other man is offering you. Think it over carefully and let me know your decision on Monday morning." On Monday morning Mr. Curtis laid upon Mr. Harper's desk the unsealed letter containing his polite refusal to the other publisher to accept the offer. "Is this final, George?" asked Mr. Harper. "It is final. I have been with you a long time; I've been happy here; you've been good to me; I feel that I belong here; and I cannot go." Mr. Harper made no reply, but, as Curtis turned to go up to his editorial room, Mr. Harper overtook him, led him to the countingroom, and said to the cashier: "Dating from the first of January last Mr. Curtis's salary is to be increased one hundred per cent." Curtis's voice used to break when he told that little story to his friends. At Princeton, on the occasion of the inauguration of Dr. Woodrow Wilson as president of the university, ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed was one of the guests of the institution. He marched calmly and majestically in the procession with the other dignitaries, duly capped and gowned; but he utterly refused to wear the bright-colored hood to which he was entitled,

because he said it would make him "look like a Knight of Pythias." Hutton tells how H. C. Bunner, when in London, left Saint Paul's Cathedral in disgust, because upon the monument to Cornwallis there was every allusion to that person's worth and valor and victories, but no reference to the fact that he had surrendered his sword to Washington at Yorktown. In Westminster Abbey, Bunner rebelled at the great number buried in the abbey who were nobodies but mere princes or royal dukes. In the Poets' Corner, however, he felt impressed at being so near the mortal parts of so many really immortal men, and his air was subdued and respectful. His friend, seeing this, said to him: "You see, there are some good and great Englishmen, after all." "Yes," responded Bunner, "there are three classes of Englishmen whom I can endure—the Irish, the Scotch, and the dead." When Joaquin Miller was in London he quite shocked an Englishwoman, who was praising Tennyson, by saying, "Yes, Tennyson is a dear old peanut." Frank Stockton told of an old negress who said she had "one foot in de grave and de udder one shoutin' glory hallelujah." A certain lady, once when her physician called to see her, sent down word that she was too ill to see him. A young lady was expressing great admiration for Sir Walter Scott's works. A listener asked how she liked Ivanhoe, and she thought it "just lovely"; he inquired if she enjoyed *The Lady of the Lake*, and she said it was "perfectly sweet." Then the rogue said, "And what do you think of Scott's Emulsion?" and the fair young innocent replied, "O that is the best thing Scott ever produced." Laurence Hutton tells how, when he was on the editorial staff of Harper's Magazine, he received from an old acquaintance a bulky package of manuscript with a note saying in effect: "You are in the Harper Ring; you have got your wife in the Harper Ring; you have got Harry this and Lilly that into the Harper Ring; and I don't see why you don't get *me* into the Harper Ring too! Now I am sending you a couple of articles as good as anything the Harpers generally publish. Please see that they are published and get me into the Harper Ring!" Hutton chanced to have on his desk, at that very time, four official notes from the four editors of Harper's Monthly, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, and Harper's Young People, each note declining an article which Hutton himself had contributed. Hutton's only reply to his old acquaintance, who wanted Hutton to get him into the Harper Ring, was to put those four notes from the four editors into an envelope and send them to the aspiring gentleman who was so anxious to secure the help of Hutton's powerful influence. The notes proved that Hutton, though he was then and had been for years on the editorial staff of the Monthly Magazine, was not "in the Harper Ring"; and he says (and he ought to know) that there never was any Harper Ring—no admission by means of a "pull," but only by merit, sheer merit. Hutton says John Fiske used to tell of calling once at the residence of George H. Lewes and finding George Eliot sitting on the floor, with hammer in hand and her mouth full of tacks, putting down the dining-room carpet. This is how Charles Reade characterized one of George Eliot's books: "*Daniel Deronda* is a wind-bag. To use the words of Milton, it is 'bulk without spirit.' It is a bungling, ill-constructed story,

with an ignoble heroine and an unmanly hero and a lot of romantic, greasy Jews that the Anglo-Saxon despises, varnish them how you will. It is a dreary waste of words, leaving on the mind not one really powerful situation, not one new or salient idea, not one great lesson of virtue, wisdom, or public policy. It is given a lining of a pretentious kind, and its verbosity will land it in the trunkmaker's shop in two years at farthest." Sweet are some of the amenities between rivals in the same trade, whether of letters or of something else! Hutton tells how excited John Fiske was the night he first arrived in London. He could not consent to go to bed, and at two o'clock in the morning the two started out for a walk; nothing but questions from Fiske, with answers from Hutton. "Laurence, what stream is that?" "The Thames, my boy." And Fiske stood and stared at it in silence. "What are those buildings over there?" "The Lambeth Pottery Works, and Lambeth Palace beyond." And again Fiske stood silent and gazed. On they went, and Hutton showed him the window of Whitehall Palace out of which Charles stepped to his execution; and farther along the church of Saint Margaret, in which the body of Sir Walter Raleigh lies. "And that big building beyond?" asked Fiske. "John," said Hutton, "that is the Poets' Corner end of Westminster Abbey." And Professor John Fiske literally ran toward the building, as if afraid that the pile which had been there so many years would not wait until he reached it. When he had stood gazing on it in long, reverent silence, he clutched Hutton's arm and said, "I want to go home now." And neither of them spoke another word until next morning at breakfast. Hutton repeats the Latin motto in John Fiske's library at Cambridge: "Work as if you were to live forever; live as if you were to die to-morrow." In this fashion, of things grave and gay, is Laurence Hutton's library chat made up. Hutton was a man with a genius for friendship, born for comradeship; and in that Princeton library coteries of choice spirits met for many *noctes ambrosianæ*. The genial master of that hospitable house has now "become a guest on high."

Parables from Nature. By MRS. ALFRED GATTY. 2 volumes, 16mo, pp. 288, 276. New York: Imported by The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

We commend Mrs. Gatty's *Parables* to all our readers who may be unfamiliar with them. That they are not new books is no reason why they may not be noticed here. What our readers want to know is the books that are worth having. This pocket edition contains thirty-seven parables which illustrate Scripture texts and truths by facts from Nature. They are most helpful, stimulating, suggestive, and illuminating; good for the minister's study, or the college student's shelves, or the young people's library, or the family book-table. They are rich with lessons, arguments, and collateral proofs worth everybody's attention; as interesting and comprehensible as *Æsop's Fables*, and as serious in purpose as Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Their titles only hint at their varied character: "A Lesson of Faith," "The Law of Authority and Obedience," "Knowledge Not the Limit of Belief," "Training and Restraining," "Wait-

ing," "A Circle of Blessing," "The Law of the Wood," "Daily Bread," "Motes in the Sunbeam," "Red Snow," "Purring When You're Pleased," "The Master of the Harvest," "The Deliverer," "Inferior Animals," "The General Thaw," "Night and Day," "Kicking," "Cobwebs," "Imperfect Instruments," "Birds in the Nest," "Consequences," "Ghosts," "The Universal Language," "These Three," "Unopened Parcels." The only one short enough for us to quote is possibly the poorest of all, and is really no fair sample of their average quality and value; yet it may convey some idea of their general style and method. It is entitled "Seesaw." Here it is: "The felled oak in the corner of the timber yard lay groaning under the plank which a party of children had thrown across him to play seesaw upon. Not that the plank was so heavy even with two or three little ones sitting on each end, nor that the oak was too weak to hold it up; but it seemed such a petty use to be put to. The other half of the tree had been cut into beautiful even planks some time before, but this was the root end and his time had not yet come and he was getting impatient. 'Here we go up, up, up!' cried the children, as one end of the plank rose toward the sky; 'I shall rise to the tree tops—no! to the church steeple—no! to the stars!' Or, 'Here we go down, down, down!' cried those on the other end of the plank, 'away to the ground—no! right through to China—no! out at the other side. Ah! steady there, keep still, you stupid old log!' This reproachful exclamation was because the plank had swerved, not the tree. And so the game went on; for the ups and downs came in turns, and the children shrieked with delight, and the poor fallen tree groaned loudly all the time. 'And am I to lie here, and bear not only their weight but their unjust blame, and be called stupid and be told to keep steady, when it is they who are giddy and not to be depended on? And am I to be contented, while they do nothing but play pranks and enjoy themselves?' said the fallen tree; but he said it to himself, for he did not know which to complain to—the children or the plank. As he groaned, however, he thought of the time when he was king of the woods, where he had grown up from the acorn days of his babyhood, and it broke his heart to be so insignificant now. 'Why have they not cut me into shapely planks like the rest?' continued he, angrily; 'I might then have led the seesaw myself, as this plank does which rests so heavily on my back. Why have they not given me the chance of enjoying myself like him, up in the sky at one end, down on the ground at the other, full of life and motion? The whole timber yard, except myself, has a chance. Position and honor, as well as pleasure, are for everybody but me. But I am condemned to stay in a corner merely for others to steady themselves on and play upon, uncared for and despised and made a convenience of—merely that. O miserable me!' Now, this groaning was so dreadful it woke the large garden snail in the grass close by, whose custom it was to come out from his haunt under the timber yard every morning at sunrise, and crawl round and round, over the felled oak tree, to see the world come to life, leaving a slimy track behind him on the bark wherever he moved. It was his constitutional stroll, and he had continued it all the season, pursuing his morning reflections without interruption, and taking his nap in

the grass afterwards as regularly as the days came round. But napping through such loud lamentation was impossible, and so the snail began to crawl once more up the side of the felled oak, turning his head from side to side, and extending his horns to find out if possible what was the matter. But he could not make out the trouble; so he made inquiry of his old friend, the tree trunk. "What is the matter, do you ask?" groaned the oak, "you who can move about and act independently whenever you wish; you who are *not* left a helpless log as I am, the scorn and sport of my own kith and kin? Yes, the very planks that balance themselves on my body and mock me by their activity have probably once hung on me as branches, drinking in life from the life I gave. O miserable me! Despised and useless!" Now, there may be plenty of animals to be found with more brilliant abilities and livelier imagination than the snail, but for gravity of demeanor and calmness of nerve who is his equal? And if a sound judgment be not behind such outward signs, there is no faith to be put in faces or appearances. Accordingly, Sir Helix Hortensis—so let us call the snail—made no answer at first to the wailing of the oak. Three times he crawled slowly round it before he spoke. And he listened and looked, and looked and listened, while the children went on shouting and the plank went on seesawing, and the motionless tree went on groaning; and as he looked he considered. "Have you anything to say to me?" at last inquired the oak, who had had long experience of Sir Helix's wisdom. "I have," answered the snail. "You don't know your own value, that's all." "Ask the seesawers my value!" exclaimed the prostrate tree, bitterly; "one up among the stars and the other pounding the earth! And what am I doing meanwhile?" "You are holding them all up, which is more than they can do for themselves," muttered the snail, turning around to go back to the grass. "But—but—stop a moment, dear Sir Helix—the giddy seesawers don't think that," argued the tree. "They are all light-minded together, and haven't sense enough to think at all," sneered the wise snail. "Up in the sky one minute, down in the dust the next. Never you mind that. Everybody can't play at high jinks with comfort, luckily for the rest of the world. Sit you fast, do your duty, and have faith. While they are going flightily up and down, your solid steadiness is what supports and saves them all." Had we room, we would like to transcribe here the more important parables which illustrate and support such texts as "If a man die, shall he live again?" "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come;" "Who made thee a ruler and a judge over us?" "But now they desire a better country;" "Canst thou by searching find out God?" "Train up a child in the way he should go;" "We know that all things work together for good;" "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait;" "Freely ye have received, freely give;" "Let every one of us please our neighbor for his good;" "They also serve who only stand and wait;" "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things;" "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" "Let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord," etc. One parable, entitled, "The Master of the Harvest," has for its text the words of Jeremy Taylor: "That which thou dost not understand when

thou readeest thou shalt understand in the day of thy visitation; for there are many secrets of religion which are not perceived till they be felt, and are not felt except in the day of a great calamity." Mrs. Gatty's Parables from Nature should be generally known.

Poverty. By ROBERT HUNTER. 12mo, pp. 382. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth \$1.50.

The main objects of this volume are to define poverty and to estimate its extent in the United States; to describe some of its evils; to point out certain remedial actions which society may wisely undertake; and, finally, to show that the evils of poverty are procreative, and that the workers in poverty are giving to the world a litter of miseries whose reclamation is almost impossible. The author believes that even in fairly prosperous times no less than ten million persons in this country are underfed, underclothed, and poorly housed. This is not a scientific or exhaustive study, endeavoring to deal with all the conditions, causes, and problems of poverty, such as Mr. Charles Booth has approximated in his study of London. This is rather a personal narrative, telling of things seen by one man while living among the poorest of the working people, and among the most degraded elements in several cities of this country and abroad, his knowledge being gained while at work in a variety of movements intended either to diminish the number of dependents or to ameliorate the conditions of poverty. As a whole, this book has one aim, namely, to show the grievous need of certain social measures calculated to prevent the ruin and degradation of those working people who are on the verge of poverty. The chapters deal with "Poverty," "The Pauper," "The Vagrant," "The Sick," "The Child," and "The Immigrant." Emphasis is placed on the infectiousness of consumption and the frightful havoc of "The Great White Plague," as it is called, in the abodes of poverty. Here is a typical picture: "'Breath—breath—give me breath.' A Yiddish whisper, on a night of April, 1903, from the heart of the New York Ghetto. At No. 18 Clinton Street, back in the rear tenement, a young Roumanian Jew lay dying of consumption. I had brought in a Jewish doctor. With every breath I felt the heavy, foul odor from poverty, filth, disease. In this room ten feet square six people lay on the floor packed close, half roused from heavy sleep and staring at us dumbly. Two small windows gave them air from a noisome court. The other room was only a closet six feet by seven, with a grated window high up opening on an airshaft eighteen inches wide. And in that closet four more were sleeping, three on a bed, one in a cradle. 'Breath—breath—breath.' The man's disease was infectious; and yet for three long weeks he had lain there dying. From his soiled bed he could touch the one table where the two families ate; the cooking stove was but six feet from him; the cupboard was just above his pillow; he could even reach one of the cradles where his baby girl lay, staring and frightened. His wasted body was too feeble to rise; too choked and tortured to lie down. His wife held him up while that Yiddish whisper came over and over again in that stifling and stenchful closet, but soon with a new and fearful and pitiable meaning: 'Breath—breath—breath.'

Or else kill me; O kill me!' When able to work, he had had in the daytime no air but the close, heavy, foul air of the sweatshop from six in the morning till ten at night. Sometimes he had worked till eleven. And late in the night, when he left his hard labor, at an hour when other workmen are sleeping, he would come in through the filthy court, and sink exhausted on the floor of that dark closet six feet by seven, to sleep if he could. This was his home. On through the winter he had worked in the sweatshop, infecting with his disease the garments he sewed, in order to buy coal and bread for his wife and three little children. His bitter, losing struggle is ending. 'Breath—breath—breath,' he whispers, gasping. In a few minutes all is over, and his destitute family to-morrow will be without even the poor shelter of that dark filthy hole. His case is the case of hundreds of thousands of the poor and the sick and the dying in our towns and cities." The conditions in which they live and die make Jacob Riis say, "You can kill a man with a tenement as easily as with an ax." The worst and most colossal crimes are social crimes, not any crime that one poor little individual can commit. Ruskin put his scorn of England's bitterness into powerful words; and for one reason or another, America deserves them as much: "A *great* nation does not spend its entire national wits for a couple of months in weighing the evidence of a single ruffian's having done a single murder, and then for a couple of years have its own children murdering and being murdered by thousands and tens of thousands. Neither does a *great* nation send its poor little boys to jail for stealing six walnuts, and allow its bankrupts to steal their thousands with a polite bow; and its bankers, rich with poor men's savings, to close their doors 'under circumstances over which they have no control'; and large landed estates to be bought by men who have made their money by going with armed steamers up and down the China seas selling opium at the cannon's mouth, and altering toward the Chinese the common highwayman's demand of 'Your money or your life!' to 'Your money *and* your life!' Neither does a *great* nation allow the lives of its innocent poor to be parched out of them by filth-fever and rotted out of them by dunghill plague for the sake of sixpence extra per week to its landlords, and then debate with driveling tears and diabolical sympathies whether it ought not piously to spare and nursingly cherish the precious lives of its murderers." On account of the injustice and cruelty involved in some of the inequalities existing among men, and on account of the perversion of democratic institutions, pessimistic apprehensions prevail in many quarters, and Professor Franklin H. Giddings, one of our most distinguished sociologists, says: "We are witnessing to-day, beyond question, the decay—perhaps not permanent, but at any rate the decay—of republican institutions. No well-informed man in his right mind can deny it." For ourselves we reject the pessimism of Professor Giddings's statement. It simply cannot be true. Terrible abuses exist, but potent influences are at work for the amelioration of deplorable conditions. That in this land of opportunity the poor are, as a rule, growing poorer is not true. Never in any country were so many poor people rising out of penury into comfort, and many of them into comparative wealth, as in this country in these very years.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones. By G. B.-J. Two volumes, 8vo, pp. 309, 372. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$6 net.

The wife of this distinguished artist prepared these large volumes in the six years succeeding his death in 1898, at the age of sixty-five. A more complete, satisfactory, or readable presentation of the man and his life could not reasonably be asked for by his fondest admirers. Burne-Jones was one of the Pre-Raphaelite school of painters, the Romanticists of modern English art, of which Dante Gabriel Rossetti was the central figure, and to which belonged Holman Hunt, Millais for a time, and William Morris, with William Bell Scott and Ford Madox Brown, essentially identified, and Theodore Watts-Dunton as one of the best interpreters of the work of the school. No more engaging or worthy figure appeared in this circle than Burne-Jones, of whom W. Burkitt Dalby says: "His great purpose was to bring to bear upon the lives of men, for their redemption and uplifting, the spiritual forces so grandly symbolized in his renderings of the scenes of Christian history, allegory, and apocalypse. Were we to consider the artist as prophet, Burne-Jones would figure as Ezekiel, rich, like his prototype, in spiritual imagination, full of pained recognition of the sinfulness of man, and yet firm in assurance of the ultimate victory of the Spirit within him." Corroborative of this are these words of Burne-Jones himself: "I can never think of collective humanity as brethren and sisters; they seem to me 'Mother'—more nearly Mother than Mother Nature herself. Do you ever think of this poor old woman, our mother, trudging wearily on and on, and swear by all your gods that she shall yet go gloriously some day with sunshine and flowers and chanting of her children? To me, this weary, tolling, groaning world of men and women is none other than Our Lady of the Sorrows. It lies in you and me and all the faithful to make her Our Lady of the Glories. Will she ever be so? Will she? Will she? She shall be if your toil and mine, the toil of a thousand ages of them that come after us, can make her so." Of the particular note struck by this artist in the symphony of the Pre-Raphaelite school of modern art, Mr. Dalby says: "In the special quality in the Romanticism of Burne-Jones is its note of sadness, arising, as Ruskin thinks, from 'a deeper sense of the tremendous outer forces which urge us than of the inner impulse toward heroic struggle and achievement.' The Burne-Jones woman is ideal in grace and purity, in tenderness and elevated sensibility; but there is in her always an *arrière pensée*, a sense not only of the romance of life, but of its questions and difficulties. In the work of Burne-Jones the range of subject, as in that of Rossetti, is immense, and runs over similar lines of choice; but there is all the difference between his genius and that of his master that there is between the Gothic and the Florentine spirit. He is much more sophisticated, though no more elaborate. He is, therefore, more touched with the stress and strain of modern life, and invests his Danaës and Sybillas, his Arthurian knights and maidens, and even his saints and angels, with something of the wistfulness and questioning of his own era. There is trouble also in many of Rossetti's ideal faces; but their pain is a cosmic

emotion, as in 'Pandora' and 'Astarte'—some great world question, not the ache of modernity. By his early education in Birmingham and his life at Oxford, as well as by his entire devotion to scholarship beyond the period of life when most of them had got well forward in artistic production, Burne-Jones was brought much more than some of his *confrères* under the influence of modern culture. Yet he is never other than a true Romanticist, both in his choice of subjects and in his distinctive and inimitable style. Peculiar as that style is, it is the outcome of absolute loyalty to Nature; though in his imagination the facts of Nature were selected and combined, and then transmuted into works of art which excited the questioning wonder of their first beholders and the admiration and despair of his brother artists—works in which Nature herself becomes Art and Life and Thought." Whoever wishes a personal acquaintance with the Pre-Raphaelites, to meet them and to hear them talk, and learn to know them well, may find them in these two large volumes. Here, too, we meet John Ruskin and his noble old father, and read many of their views and feelings, freely expressed in friendly letters to the Burne-Joneses; also various other people of kindred circles and sympathies in life—Browning, Swinburne, the Rossettis, William Morris. A pure, aspiring, idealizing, highly sensitive, delicate, yet sturdy and earnest, set of men were these Pre-Raphaelites and their friends. Whatever may or ought to be said of their art—and of that we claim to be no judge—all critics, whether favorable or adverse, must agree that the men themselves were gentle folk and belong by Nature to the blood-royal of the human race. One of Burne-Jones's admiring friends and patrons was Mr. William Graham, member of Parliament from Glasgow, of whom it is written: "Keen man of business though he was, simplicity and devotion of soul were as evident in him as in any cloistered monk. His face was that of a saint, and at times like one transfigured. He had an inborn instinct for paintings that was marvelous. His eye was so keen that Burne-Jones said he knew good work even when it was upside down. Once this faculty enabled him to see at a glance from the top of an omnibus that in the front room of a little house he was passing there was a picture worth looking at; so he got down off the omnibus at once, knocked at the door, found the picture good enough to buy, and carried it home." His library at Grosvenor Place was filled with treasures he had gathered. He liked to sit by the hour and watch Burne-Jones paint, and once when this artist showed William Graham a newly finished picture, it was painted so much to Graham's mind that he went up to it and kissed it; which touched the artist as no words could. The life motto Burne-Jones adopted for himself was, "If I can"; which meant a strenuous purpose to do his best, to put his ability to the utmost test in all the work Providence gave him to do. His footprints on the earth left no stain, his art did not besmear the walls of the world, and his life went hence like a strain of music. The biographical and autobiographical literature of the past ten years in Europe and America has been extremely rich and fascinating. Not the least interesting and inspiring of the list are the lives of such Pre-Raphaelites as Rossetti, Millais, Morris, Watts-Dunton, and Burne-Jones.

The Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries. By ADOLF HARNACK, Professor of Church History in the University of Berlin and Member of the Royal Prussian Academy. Translated and edited by JAMES MOFFATT, B.D., D.D. Vol. I. Pp. xv, 494. London: Williams & Norgate. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$3.

Ficker of Halle opens his notice of this book in the *Theol. Rundschau* (Tübingen), March, 1905, pp. 110-112, in these words: "Harnack's Mission is decidedly the most significant, most instructive, the most interesting publication in the history of Anticene Christianity which we have received in the last years." The judgment of Ficker is not extravagant. We have here a book by one whom many account the greatest church historian since the death of Neander, a book which sets that historian out in the most pleasing light, in which his advanced theological and critical views play a minimum part, and in which his amazing knowledge of the early church, his power of combination, his literary skill, his candor, industry, and Christian spirit play a very great part. Harnack's object is to answer the question, Why did Christianity conquer the Greco-Roman world? He answers this with German comprehensiveness, considering all the factors which contributed to the result. One need but compare Gibbon's famous chapter with the careful scholarship, breadth of treatment, and inner sympathy (but a sympathy always held in check by an historian's respect for facts and candor in stating them) of this work to see what an immense distance we have traveled. We shall give here one or two of Harnack's results, forbearing extensive treatment; for the best compliment to a great and rich book like this is a brief statement of its merits so that the reader may get as quickly as possible into the fertile pasture for himself. One of his most interesting chapters is that on the Gospel of the Saviour and of Salvation, in which he treats of the saving power of Christianity on the body as well as on mind and soul. He shows how widespread was the cult of Æsculapius, the god of medicine, and what a formidable opposition it offered Christianity. The reader will find here much to supplement the statement of Professor Faulkner in this *Review*, March, 1902, pp. 292-295. The gospel had a tremendous activity in healing diseases and casting out demons, this last being often the curing of epilepsy and other nervous and brain disorders. But when Origen was confronted with similar cures by Æsculapius and his physicians he replies that such things as these are among the lesser works of the gospel, and that this curative power in itself is neither good nor bad (Against Celsus, iii, 25). A great chapter is that on the Gospel of Love and Charity. This side of the gospel made a powerful appeal, and was without doubt one of the chief reasons for its success. An interesting point is that on the church as a labor union. The church recognized that every Christian had a right to a livelihood, and not only so but admitted its obligation to secure it either by furnishing the destitute work or by maintaining him. For those able to work, say the so-called Clementine Homilies, provide work; and to those incapable of work be charitable (Ep. Clem. vi, 8). So Cyprian assumes that a theatrical employee who throws up his position may be frugally maintained till he finds decent work. In the wide reach of their charitable aims all ancient churches were institutional

churches. Harnack justly thinks this social work of the church was of great importance. The church was a "refuge for people in distress, who were prepared to work. Its attractive power was consequently intensified, and from the economic standpoint we must attach very high value to a union which provided work for those who were able to work, and at the same time kept hunger from those who were unfit for any labor" (p. 219). This whole chapter is one of the most informing discussions we have read for many a day. Who were the first missionaries? The apostles, prophets, and teachers, who are to be distinguished from the local presbyters or bishops, and who had a very large activity. Their mission was to the church as a whole, to strengthen and instruct it and enlarge its borders, and they were looked upon as those appointed by God. Harnack well says that the notion that the regular preachers in the first churches were elected by the different churches is as erroneous as the notion that they had their office transmitted to them through a human channel of some kind or other (p. 427). They were charismatic persons endowed by God for their work and directly sent by him, though controlled more or less by the local church where they happened to be working, to whom they were in a certain sense responsible. Harnack emphasizes the missionary power of the moral lives of the Christians, as well as the fascination of their heroic dying. Both were attractions of immense significance to those pagans who were open to such a noble appeal. With all the learning and interest of this book the reader must remember that the author takes a free attitude to the New Testament, and occasionally the reviewer found reason for emphatic dissent. For instance, it is absurd to say (pp. 40, ff.) that Jesus had no idea of his universal mission, and it can only be maintained by the favorite Ritschlian or rationalistic method in dealing with the sources, namely, arbitrarily cutting them to pieces according to the preconceived views of the critic. Even the semi-Ritschlian Moffatt has to protest against throwing out passages like Mark 13. 10 ("and the gospel must first be preached unto all the nations"). (See the Hibbert Journal, April, 1903, p. 581.) Of course, Harnack dismisses Matt. 28. 19, 20, although that passage is a logical summing up of Christ's life, death, and teaching. The translation is admirably done; it is as though the Berlin professor were writing in English. Three or four times we noticed an awkward use of the word "fall" where "is" is more in accordance with our idiom: "It now falls to be considered." One of the most valuable features of the book is its copious quotations from the original sources, and most readers—how many college graduates can read Greek and Latin with ease?—will thank Heaven for the lucky suggestion of the English publishers that these citations be translated. This adds to the price and size of the book (which is printed in fine, open type), but it is an inestimable boon to ninety-nine out of every hundred readers. We think Harnack's briefest but most appropriate of all dedications, "*Meiner Mutter*," might have been retained. The charitable work of the churches in early centuries, set forth by Harnack, has lessons for modern Christianity, and shows that the church is the power best qualified to solve the problems of labor and of poverty.

With the Pilgrims to Mecca. The great pilgrimage of A. H. 1319; A. D. 1902. By HADJI KHAN, M.R.A.S. (Special Correspondent of the London Morning Post), and WILFRID SPARRO (Author of Persian Children of the Royal Family). With an introduction by Professor A. VAMBERY. 8vo, pp. 314. London and New York: John Lane. Price, \$3.50 net.

We confess to a slight curiosity as to who the author of this rather pretentious, though not very important, book may be. Hadji Khan is obviously a pseudonym, and Professor Vambery assures us that the author also "calls himself Haji Raz (the mystery Haji)," a statement which does not add much to our enlightenment, though we may be pardoned for a slight smile as we read it. The book pretends to give an account of the pilgrimage to Mecca, but it is almost ludicrously padded, and the real kernel is small indeed. Eighty pages, comprising Part I, are devoted to "A Persian Pilgrim in the Making," wherein we are told a number of things that have no direct bearing on the pilgrimage at all, such, for example, as a discourse on the "Aspects of Social Islam" and "Persian Sufism—Persian Shialism in Its Relation to the Persian Passion Drama." Part II is entitled "The Story of the Pilgrimage," and fills pages 81 to 254, which is the only part of the book of any value; and Part III, "Meccan Scenes and Sketches," pages 255 to 298, possesses little interest or novelty; and the book concludes with a curious disquisition on the Slave Market in Mecca, by Mr. Sparrow. The publisher informs us that the "book is illustrated from photographs taken by the Hadji, a proceeding upon his part by no means orthodox, and involving some personal risk." This last statement is nonsense. There is not one single photograph in the book the taking of which would subject anybody even to a passing wave of resentment, much less a personal risk. We plead guilty to have taken many in various parts of the Orient such as "An Egyptian Grocer," page 268; "An Arab Sheykh of the Town," page 296; "Disembarking at Jiddah," page 248; and "Pilgrims at Jiddah," *ib.*; "An Egyptian Coffee House Frequented by the Poor," page 160. There are only three pictures in the entire book which purport to represent anything in Mecca itself, and these are entitled "Mussah Street at Mecca," "Water Carriers of Mecca," and the "Sherif of Mecca in His Uniform." Not one of the three is of any interest whatever. If anybody buys this book in the hope of securing some pictures which really portray that interesting city and its pilgrim life he will meet a woeful disappointment. The serious student of the pilgrimage must still turn to the great book of Snouck-Hurgronje, *Het Mekkanische Feest*, which contains some illustrations that really illustrate. Why did not the Hadji secure permission to reproduce a few? They would make his dull pages interesting. One thing only in the volume has interested us, and that is the half-veiled skepticism of its author. He makes a bold show of his piety here and there, but in the main he seems bored with the ceremonies and more than doubtful of their value. We are well acquainted with the books in which skeptical Christians have recounted their visits to Palestine, but a skeptical Moslem upon the Haj is a quite new sensation. His revelations are not of sufficient weight to make it worth while to veil his true name in a "mystery."

MISCELLANEOUS

Told in the Gardens of Araby. By IZORA CHANDLER and MARY W. MONTGOMERY. 12mo, pp. 230. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, 75 cents net.

These are old tales told in the far East by Oriental story-tellers, and never translated into English until now. The literal translation was made by Miss Montgomery, a native of the Orient, familiar with Turkish and Arabic, who has done some critical work on the *Historians' History of the World*. That first very literal rendering has been put into good literary form, into graceful poetic prose, by Mrs. Chandler, without losing the true spirit and mood of the Orient. The thirteen pages of her *Prelude* show that she, too, has been in the Orient and loves it. These stories about "The Beautiful Girl Who Had Her Wish," and "The Beautiful One Who Did Not Have Her Wish," and "The Crying Pomegranate and the Laughing Bear," and "The Bird of Affliction," and "The Crystal Kiosk and the Diamond Ship," and "The Emerald Roc," and "The Water-Carrier," older, probably, than the days of Haroun-al-Raschid, are full of wonders and miracles of Oriental fancy. From title-page to "The End," this book is Oriental in tone and color and atmosphere. It smells of musk and sandalwood. It is full of tinkling fountains, and palm trees, and genii, and princes, and dragons, and lovely maidens, and magicians. Mrs. Chandler's style in her *Prelude* and in her mellifluous rendering of Miss Montgomery's translation is almost as purely and perfectly Oriental in temper and tone and form as the tales themselves. She must have eaten hasbeesh and dyed her fingers with henna before she took up her pen for this work. The volume is unique among the publications of the Methodist Book Concern.

The Cyclopædic Handbook to the Bible. An Introduction to the Study of Sacred Scripture. By the late JOSEPH ANGUS, M.A., D.D. A new edition, thoroughly revised and in part rewritten by SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D., author of *Handbook to Grammar of Greek Testament*, etc. 8vo, pp. 832. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, \$2 net.

For half a century Angus's *Handbook of the Bible* has been esteemed by Bible students as an almost indispensable aid to the study of the sacred Scriptures. Of the scholarship displayed by its learned author no doubt has ever existed. Absolute accuracy in the detailed information crowded into every page of the goodly volume attested his patient, untiring research throughout the realms of the literature first of the Bible itself and secondly of the unnumbered treatises bearing upon the text of that inspired Word. The last half of the nineteenth century, however, while it has neither added to nor taken from the canon of the Holy Scriptures, has brought to light a vast amount of information bearing upon these Scriptures that remained hidden from our sight prior to the dawn of that period. It is the province of the *Cyclopædic Handbook to the Bible* to place this information within the reach of the Bible students of to-day. Compressed into this one volume is a digest of all the scientific, archaeological, and critical information that is requisite for a clear understanding of the Book of books in the light of modern scholarship, and as such we can only commend it in the highest terms.

